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THE NEW YORKER

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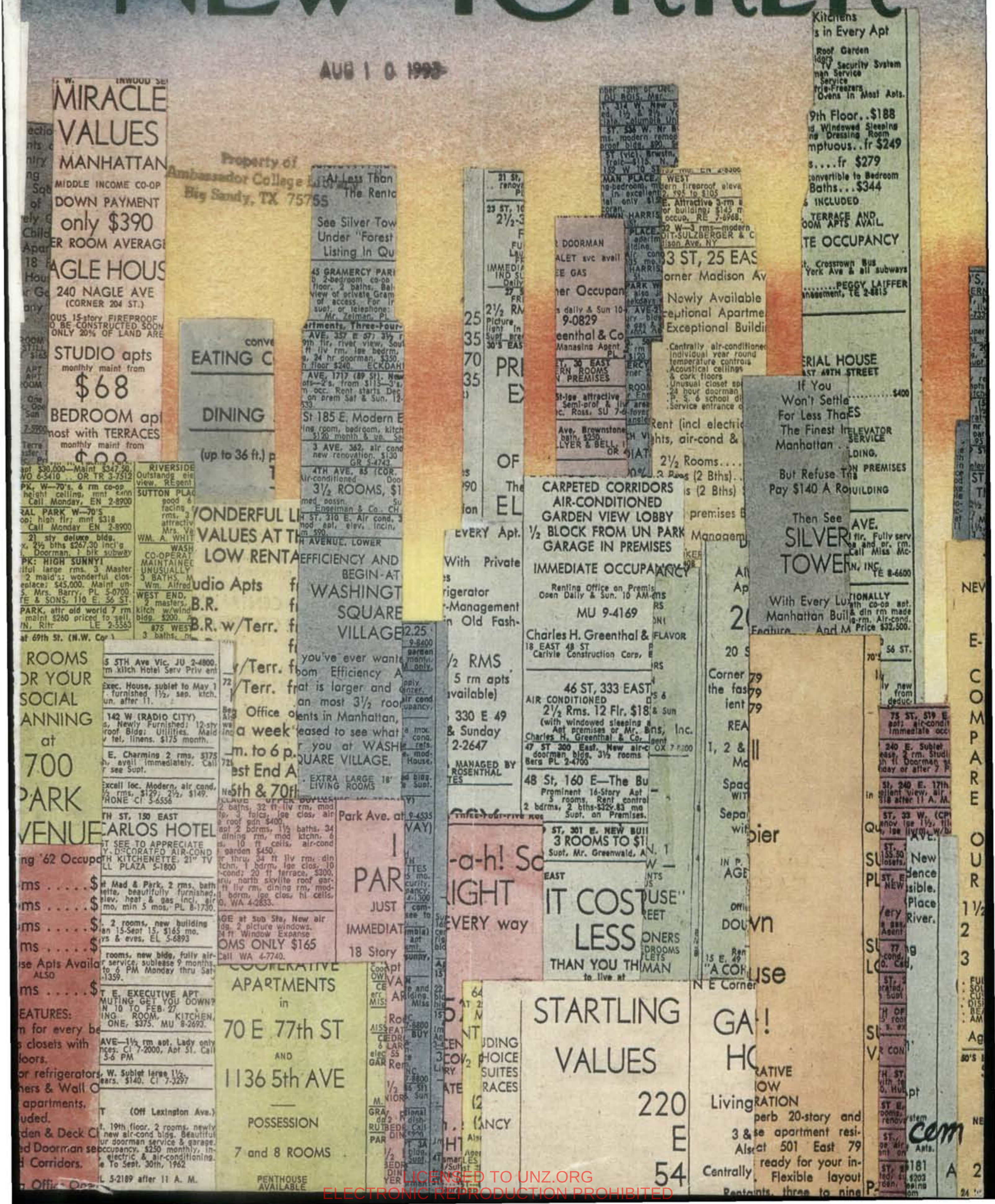
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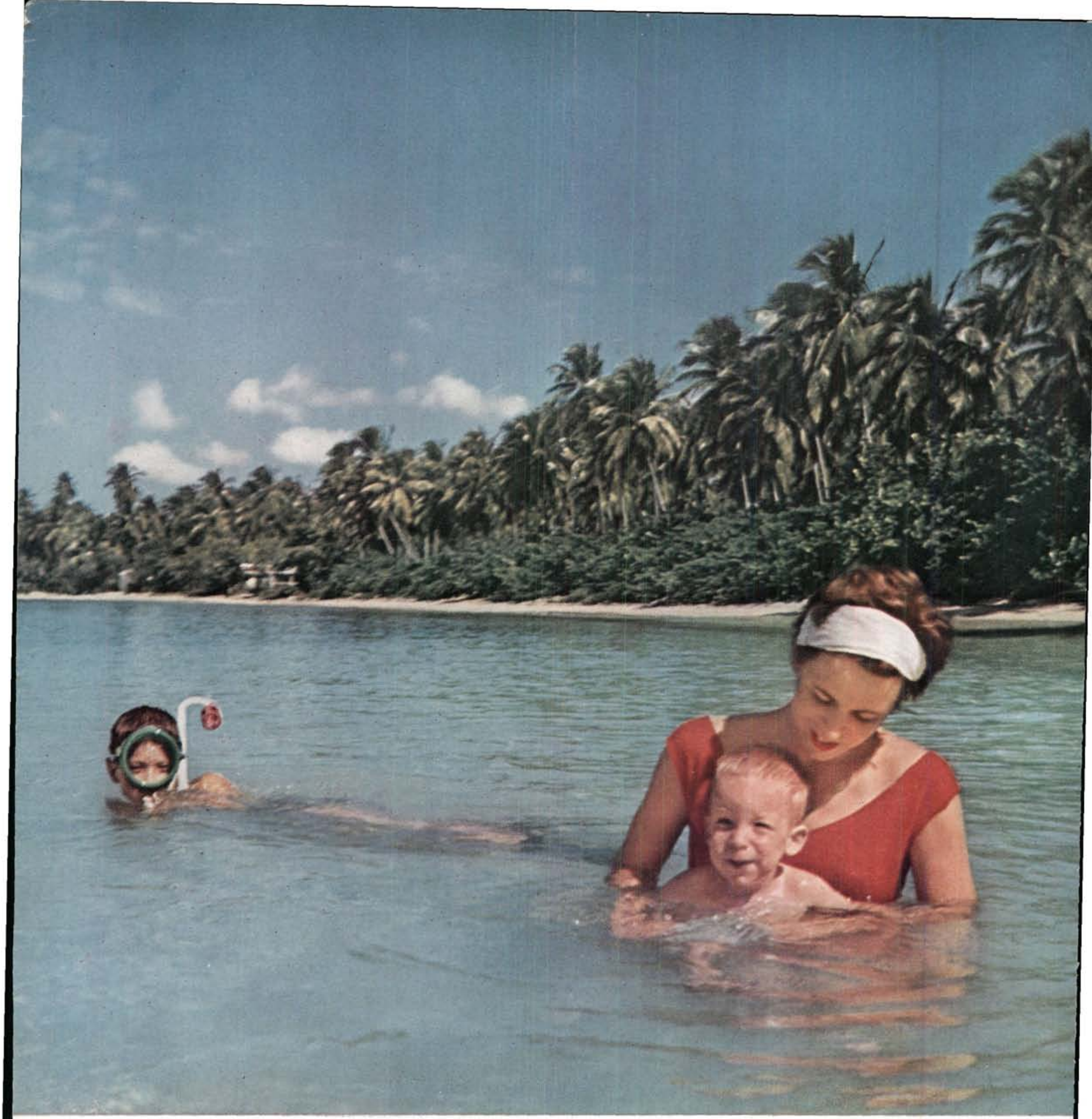

A beach on Puerto Rico's western shore—great spot for dunking junior executives. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Patrick O'Neal, Patricia Roe, and Priscilla Morrill now head the cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst. It's as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Tom Poston, Martin Huston, Morris Carnovsky, and Arlene Golonka. Gene Rayburn will replace Mr. Poston starting Sunday, Sept. 9. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 6.) . . . **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** An English drama, by Robert Bolt, outlining some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A SHOT IN THE DARK:** It all turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy French maid. Julie Harris, William Shatner, Fritz Weaver, and Louise Troy figure in the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—Reopens Friday, Sept. 7. It concerns a pizza parlor in modern Rome that encounters some strenuous opposition from a restaurant chain, newly established next door. The chief ingredient in this casserole is Cesare Siepi. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show that was written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. *Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack* Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and *exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district.* Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with *the* who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** How things were at the Round Table. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. Susan Watson, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard are among those present. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** A show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except *Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2* and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Hermione Gingold. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Scheduled to close Saturday, Sept. 29.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Barbara Baxley, David Hurst, Viveca Lindfors, Alfred Ryder, George Voskovec, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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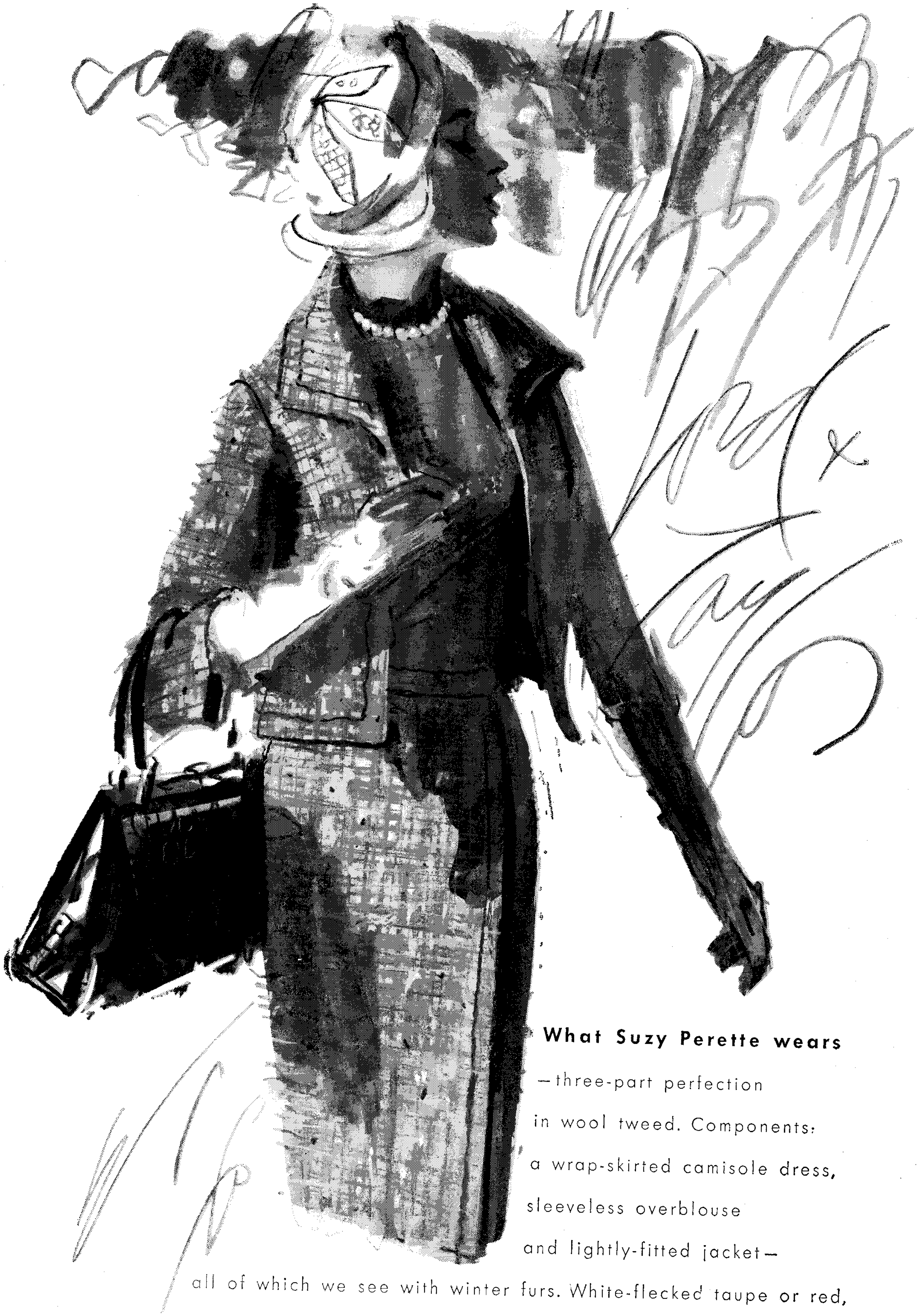

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Zoo Story and **The American Dream**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals, presented for a three-week engagement. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 23.)

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Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Bolshoi Ballet—Opening performances of a three-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 30. "Swan Lake": Thursday, Sept. 6, at 7:30; Friday, Sept. 7, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2:30 and 8. . . . ¶ "Giselle": Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 10-11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Spartacus" (American première): Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 8, and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 13-15, at 8:30. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—Seventy-five dancers, singers, and instrumentalists in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Sept. 11, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 23. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last in a series of free performances. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7: The American Ballet Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9: The Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Cathy Machado, Ronnie Robertson, and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 16.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A theatre in the round expressly designed for talented (and perhaps a few untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory. The alcove called the Champagne Room gets along with Gleb Yellin's piano. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's band makes prancing music and Renato Rossini's guitar dreams of castles in Capri, Majorca, and Ibiza. Mondays, another band has the floor. Mr. Rossini bows out on Sunday, Sept. 9. . . . ¶ The Cotillion Room is preparing to go on with the dance on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 11, when Joseph Sudy's band and Phil Wayne's threesome resume their positions on the podium. They'll stay there until well after the theatre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room will be getting down to serious business when it reopens, on Wednesday, Sept. 12. None of it will be more serious than Katyna Ranieri, a practically apocalyptic singer. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mark Monte's amiable gadflies will supply the dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The piano and violin that move into the Palm Court on Tuesday, Sept. 11, plan to burble there from four to six-thirty before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven-thirty and nine-thirty.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's band, which goes at its exercise music Manhattan style, is at work in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

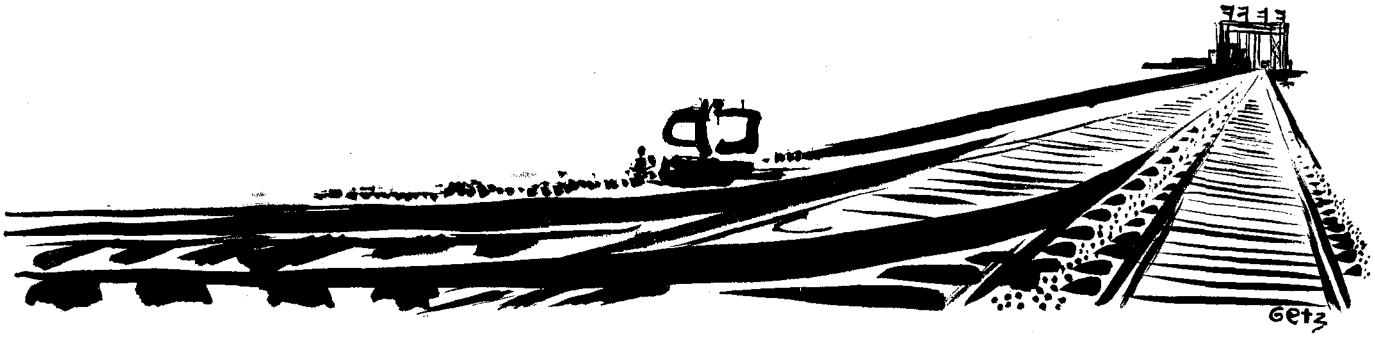
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—La Boite, a below-stairs haven small enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when a piano and violin are cajoling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The return of an important native will be celebrated on Tuesday, Sept. 11, when Ted Straeter at last comes back to town and takes up residence, with his flowing dance orchestra, in the Columns, a most suitable *pied-à-terre* for him. Ray Hartley, the piano soloist of the hotel's Savoy Room, will indulge in a pre-dance set from seven to eight. . . . ¶ Before and after Mr. Hartley works the Columns, he works the Savoy Room, every night but Sunday, with lots and lots of well-tempered keyboard.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads of Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins' earlier clubhouses chatter side by side with the undergraduates of his present one, while the music plays on and on. The score runs like this: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight, the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Danc-



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Photographed by Jane Arnold at the Campo Manin in storybook Venice, jewel of the Adriatic.

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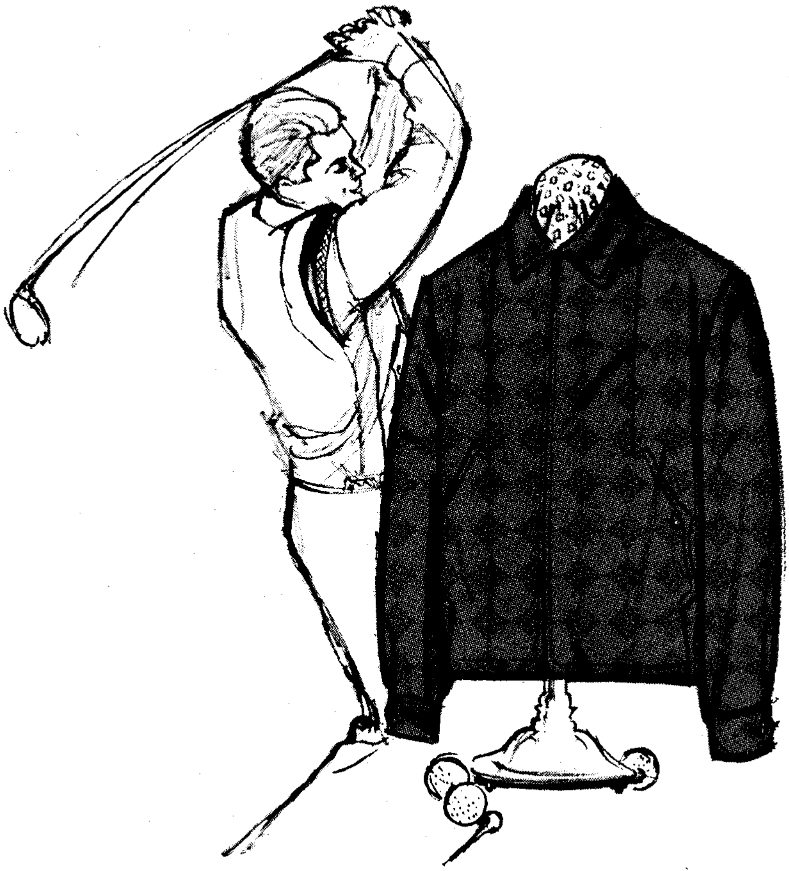

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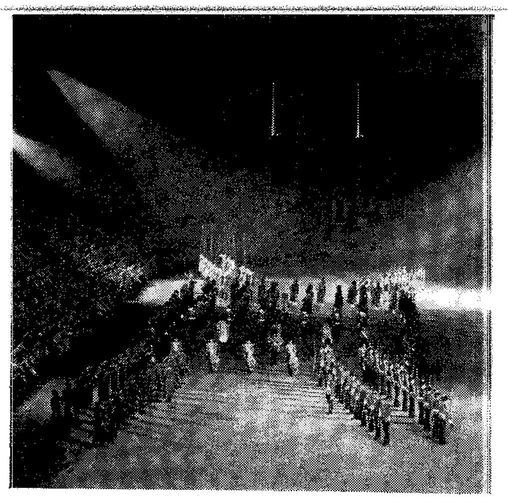
MEN'S CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A lot of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy gets back to the piano that sits in the middle of the Mauresque finery on Saturday, Sept. 8, and he'll be there from six to ten every night but Sunday. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Mondays through Saturdays, there's dancing, too, after eight, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. Angel Mancheno, a Spanish dancer built of the finest coiled-steel springs, will be added to the mixture on Friday, Sept. 7. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of casual piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A Far West greenroom and grill that's the setting (after ten) for Cal Bostic's rumpus piano and song, and for Andy Hamon's rather soulful piano and song. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Violins, zimbalons, and several human voices pay endless tribute to a bygone Central European way of life that couldn't possibly have been as carefree as the tribute makes it appear. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the night march here, though its only instruments of war are violins and accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. A violin or something talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Some of the seats on this stock exchange are hereditary. Not very long after the market closes, Karl Inwald sits down at the piano, and improves the shining hours until past midnight with excursions into Brahms and Chopin. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Friday, Sept. 7, is reopening night for this Village playground. Tiger Haynes, who has been the groundskeeper since the place was invented, will spur his Three Flames into their fren-



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zied parody of music; the other players will be newcomers, such as Jeri Southern, a torchbearer whenever she sings, and the team of Paul Douglas and his girl foil, Reiko by name. Mr. D.'s puns use a rabbit's multiplication table; his jokes occasionally overstep boundaries. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The costume ball in which dozens of young ladies are engaged shows what a really clever dressmaker can do with just a handful of fig leaves. The Wallenda girls, from Europe, do ballet pinwheels in the air; the Kuban Cossack Dancers, from Russia, do ballet pinwheels onstage. There are usually comedians, too, but it's not so easy to tell what *they* do. Dancing for the tablesitters as well.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Phyllis Diller is campaigning with boundless and formidable zeal in favor of absolutely nothing at all. Before *le déluge,* one hears from the Folksters, a recent accession to the collection of folk singers, and from Vaughan Meader, a recent accession to the collection of wits. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The incumbent revue hasn't decided whether it's a hymn to the newest sense of humor or a warehouse for clichés. It goes most smoothly when Cy Young is in action. Performances occur around ten and midnight on weekdays, three times on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Flamenco, which is what the inhabitants here do best, is again the order of the evening in the auditorium. Even so, the everyone-for-himself dancing of the customers, done to the compulsive strains of two perfect bands (one is Pupi Campo's), is sometimes a triumph of amateurism over professionalism. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running a quintet. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, sometimes deep in his horn and sometimes merely deep in thought, leads a quintet that expounds the virtues of involute dissonance; Blossom Dearie bends her small, still voice and her trio to the welcome task of blowing playful bubbles in the air. Sunday, Sept. 9, is their last night. On Tuesday, Sept. 11, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, celebrated for their gift of gab, wit, and song (all Irish, and often rebel), will move in, along with Bill Evans and his trio, who are polished perfectionists in their presentation of the facts about modern music. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-moderation, is filing her term paper on progressive piano with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Reopens Friday, Sept. 7, with a set of relocated long-term tenants from 52nd Street, which is to say the old world. They are Wilbur de Paris and his acolytes—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Doc Cheatham among them. Don Frye, who for years did all-by-himself piano in the de Paris midtown lodge, will be at it again down here. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Gene Krupa's band and Dick Ruedebusch's sextet, who live in the past, are not ones to let bygones be bygones, and

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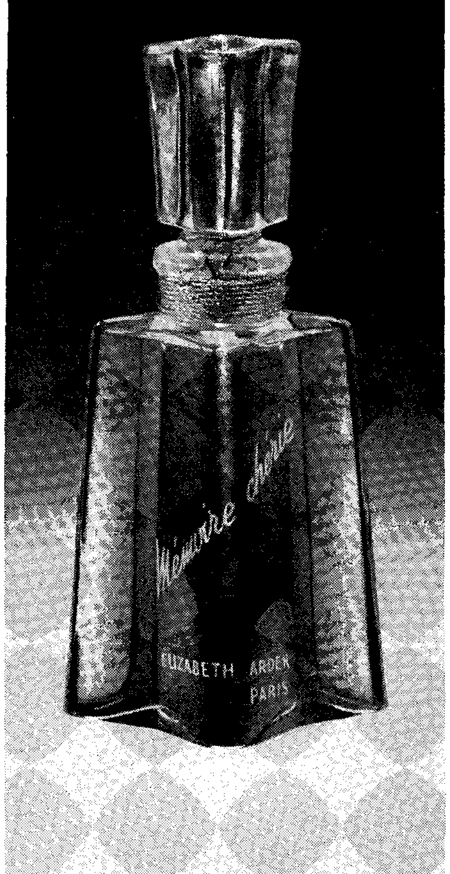

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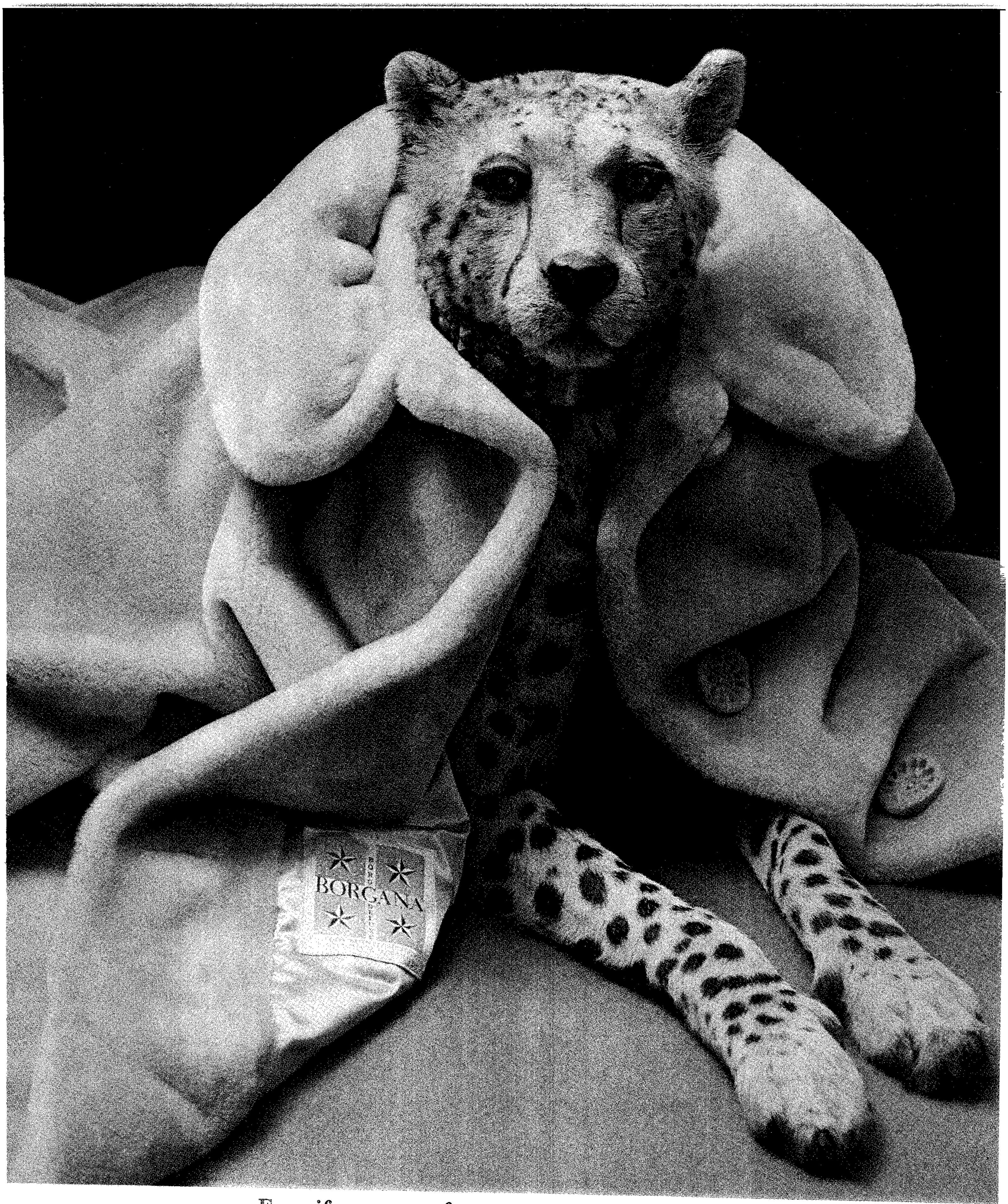

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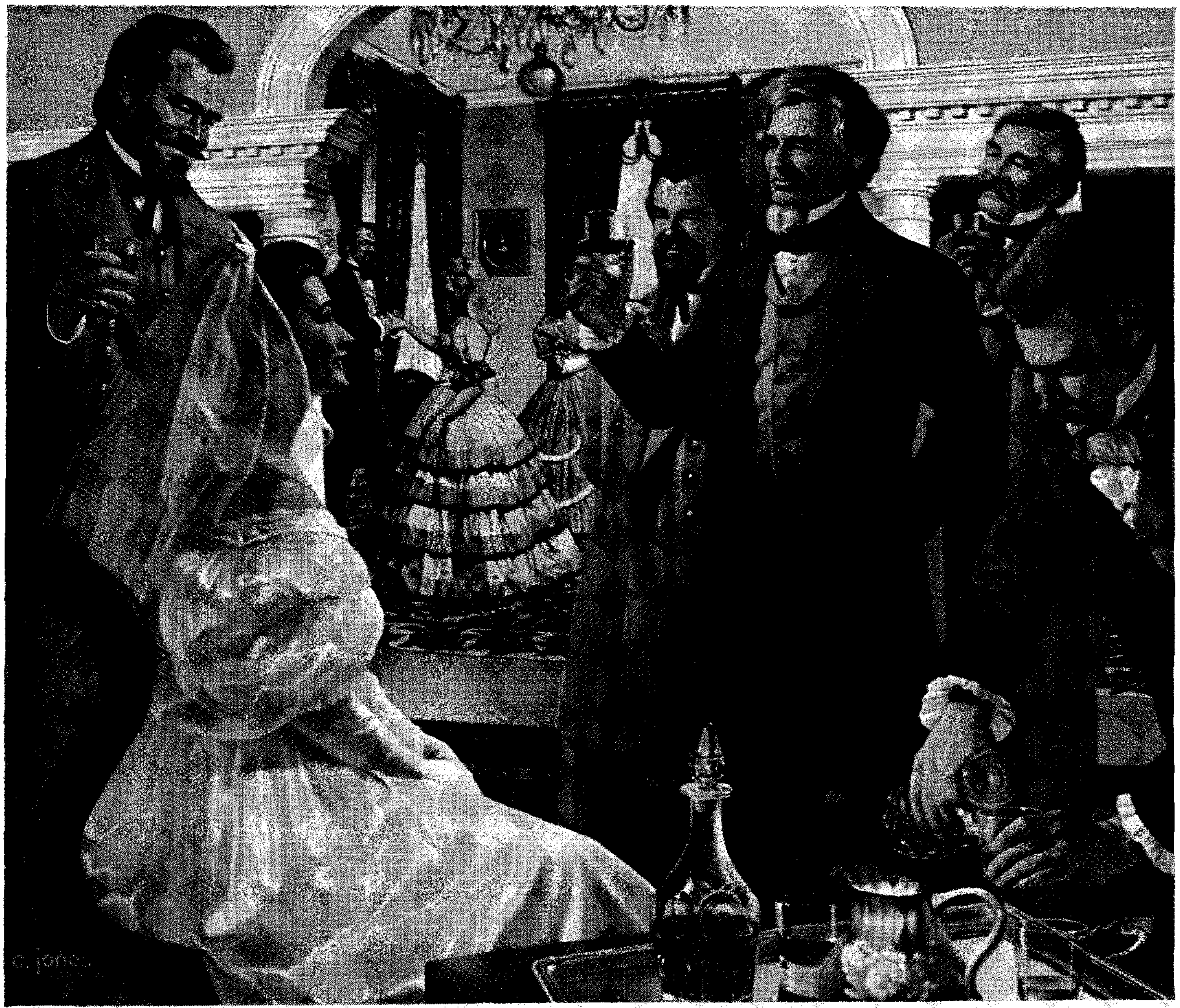

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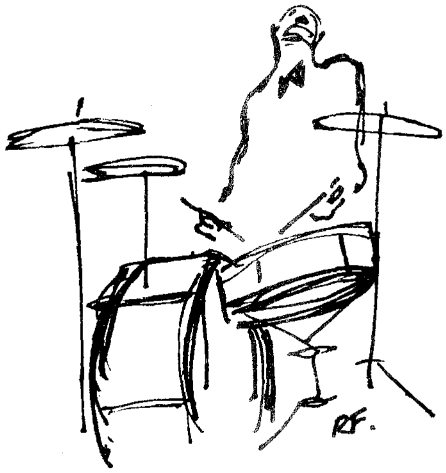
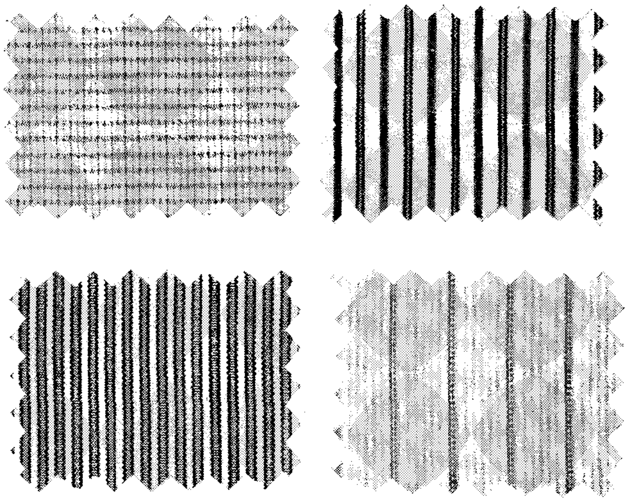
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

their reasons can be heard a block away. Guests take up the anvil chorus on Sundays. . . . ¶ Saturday night, there's Twist music, and the catatonic calisthenics that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dinah Washington, now equipped with her own private army of entertainers, removes herself, her magisterial voice, and her task force from the premises on Wednesday, Sept. 12. Among next evening's arrivals will be Machito and his Caribbean band. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba, every inch an African queen, does songs (impetuous and languorous by turn) that no one around here ever heard of before, and Inman and Ira, a Chicago pair, do folk music of a more local nature. Mondays are devoted to other talents. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Still afraid that nobody knows the troubles he's seen, Joe Williams is bringing the audiences up to date with a sheaf of stentorian blues. Herbie Mann's sextet is continuing its expedition through the beautiful if uproarious West Indies, and there's a trio headed by Oscar Peterson, who plays fashionable rather than fundamental piano. They all sign off on Saturday, Sept. 8. On Monday, Sept. 10, a new convoy, in which Sarah Vaughan's voice of decision is prominent, will settle in. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for purists, where Phil Woods and four followers (one is Jules Watkins, on the French horn) are putting things mildly but by no means stolidly. They go away on Sunday, Sept. 9, and on Tuesday, Sept. 11, the edifying quintet of Bob Brookmeyer and Clark Terry gets back on the job. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): On Monday, Sept. 10, Dorothy Donegan again gets her hot hands on the local piano. J. C. Heard is now part of her cannonading threesome. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): How the other half thinks that Greenwich Village lives. Behind the rows of espresso cups are (among others) Juan Serrano, in whose guitar are the heartstrings of Iberia, and Leon Bibb, whose voice is the John Bunyan of folk song. Mr. Serrano departs on Saturday, Sept. 8; Mr. Bibb departs on Monday, Sept. 10. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The mute to stifle Wild Bill Davison's horn has yet to be forged. Grouped around him are such fellow-primitives as Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, Buster Bailey, and Cliff Leeman. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): This junior college resumes its series of weekend seminars on the original sources of American music on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8. It is expected





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Sculptures—Medieval and Renaissance works by such masters as Donatello and Luca della Robbia; through Oct. 20. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The figure is the theme of an exhibit of prints, and three of the twenty-five artists represented in it are Rico Lebrun, Chaim Gross, and Raphael Soyer; through Sept. 22. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by, among others, William Kienbusch, John Koch, and Leonard DeLonga; through Sept. 21. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Jacques Hnizdovsky, August Mosca, Rico Lebrun, and other gallery artists in a drawing-and-water-color show; through Sept. 29. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings, covering a hundred and fifty years, by (for instance) Gilbert Stuart, Winslow Homer, and Grant Wood; through Sept. 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in a variety of mediums (seventeenth-century to the present) by artists ranging from Faustino Bocchi to Joseph Glasco; through Sept. 22. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of portraits (Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale, John James Audubon by John Syme, and so on) and other paintings and sculptures having to do with American history; through Friday, Sept. 14. (Closed Saturday.). . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John von Wicht, Patrick Heron, and Carel Visser, to mention a few; through Friday, Sept. 14. (Closed Saturday.). . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A mixed-mediums show, comprising pieces by Saul Baizerman, Jean Dubuffet, Edvard Munch, and others; through Sept. 29.

Swedish; Group Show—A travelling exhibition of more than fifty paintings by a dozen contemporary artists, including Evert Lundquist, Staffan Hallström, and Sven Erixson; starting Friday, Sept. 7. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Chinese porcelains from the bequest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., notably several Ming three-color temple jars and K'ang-hsi vases and plates in *famille noire*, *famille jaune*, and *famille verte*. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Hogarth's Views of London," a display of nearly sixty prints (mostly engravings), the earliest one dated 1721, by William Hogarth; through Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and so on; through Sept. 30. (Tuesday through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A work

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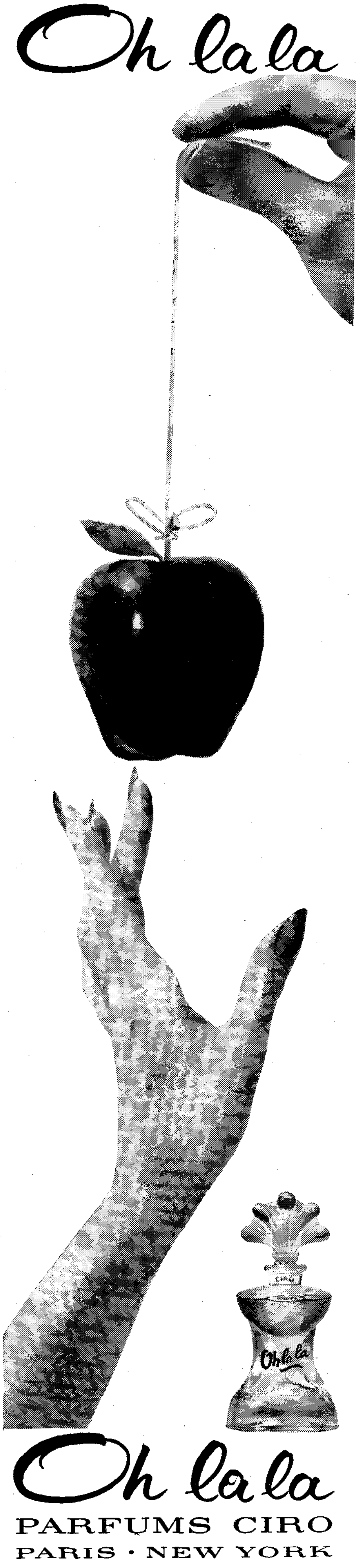
Oh la la

Oh la la
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apiece in various mediums by forty artists under forty, three of whom are Marcia Marcus, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Friday, Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Silvermine String Quartet—Chamber music. (Silvermine Guild, New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 9, at 8, the final out-of-town concert of the season, with Alan Shulman, cello. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, Sept. 13, at 8:30; no soloists.)

Jazz Concert—Max Roach's chorus and orchestra, with Abbey Lincoln. The final concert in this summer's Museum of Modern Art series. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Sept. 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 7, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 9, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Monday, Sept. 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Sept. 14, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 15, at 2.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. For the benefit of the Westchester Adoption Service. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 9.)

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 6-9.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 13-16.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 8, and Saturday, Sept. 15.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 8; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 12; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 15. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 2. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 8, and the United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 15. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

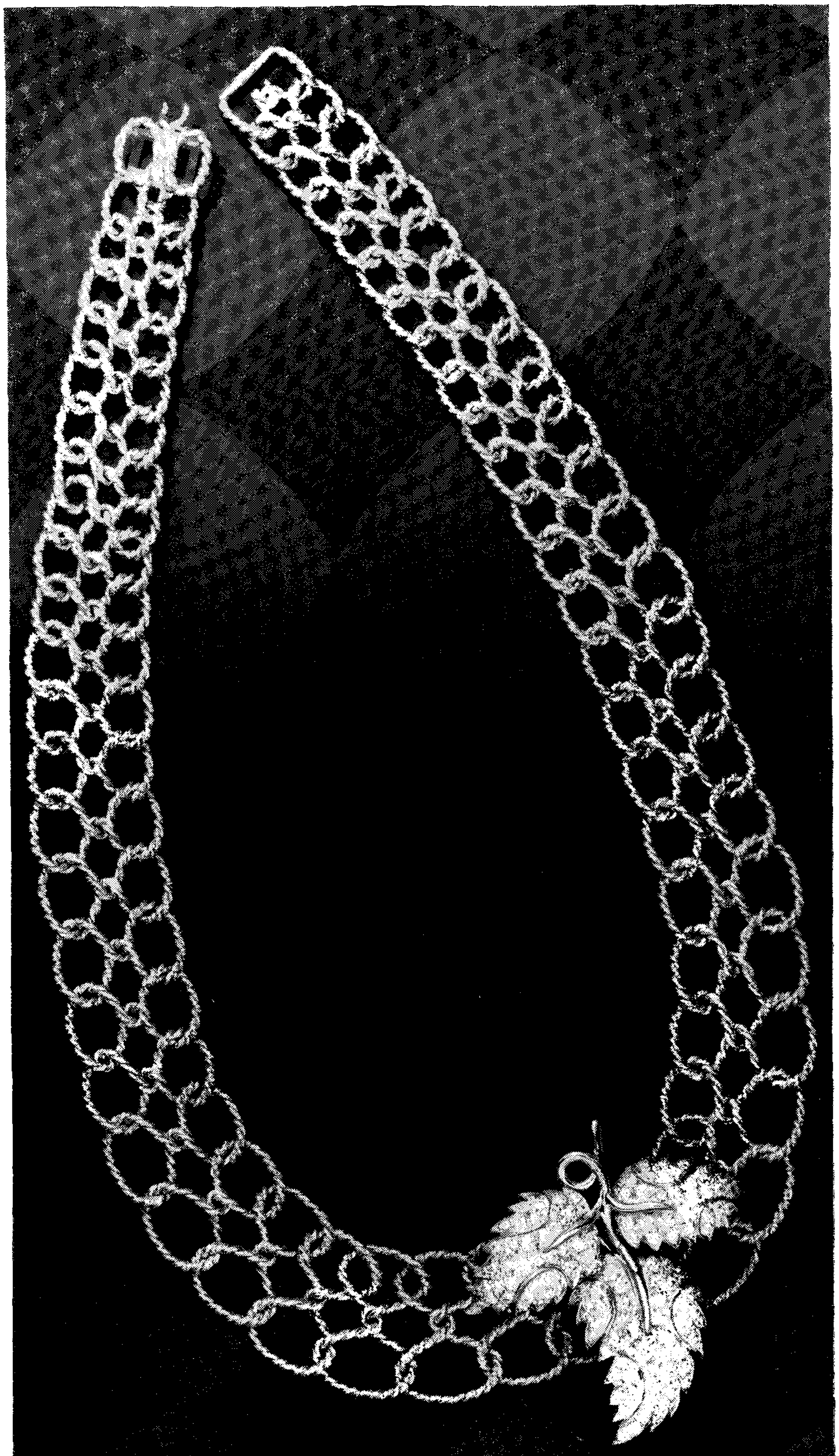
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Saturday, Sept. 15.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—The first auction of the season conducted by the Parke-Bernet Galleries will dispose of the property of the late Mrs. H. P. Davison, Sr., and will take place on Thursday, Sept. 13, at 10:15 and 1:30, at the Davison estate in Lattingtown, L.I. Included are English and other furniture, silver, porcelains, paintings, rugs, and decorative objects. (Exhibition hours: Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11-12, from 10 to 5.) There will be an admission charge to both the auction and the exhibition, for the benefit of the Nassau County Chapter of the American Red Cross.



Fisherman's Net link necklace of 18 karat gold; Diamond Leaf clip in platinum and 18 karat gold. Designed by Jean Schlumberger; may be worn separately or together. Necklace, fourteen hundred fifty dollars. Clip, twenty nine hundred fifty dollars. Prices include federal tax.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Girl with the Golden Eyes—Jean-Gabriel Albicocco, who is just twenty-four, directed this exciting exercise in style, and Quinto Albicocco, his father, handled its stunning black-and-white photography. The story, from Balzac, is merely a vehicle, and the cast, which includes Paul Guers and Marie Laforêt, is, at the behest of the Albicoccos, more quicksilver than human. A French picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Jules and Jim—A French comedy, so odd and fresh and affecting that it often seems as if the director, François Truffaut, had invented a new sort of camera. Acted with great zest by Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 9, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 12, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Lolita—No longer a study in sexual perversity yet somehow faithful to the comic spirit of the novel and wonderfully acted by James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

A Matter of WHO—A mock thriller about a detective for the World Health Organization who, foiling all villains, tracks down the source of a potential smallpox epidemic in time to head it off. The droll Mr. Terry-Thomas is the health dick. A British picture. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Sept. 9.)

Murder She Said—The great Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in a charming and often witty adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 11.)

The Music Man—Robert Preston repeating the excellent performance that he gave on Broadway as the hero of this musical, which has been adapted for the screen by Marion Hargrove from the original play by Meredith Willson and Franklin Lacey. It deals with some gay doings in an Iowa town in the early, innocent days of the twentieth century. Mr. Willson's robust tunes are a big help. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Notorious Landlady—A comedy of murder in an English setting. The script is sharp, the action is brisk, and the performances, notably those by Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon, as a couple of diplomats at our London embassy, are as bright as anyone could wish for. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Shoot the Piano Player—A French picture that is a curious and very original blend of wild comedy (70%) and violence (30%). Charles Aznavour, in the leading role, plays a wistful honky-tonk pianist at a café in Paris. François Truffaut doubled as director and writer. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 10, tentative.)

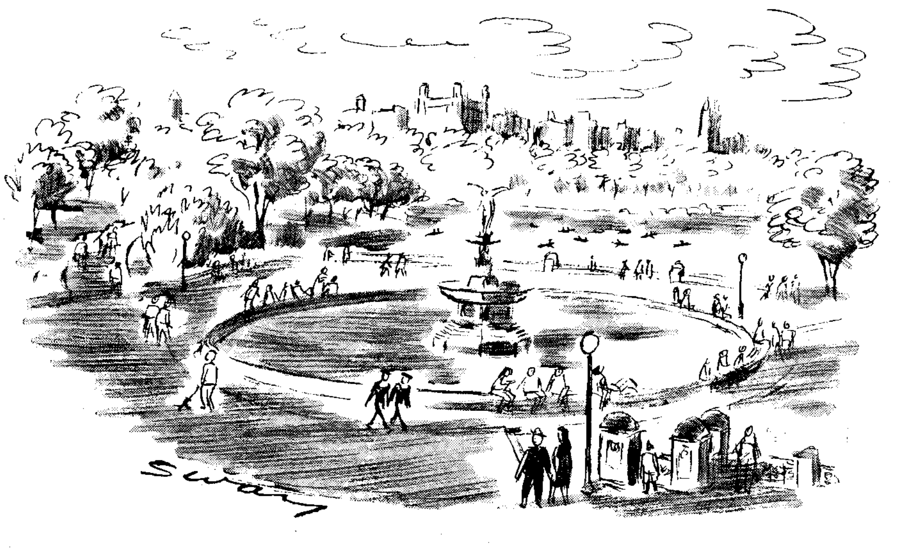
Through a Glass Darkly—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Ingmar Bergman and his usual troupe at their incomparable best. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 12.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—Two French prisoners of war resolve their personal dilemmas on the far side of the Rhine, which, for one of them, turns out to be the right side. Charles Aznavour is splendid as a sad little pastry cook, and Georges Rivière is equally good as a bold and jaunty journalist. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 8.)

A View from the Bridge—The poor can be as wretched as the rich, especially where sex is concerned, and in this very satisfactory adaptation of the Arthur Miller play the suffering is something to behold. With Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Carol Lawrence, Jean Sorel, and Raymond Pellegrin. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 11, tentative.)

Violin and Roller—Alexi Tartovsky, a director not long out of his teens, is responsible for this attractive and honest fifty-five-minute vignette, which deals with the happy, uncomplicated day that a small-boy violinist and a young steam-roller driver spend together. A Russian film. (Cameo, 8th Ave. at 44th, JU 6-8534; through Sept. 7.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7, at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)



REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph, which Tolstoy had something to do with, and in which the lady is escorted by Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 6.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 12, tentative.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 9-11.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 11, tentative.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 7.)

The Living Desert (1953)—Walt Disney's nature film on the flora and fauna of our Western deserts. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Sept. 6.)

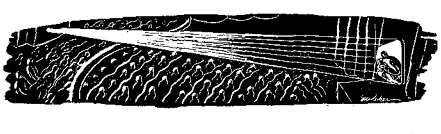
Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 11, tentative.)

Private's Progress (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

Suspicion (1941)—Another Hitchcock job, this one based on Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Gene Kelly"—Through Sept. 8: "For Me and My Gal" (1942), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ Sept. 9-12: "Cover Girl" (1944), with Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

CAMEO, 8th Ave. at 44th. (JU 6-8534)
Through Sept. 7: **VIOLIN AND ROLLER** (in Russian); and "Morning Star" (in Russian), a ballet film.
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7, at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Sept. 11: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Sept. 12: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE MUSIC MAN.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Phantom of the Opera," Herbert Lom, Heather Sears.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
To be announced.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 9 (tentative): **JULES AND JIM** (in French).
From Sept. 10 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Sept. 6: **THE LIVING DESERT,** revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.
Sept. 7-11: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From Sept. 12: "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman; and "The Secret of the Purple Reef," Jeff Richards.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 11: **MURDER SHE SAID;** and "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
From Sept. 12: **JULES AND JIM** (in French); and "Carry on Constable," Sidney James, Eric Barker.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 8: "Damon and Pythias," Guy Williams, Don Burnett; and "Tarzan Goes to India," Jock Mahoney, Mark Dana.
Sept. 9-11: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From Sept. 12: "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman; and "The Secret of the Purple Reef," Jeff Richards.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNA KARENINA, revival.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Sept. 6: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson.
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 11 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE;** and "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.
From Sept. 12 (tentative): "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Sept. 6: **THE LIVING DESERT,** revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.
Sept. 7-11: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From Sept. 12: "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman; and "The Secret of the Purple Reef," Jeff Richards.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 11: "Damon and Pythias," Guy Williams, Don Burnett; and "Tarzan Goes to India," Jock Mahoney, Mark Dana.
From Sept. 12: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "No Place Like Homicide," Shirley Eaton, Dennis Price.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 6: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **SUSPICION,** revival.
From Sept. 7: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 8: **MURDER SHE SAID;** and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).
Sept. 9-11: **THE HUSTLER,** revival; and "The Prince and the Showgirl," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier.
From Sept. 12: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish); and "Double Bunk," revival, Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 12 (tentative): **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 11: "Damon and Pythias," Guy Williams, Don Burnett; and "Tarzan Goes to India," Jock Mahoney, Mark Dana.
From Sept. 12: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "No Place Like Homicide," Shirley Eaton, Dennis Price.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 11 (tentative): "Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo; and "Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish), revival.
From Sept. 12 (tentative): **JULES AND JIM** (in French); and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 9: **A MATTER OF WHO.**
From Sept. 10: "The Island," a Japanese film without dialogue.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 9: "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Tales of Paris" (in French), Dany Robin, Françoise Arnoul.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 11 (tentative): "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.
From Sept. 12: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "No Place Like Homicide," Shirley Eaton, Dennis Price.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 10: "Mata Hari," revival, Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
From Sept. 11 (tentative): **THE LADY VANISHES,** revival; and **ODD MAN OUT,** revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 11: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "Loss of Innocence," revival, Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.
From Sept. 12: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 6: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Part I," and "The Anna Cross" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Sept. 7: **PRIVATE'S PROGRESS,** revival; and **THE GREEN MAN,** revival.
Sept. 8: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Sept. 9: "A Prince for Cynthia," "Martin and Gaston," and two other George K. Arthur films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Sept. 10: **SUSPICION,** revival; and "The Cat" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul.
Sept. 11: A program of five short films, dealing with art—"Rembrandt," "Goya," and others.
Sept. 12: "Pot Bouille" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "Mitsou" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Sept. 6: **THE LIVING DESERT,** revival, and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.
Sept. 7-11: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From Sept. 12: "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman; and "The Secret of the Purple Reef," Jeff Richards.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 11 (tentative): "Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo; and "Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish), revival.
From Sept. 12 (tentative): **JULES AND JIM** (in French); and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Sept. 6: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.
Sept. 7-11: "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones.
From Sept. 12: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film of New Guinea, with an English narration; and "No Place Like Homicide," Shirley Eaton, Dennis Price.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Sept. 6: **THE LIVING DESERT,** revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.
Sept. 7-11: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From Sept. 12: "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman; and "The Secret of the Purple Reef," Jeff Richards.

one of the herd?

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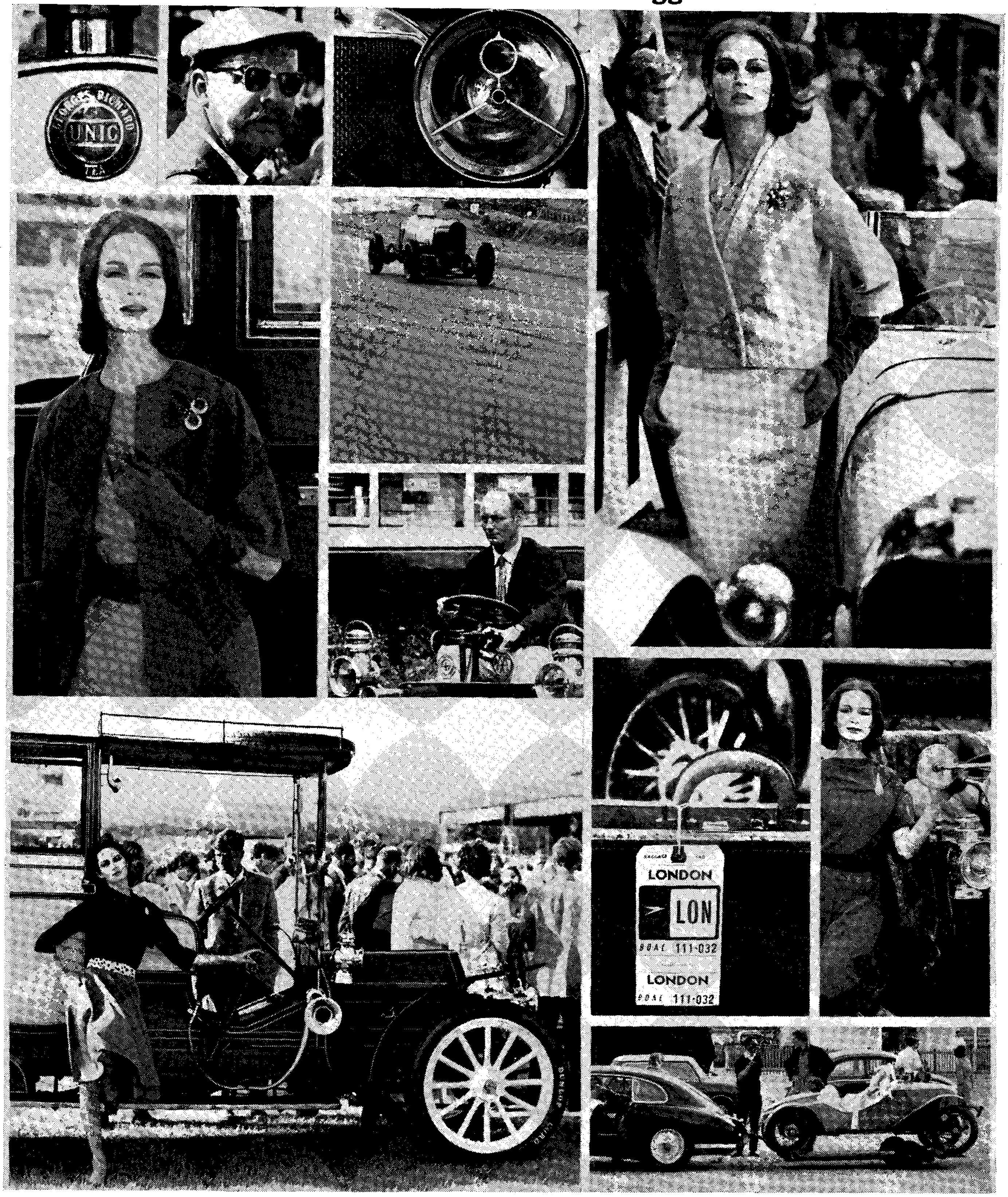
T. J.'s wife wears B. H. Wragge



T. J. and his wife arrive in England for a fortnight in London and a spectacular day at Goodwood. Escorted to the fashionable event by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, they watched more than three hundred vintage sports and racing cars parade around the famous Goodwood Track. Veteran of the event was an 1896 Arnold, newest was upstart Donald Campbell's 5,000 h.p. "Bluebird". Upper right: sporting cut velvet suit in pumice or autumn harvest with sleeveless chiffon blouse and double-chiffon scarf. 125.00. Above left: Side-slit turn-coat tops a slender shaft dress. Ensemble in camel and shale or brindle and charcoal flannel. 145.00. Below left: a whirlaway skirt that's yards of brindle colored wool flannel. Ebony jersey top has a dashing ascot scarf. Belt is black and white puma fur. Ensemble, 90.00 complete. Below center: BOAC bound luggage that carried absolutely everything T.J.'s wife took. Below right: soft draped wool crepe in redwood, ash or sandalwood. Dress about 70.00. These and all the marvelous things B. H. Wragge did for fall arriving this second at Bonwit Teller stores, Frederick & Nelson, the J. L. Hudson Co. and Montaldo's stores. Sizes 6 to 16. Prices slightly higher in the west.

At the Goodwood Festival of Motoring

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runless seamless sheerloc™—jewel of a stocking
new runless texture, lasting loveliness in nylons

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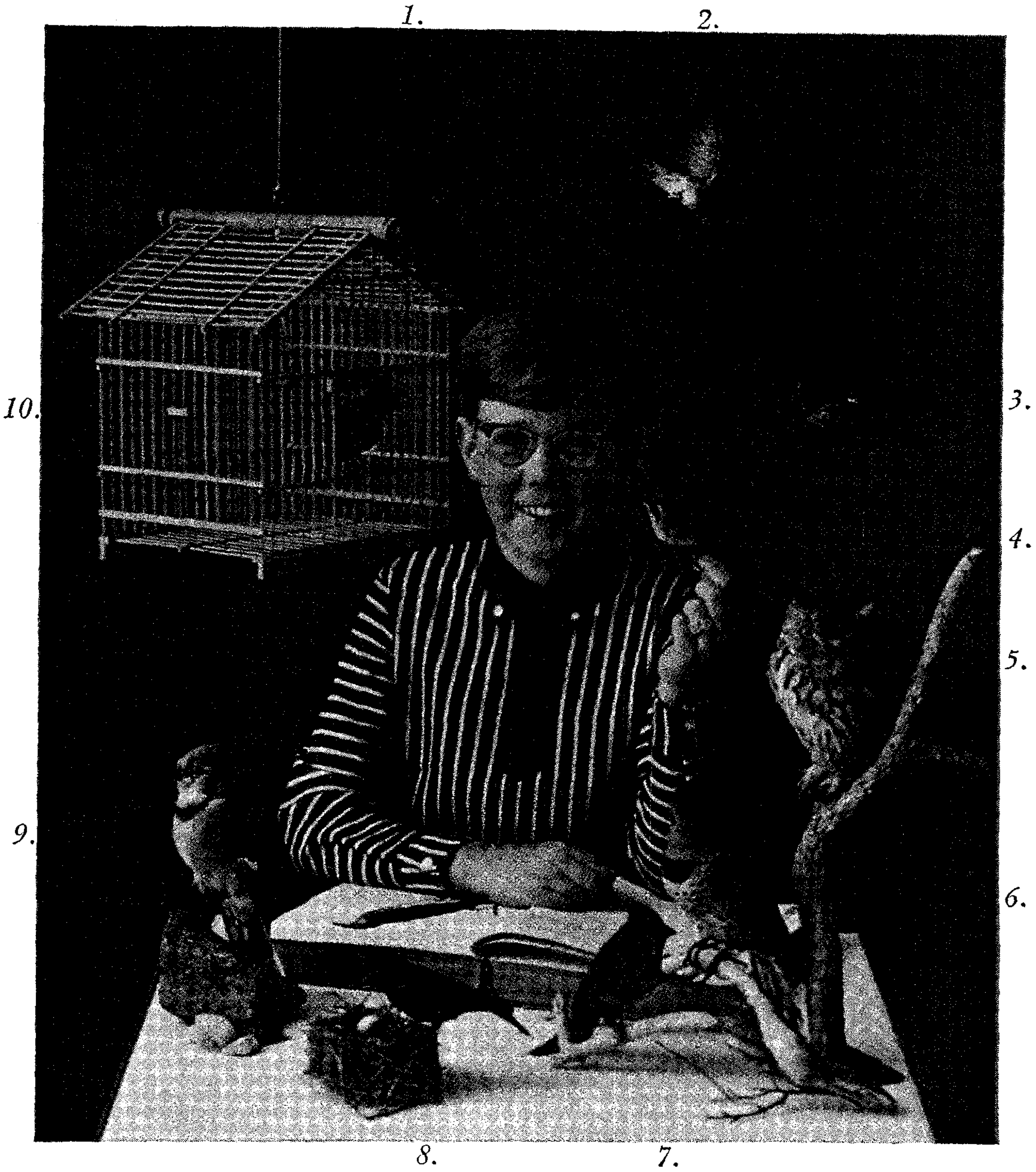

Rob Roy

(and his fine feathered friends)

Can your eagle eye spot a bird on the wing? When can you see a yellow-shafted flicker? Will they nest on your terrace? Can you feed baby birds? Here's a brief charting Rob Roy doped out for beginning bird watchers. Rob Roy wears a Rob Roy cotton knit shirt that's masculine, cut comfortably, looks pretty snazzy. Red, Blue or Green with White stripes and has a Talon Zephyr® nylon closure. 6-20 sizes. 3.00 at fine stores everywhere.

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1. **Redwing Blackbird** *Agelaius phoeniceus.* Male has bright red shoulder-patches. Female: grey-brown, streaked. Prefers marshes and meadows. Winters south of New York.
2. **Cliff Swallow** *Petrochelidon pyrrhonota.* Only swallow with a buffy rump and a square tail. Dark blue back, dusky under parts, chestnut throat. Nasal cat-like "yaa".
3. **Baltimore Oriole** *Icterus galbula.* Male: robin-size, orange and black. Wing-bar and edgings, white. Female is dull yellow. Prefers tall trees.
4. **Yellowthroat** *Geothlypis trichas.* Male has a black mask and bright yellow throat. Is olive on top, yellow below, has a white belly. Is very inquisitive—wants to know "which-is-it? which-is-it? which-is-it?"
5. **Screech Owl** *Otus asio.* Robin-size—our only small owl with ears. In grey or in red-brown. Contrary to old wives' tales, they can see in the daytime. Yellow eyes and a mournful quavering tremolo: "oo-oo-oo-oo".
6. **Yellow-shafted Flicker** *Colaptes auratus.* Only eastern woodpecker with a brown back. Larger than a robin with red patch on back of head, black spots on breast. Conspicuous white rump.
7. **Eastern Cardinal** *Richmondena cardinalis.* Size of a small robin. Red bird with crest. Face, black. Prefers thickets in towns or open country.
8. **Scarlet Tanager** *Piranga olivacea.* Scarlet bird that turns yellow-green in the Fall. Has black wings and tail. Sings like a robin with a sore throat. Winters in South America.
9. **Blue Jay** *Cyanocitta cristata.* Our only large bright blue and white bird with a crest. Has a big mouth—scolds, "jay-jay-jay", whistles, "plinky-plinky".
10. **Eastern Bluebird** *Sialia sialis.* A small, fat thrush that perches on posts and wires, comes down to earth only to snatch food. Is very demure—warbles "purity" softly. Prefers farmlands.

P.S. For a free reprint of our Rob Roy Bird Ad and more information about his fine feathered friends, send a self-addressed envelope to Rob Roy, P.O. Box #1931, New York 1, N. Y.

Land of the Living Past . . .

In Japan the past is alive—not only in ancient temples and works of art, but in the traditions and festivals of the people. A visit to Japan is a unique experience: the islands are alive with color, memories, and old songs and dances. The *KANTO* Festival, depicted here, is a time of gayety and colorful lanterns; it expresses the people's joy at the coming of harvest time.

Joy, too, is shared by visitors when they travel through Japan guided by the experts of Nippon Express Co. and Nippon Kangyo Bank. These two famous institutions are dedicated to service: all travel and banking problems are given courteous, efficient, and personalized attention. Thousands of satisfied patrons have found extra pleasure when Nippon Express Co. and Nippon Kangyo Bank were on the job for them.

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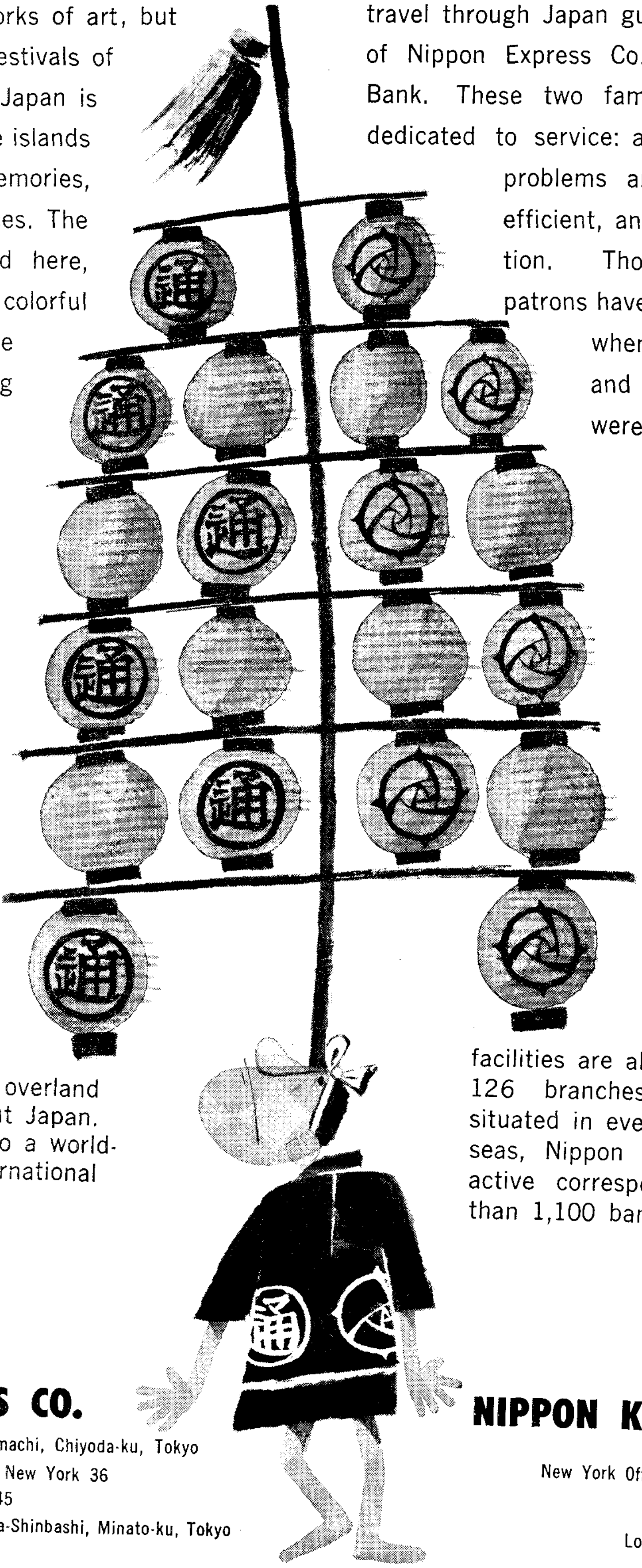

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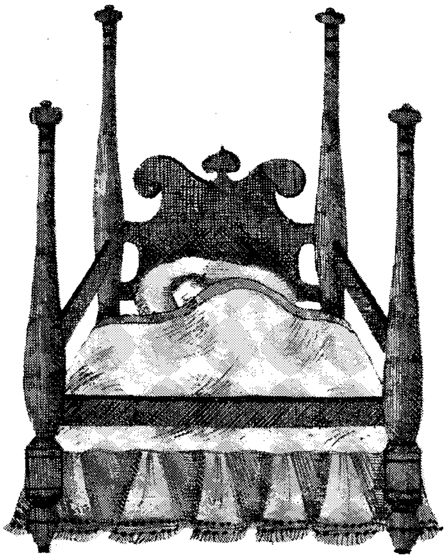
Mr. Simmons' Compleat Guide to Happye Sleepyng

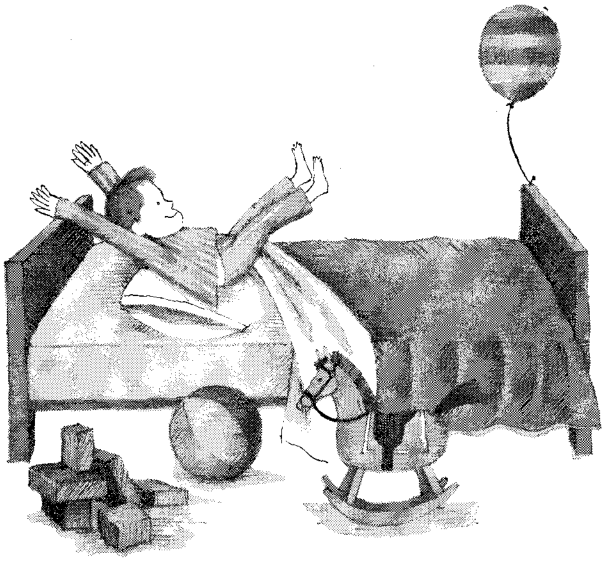
[*or: It's a doggerel's life without a Beautyrest*]



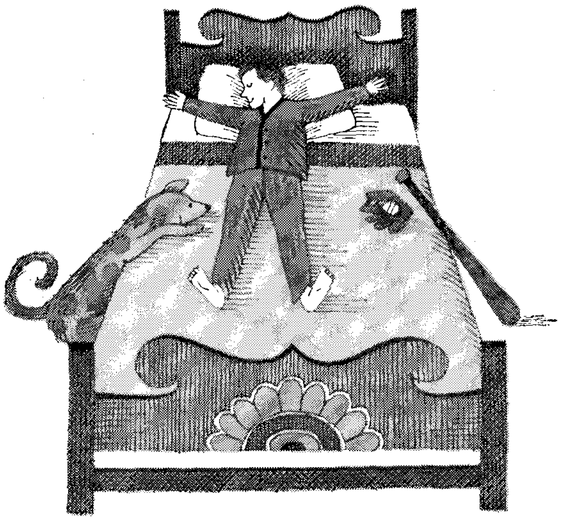
Rock a bye, baby,
Sing cucoo —
It's an heirloom crib,
But the Beautyrest's new.
Nothing's too good for a son and heir —
From the tip of your head
To your derrière.
You'll bounce on springs that support your spine.
You'll grow long and strong,
And you'll sleep just fine.
And except for diapers and burping and water —
You'll sleep all night, just like you oughter.

Pretty lady,
Croon cucoo,
Beautyrest's *made* for the likes of *you.*
For diamonds may come and diamonds may go,
But they won't help if your backaches show.
So lay your pretty bones to rest
On the deep-down comfort of Beautyrest.
Each spring's separate, lifts you better;
Suits your contours to the letter.
You'll wake up full of sugar and spice.
Beautyrest gives you *everything* nice.

Roar, you lion,
Roar cucoo —
This mattress is bigger than both of you!
Room to toss and room to sprawl —
It's Beautyrest heaven — wall to wall.
No roll, no toss, no lumps, no sags.
Your eyes wake up without their bags.
According to our King-size rigger —
Your bed is almost 2 feet bigger.
No matter how long or wide your torso —
Here's Beautyrest comfort, only *more so.*

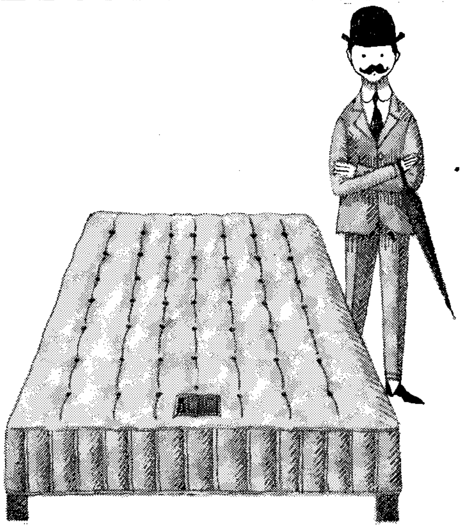


Hi Ho, Buster,
Sing cucoo —
You think you're grown,
But I've news for you:
There's many a moon and plenty of years
Until you're dry behind the ears.
And you'll need plenty of growing yet
Till your cartilage and bones are set.
So it's Beautyrest for you and your bunk
(If we can clear a path through the junk).
You'll walk tall and strong wherever you roam
(While you eat us out of house and home).



Batter up!
And sing cucoo.
You're growing wider and longer, too.
You're springing up just like a weed.
Beautyrest Long Boy's what *you* need.
Plenty of toe room, plenty of bounce,
You need a mattress that's, ounce-for-ounce,
Every bit as rugged as you.
And these are the springs that can take the guff –
They make the grade, be you ever so tough.
So grow, Giant-Killer, to 6 feet 2 —
This Long Boy's still ahead of you!

Upsy, daisy!
You'll be cucoo
About the bed that's brand-brand new.
Adjustable Beautyrest . . . raises or lowers
Footsies, kneesies, head or shoulders.
Punch a button, you're as you please –
To read, to eat, to shoot the breeze.
And then when evening shadows fall –
You'll know the biggest joy of all:
Out flat, here's happiness at its *best* . . .
The downright bliss of Beautyrest.



This is "measure your mattress" month. All over America, the fine stores that sell Beautyrest invite you to measure your mattress; then come in to see and try the happiness a King-size Beautyrest can bring you. Join the celebration – buy yourself a *big* beautiful Beautyrest. You have nothing to lose but your insomnia.

Remember: Mr. Simmons
stands behind every Beautyrest
you sleep on.

Atlanta

Has everything, including vast lakes for family fun

. . . sailing, swimming, fishing, water skiing, cruising, even houseboat racing . . . and it's the southeastern center of manufacturing, transportation, communications, distribution, banking and retailing.

Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, 1347 Commerce Building, Atlanta 3, Georgia

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The loveliness of a Sunbeam Alpine is only skin deep. Underneath it's all muscle and brawn and racing nerves.

It wasn't looks that cleaned up at the Riverside, California, Grand Prix, where the Sunbeam Alpine swept Class "F" in the 3-hour "Enduro." Or at Bridgehampton. Or at Danville. Or at Le Mans, France, where it swept all classes to earn the title, "Most efficient sports car in the world."

It streaks from 0 to 60 in 12.3 seconds, flicks off a quarter mile in under 19, hugs corners like a lover!

But for all its snap and snarl, it treats you tenderly — with wind-up windows, weather-tight soft top, restful foam-cushioned seats, a usable jump seat, and other practical design features, such as lockable wide-opening doors, that add lots to your driving comfort.

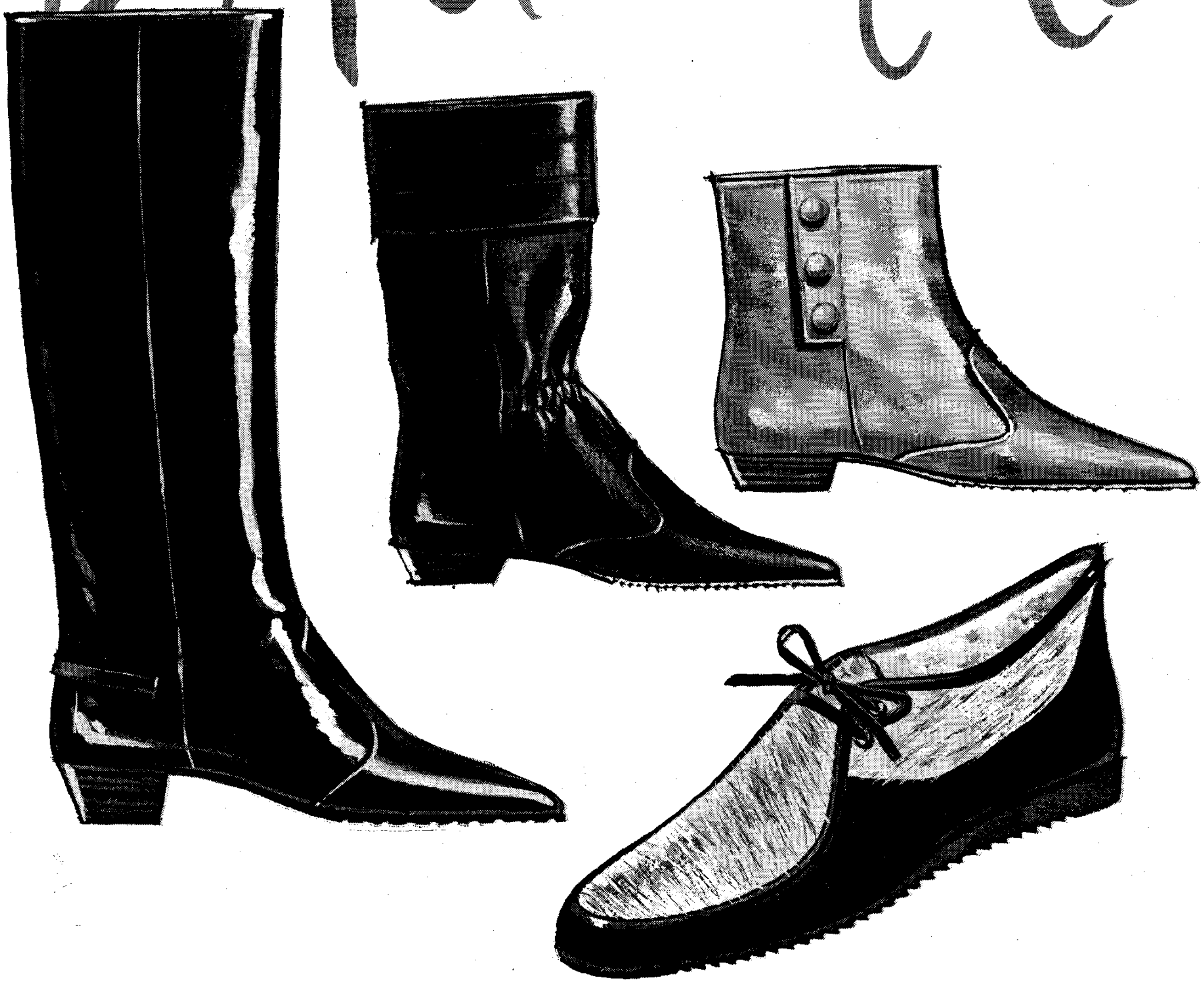
At only $2595*, no wonder the race is to your Sunbeam Alpine dealer's!

Going abroad? Ask your Rootes dealer about our overseas car delivery plan.

*East P.O.E. Slightly more in West. State & local taxes, delivery charge if any, hard top, wire wheels, white walls, optional, extra.

SUNBEAM ALPINE A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY **ROOTES**

B Altman & Co



the dashing boot . . . almost as varied in height and individuality as its wearer. Warmly lined, with ribbed rubber sole. From left: Golo knee-high black patone, **23.00**, third floor. British Brevitts cuffed kid in black, tan, grey or blue; buttoned kid in black, tan, taupe, blue or salmon. Each **25.00**. Italian Sorrento ankle boot in black suede with grey pony hair or brown suede with tan pony hair, **11.00**, second floor. MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been taking a new interest in space satellites since we came across a homey and reassuring small item in a large story about the Apollo moon project that appeared in a recent *Times*. We were reading along dutifully about the research uses of the Titan II, one of the nation's newest and most potent rockets, which burns a blend of hydrazine ("a common rocket fuel") and a related compound called unsymmetrical dimethyl hydrazine, or UDMH, and were far from surprised to learn that this polysyllabic combustant will generate a mighty 530,000 pounds of thrust. But we *were* somewhat taken aback to discover that this is nowhere near enough power for the final leg of the man-to-the-moon trip. For that, the Apollo men are designing a special F-1 engine, which will develop 1,500,000 pounds of thrust, and they plan to use a cluster of five of these engines to achieve the necessary 7,500,000 pounds of thrust. The F-1 engine will burn kerosene.

People-to-People

THE other day, we went down to the Manger Vanderbilt Hotel for a tennis lunch, which was given by the management of the hotel in honor of the three hundred-odd players who are competing this week in the national amateur championships at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills. We aren't playing in the tournament, but we were invited, along with a good many other members of the press, to help record the event. When we arrived at the hotel, a little before lunchtime, the lobby was brimming over with tennis players, many of whom had just flown in on a chartered KLM plane from Amsterdam. Tennis players generally carry their rackets with them when they travel, and all around the lobby, in addition to suitcases, were piles of rackets. Thanks to the joint efforts of the People-to-People Sports Committee and the monthly magazine *World Tennis*, this year's tournament is the most international ever held. We were surrounded by players chattering away in French, Spanish, and Russian. (The Russian Davis Cup team is playing at Forest Hills for the first time.) A young Russian tennis player standing near us remarked, in English, to a Belgian, "I must look for partner for mixed doubles." Later, at lunch, we took the opportunity to tell one of the ladies in the French group that a Russian was looking for a mixed-doubles partner, and she said she would think about it.

At twelve-thirty, we were summoned to the South Court Room for cocktails. There were two bars—one for the players (tomato juice and Pepsi-Cola) and the other for the press (Scotch, rye, and all the rest). We went to the players' bar and had a Pepsi-Cola. Moving on, we nearly collided with Mrs. Gladys Medalie Heldman, who is editor and publisher of *World Tennis* and has been very active in the effort to bring players here from Europe, and elsewhere, for the tournament. "What a day!" she said, with a sigh, and then introduced us to Colonel Edward P. F. Eagan, the chairman of the People-to-People Sports Committee. Colonel Eagan is a former Olympic boxer who was also chairman of the State Athletic Commission from 1945 to 1952. Sensing an invaluable opportunity, we asked him who he thought would win the Patterson-Liston fight. He said, "Patterson." We then asked him if he plays tennis, and he said that he does. By that time, Mrs. Heldman was deep in conversation with a newspaperman who wanted to know whether one of the Palafox brothers, from Mexico, has a mustache, and we were summoned to lunch.

Judith Shahn

We soon were joined by several handsome ladies. We introduced ourself and were pleased to learn that our luncheon companions included Françoise Durr, the No. 1 French woman player; Jacqueline Morales, the No. 1 Moroccan woman player; Mrs. Dorothy Head Knode, an outstanding American player who is now living in Japan; and Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Danzig, two-time former United States women's singles champion. Tennis players lead an international life, and the conversation flowed back and forth easily in French and English. Just before dessert, Victor Barrett, a vice-president of Manger Hotels who was acting as master of ceremonies, rose to announce that it was the birthday of Tomas Lejus, the No. 1 member of the Russian Davis Cup team. We were told that we were all going to join in singing "Happy Birthday" for Mr. Lejus. Donald Dell and Frank Froehling, two American players just back from Moscow, where they played in the Russian national championships (Mr. Froehling won), were called on to lead the singing. And sing we all did, after which we were rewarded with large slices of chocolate cake. The players were then called on to stand up in their national groups, beginning with Australia, at which point it seemed as if half the room stood up. Then there were Poles and Yugoslavs and Brazilians and Israelis and South Africans and North Africans—as attractive a group of young athletes as one could hope to see. Colonel Eagan made a speech welcoming everyone to the United States, and Mrs. Heldman said that there would be bilingual guides for any of the women players who might want to shop. There were also free tickets to a baseball game, she went on, and there would be a movie preview, and a night boat ride around New York, with dancing. “*Ah, un bateau-mouche!*” exclaimed one of the French girls at our table.

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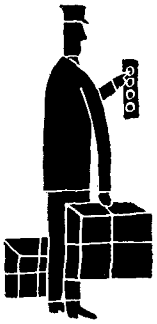
Incidental Intelligence: Loft's Wall Street candy store has discontinued its line of chocolate soldiers in favor of chocolate astronauts.

Organizing Man

JUST the day before the opening of the lower level of the George Washington Bridge last week, we visited James Clark McGuire, a director of the Port of New York Authority, who sees to it that the birth of bridges, tunnels, bus terminals, piers, and airports fathered by the P.A., as it is familiarly called—and there are many—shall not go unsung. A white-haired, blue-eyed, rubicund, and authoritatively orbicular man, Mr. McGuire has been known to us since 1935, when he was making sure that the Lincoln Tunnel would start out in business with the proper hoopla. At that time, he was a mere spratling with the P.A., having joined the outfit in 1927, but even so he had already been in charge of thirty-six blowouts. From that day to this, it's been one ceremony after another. Mr. McGuire opened our most recent chat by asking us not to consider him a master of ceremonies. “I'm the purchasing agent of the P.A.,” he said. “I have to think about feeding thirty-five hundred employees daily, I have to think about surplus property, I have to think about twelve million dollars a year to supply our various operations, I have to think, think, think. It's very wearing, but I love it.”



We asked Mr. McGuire how long he had been thinking about the celebration for the lower deck of the George Washington.

“Eight months,” he said, “and, incidentally, we call the new addition Martha. In my day, I've been a cowpoke, an investigator, an accountant for a railroad, and what have you. You wouldn't believe it, but I was gently bred in Washington, D.C., and attended Augusta Military Academy and Old Point Comfort College. I don't know where I picked up this feeling for organizing things. You want to see a rundown on what will happen tomorrow?”

We said yes, and Mr. McGuire handed us a minute-by-minute calendar of events for the lower-deck opening.

“What if it rains?” we asked.

“We'll put the whole show indoors, in our garage on the Jersey side,” he said. “We can feed eight hundred there.”

“How many do you expect?” we asked.

“Twenty-five hundred,” said Mr. McGuire. “So what we do is pray. Once a ceremony of this kind is set up and we're all out there on location, I give signals like a third-base coach—tap my shoulder, ruffle my hair, tie my shoe—to let my associates know what's going on. But one time I did the ruffling-hair trick at the opening of the Pan American hangar at Idlewild, and this time I was really scratching my head, and a jeep I'd planted down the line immediately signalled the start of a celebration in which our honorary chairman, Howard Cullman, was to figure. He was supposed to be in another jeep, pulling an airplane into the hangar, but it didn't work out. I'll give you some tickets to the George—I mean Martha—ceremony tomorrow, and you can see how it goes. As I said, we're figuring on twenty-five hundred people, and we've set up seats for them right in the middle of the lower deck. We've got food enough for that many people, which is being prepared right now by Union News at Grand Central. Where we will feed them, wind and weather permitting, is at the Ross Dock, which the New Jersey Park people have given us for the day. It's just to the north of the George, and we've put some nice green-and-white tents up to give the whole thing a festive air.”

Next day, we attended the dedication, and damned if everything didn't go off just the way Mr. McGuire had forecast. While Martha quivered slightly, the 552nd Air Force Band played “Off we go into the wild blue yonder”—a piece of supererogation—and the Governors of New York and New Jersey approached each other from opposite ends of Martha in 1931 Packard touring cars, equipped with 1931 license plates (1931 being the year George was dedicated). Governor Hughes, a Democrat, was first to the middle of the bridge, which pleased the Democrats. Governor Rockefeller came in a minute later with a great Eisenhower expansion of his arms, but he had clearly been outgamed. In any event, the old Packards were so beautiful that they really established an affinity with George and Martha, which are also beautiful. Against a curtain of green and white, which Mr. McGuire and his aides had set up on the north side of the bridge, Shirley Verrett-Carter sang “The Star-Spangled Banner” magnificently; Miss P.A. (Elizabeth Jane Fevola) put in an appearance, lovely in a green lamé gown; and Othmar H. Ammann, the designer of George, who also included Martha in his plans so many years ago, gave a very little speech that combined grace and humility. Governors Hughes and Rockefeller and various other politicos also spoke.

There were twenty-five hundred people on the bridge, as Mr. McGuire had figured, and within less than a half hour they had all been dispatched to the Ross Dock. We loitered around after the mob had left, and were presently joined by Mr. McGuire. He looked tired but pleased.

“You remember that blast when the Governors cut the ribbon?” he inquired.

We said we did.

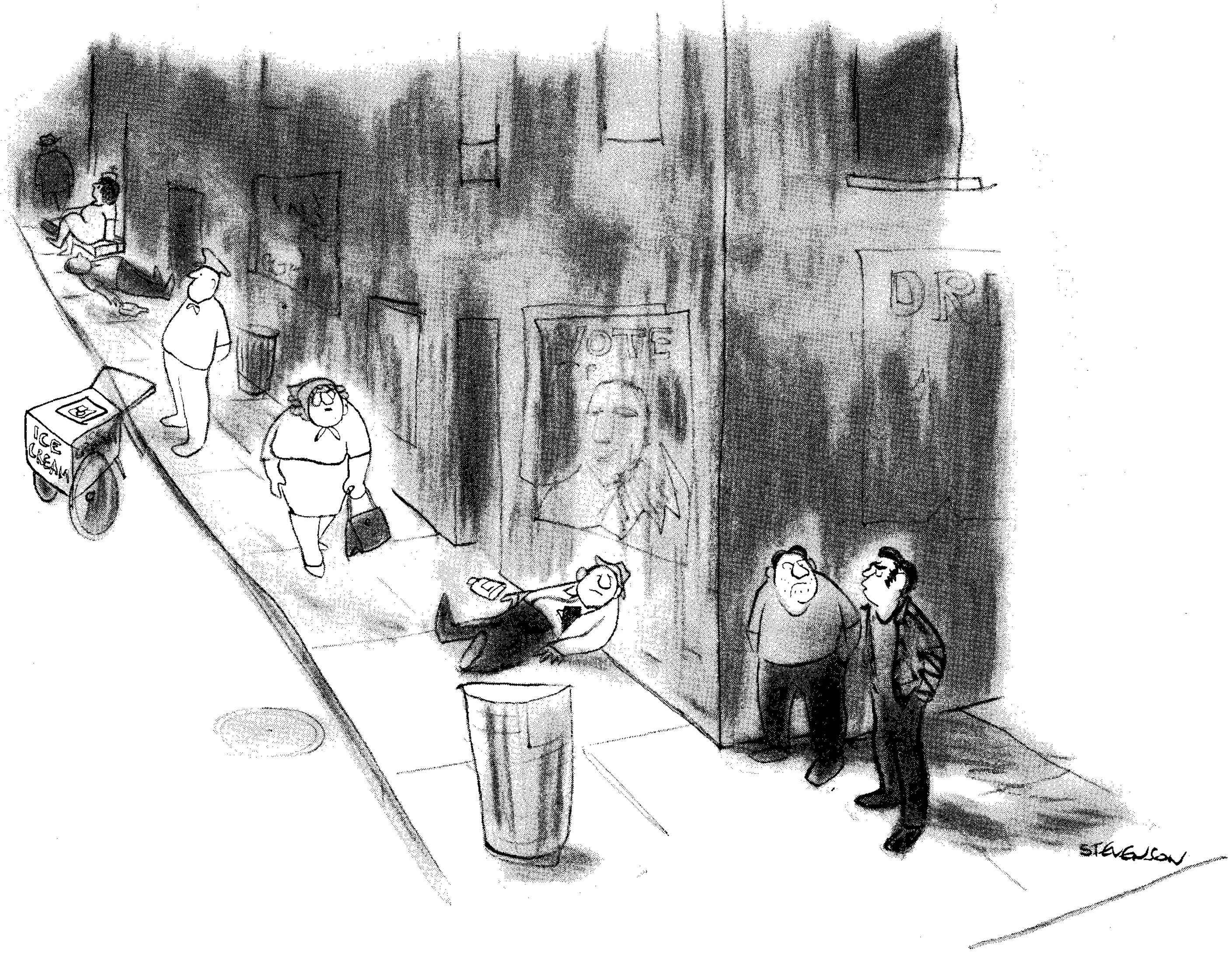
“It was the Coast Guard cutter Campbell, right on schedule,” said Mr. McGuire. “I'm crazy about having things on schedule. You know, this used to be the longest suspension bridge in the world, but a couple of others have come along that surpass it. But, by God, it's the only one with fourteen traffic lanes.”

Protection

A Shakespeare buff of our acquaintance reports that when he attended a performance of “King Lear” in Central Park, on a clear, starry night, he was distracted by a fidgety lady seated beside him. At the beginning of Lear's mad scene, which was accompanied by flashes of man-made lightning and stentorian claps of backstage thunder, the woman stared querulously at the sky, dug into her purse, extracted one of those collapsible plastic rain hats, and wore it throughout the remainder of the scene.

Anti

AT one point last week, we were on the beach at Fire Island, standing in the chicken line at the Tenants Emergency Committee to Save Fire Island from the Road Clambake. Two days later, we were sitting in the fourth row center at Carnegie Hall, attending a day of classes at the Greater New York



"Hold it, Sam! Something tells me this ain't the block to pull a job."

• •

School of Anti-Communism. We had joined the chicken line after stepping over a passing sandpiper, and we had taken our seat at school after crossing Fifty-seventh Street and reciting the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag.

We got our chicken and sat down on a blanket beside a man who was telling a joke that involved flamingos, to illustrate a theory he had about the different senses of humor in Nassau and Suffolk Counties. A short man wearing brown shoes, a brown suit, and a tag that read "National Audubon Society" passed in front of us carrying two cans of beer. He was followed by a barefoot lady in sweater, skirt, and pearls, who turned out to be running for Congress. We were given a leaflet that contained pictures of her smiling at Senator Goldwater—and at Senator Keating, for good measure. "The overriding national goal must be victory over Communism," she said in the leaflet. A few feet away, a Reform Democratic candidate for the New York State Assembly was expressing his opposition to a road on Fire Island, with the aid of a WNEW microphone. At the end of the clam line, we met the editor of the *Fire Island News*, who was morose at the prospect of having to shave his beard off before going to look for a job in the city for the winter. He introduced us to the editor-in-chief, who was cheerful at the prospect of going to court the next day to defend himself against a charge of walking in the street without a shirt on.

As the first stars appeared in the sky, several people who had assembled on the sundeck of a house on the dunes were trying to broadcast music and anti-road messages to the beach audience through an inefficient sound system. Hundreds of clam-eaters continued to eat and talk and call to their dogs and children. ("Where's Marian?" "She's in the watermelon line.") The ocean was almost as noisy.

The Greater New York School of Anti-Communism drew a smaller, quieter crowd, mostly high-school students and middle-aged ladies. Dr. Fred Schwarz, an Australian physician who had given up the practice of medicine in order to become an itinerant headmaster, sat down on a high stool between a red-white-and-blue "No Smoking" sign and a white organ, grinned, and explained the premises, the purposes, and the policies of the school. He quoted a definition of materialism—"A man is what he eats"—and reminded us to buy commencement-banquet tickets during the morning coffee break. He said he felt that the next day's lecture—a continuation of the one, on Communist philosophy, that he was about to give—would be crucial to our education. When the coffee break came, a lady wearing a label that read "Committeewoman" said she knew that books and banquet tickets were on sale in the main lobby but she had no idea where the coffee was. The next professor was Fred Schlafly, a lawyer described in the catalogue as a former member of the American Bar Association Special Committee on Communist Strategy, Tactics, and Objectives. He had no desire to condemn the Supreme Court or any of its members, he said, but, on the other hand . . . He also called attention to the "sly propaganda against patriotism" in "Lady Chatterley's Lover"—"the villain a man crippled fighting for his country in World War I."

After a recess for lunch, we were shown an educational film, "Blueprint for Communist Conquest." In it, a man from the State Department and animated cartoons demonstrated the methods by which bald, hairy-fisted Communists insinuate themselves into power. In the course of a coffee break that came after a lecture by Arthur G. McDowell, executive secretary of the Council Against Communist Aggression, a mother near us warned her little boy to pay attention in class and gave him a comic book called "Two Faces of Communism."

We cut a class and spent a three-hour dinner break resting, sharpening our pencil, and dining in a nearby restaurant. When we returned to the Hall, we pledged our allegiance to the flag again. Then the Communist Manifesto was analyzed by an Australian who is a professor of psychology and family counselling at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, in Fort Worth.

After that, Dr. Schwarz reappeared, grinned, and appraised his notices in the *Post* and the *World-Telegram.* Before considering the Appeal of Communism to the Intellectual, he reminded us about banquet tickets again and asked if we thought he ought to spend ten thousand dollars for a television appearance. And when we got home from school, there, once more, was Dr. Schwarz, on television, recruiting pupils.

If Dr. Schwarz should ever call for our opinion on these matters, we would express our preference for emergency clambakes every summer, no roads on Fire Island, no classes in Carnegie Hall, and Dr. Schwarz as a permanent replacement for Jack Paar.

•

SIGN observed in a self-service elevator in a Tokyo apartment house: "Keep Your Hands Away from Unnecessary Buttons for You."

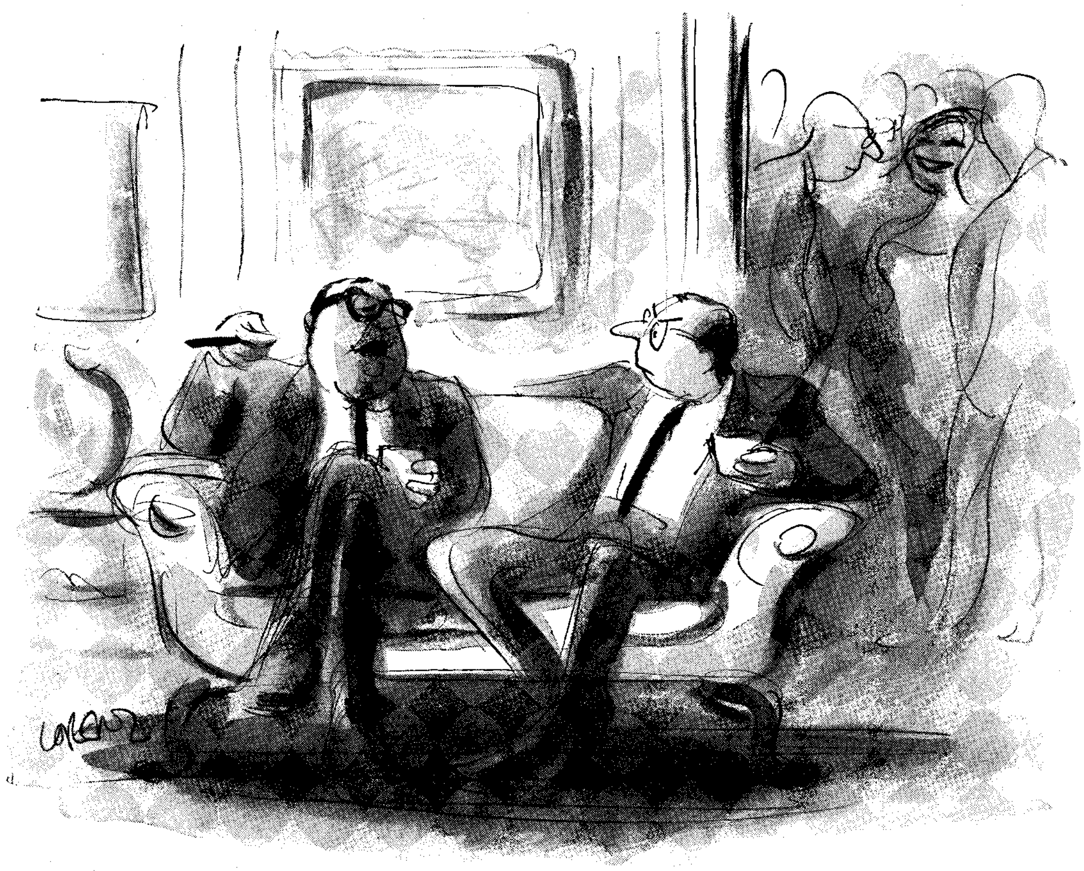
Dr. Miller

JONATHAN MILLER, M.D. and twenty-eight last month, one of the four stars and writers of the year-and-a-half-old English revue "Beyond the Fringe," opening on Broadway this autumn, has been described by an ever-growing school of ecstatic journalistic admirers as, variously, "a camel," "a stork," "an anteater," and "a tired horse." In his own words—he talked to us last week, in the lobby of the Algonquin, just after he arrived here—"The animals I am called would fill a whole menagerie. I cannot remember all the animals I am supposed to be, but I hear them squawking in the background." If there is any resemblance at all between him and a menagerie, it probably lies in his long face and big nose. True, he seems to have balletic springs in his feet and a thousand and one built-in motions in his long hands, and there is something furry about his shock of reddish hair, something monkeyish about his leaping, swinging limbs, but he is unmistakably human. His speech requires all the concentration one can give to it. His words and ideas tumble out at such breathtaking speed that he sounds, even to the pitch, like a forty-five-r.p.m. record being played at seventy-eight.

"My father's father was a fur merchant," he told us. "Both he and his wife came from Russia—Vilna. My father was born in the East End of London. After attending the City of London School, he went to St. John's, Cambridge, about 1911. He was one of the three who read the moral-science tripos that year. He almost became a philosopher, but instead he trained to be a neurologist. During the First World War, he got caught up in the problem of hysterical paralysis. He was soon led away from neurology to psychiatry. Ever since, he's been a psychiatrist, but an eclectic one. He belongs to no school whatever."

Dr. Miller took a quick puff at a cigarette. "My mother, Betty Miller, was known as a novelist for a very long time, till she wrote a standard work on Browning, after the Second World War. Her father was Lithuanian and her mother Swedish, and her childhood was spent in Ireland. She didn't go to a university, but she did go to St. Paul's, in London—my wife's school, and the sister school of my own school."

He broke off for another puff, and then he was off again, this time on the subject of his wife. "Oh, yes, I have a wife. She's called Rachel. We first met years ago, when the sister school came to visit us. I was taking part in a reading of 'The Voysey Inheritance'—Harley



"You've told me what Walter Lippmann thinks, you've told me what Joseph Alsop thinks, you've told me what David Lawrence thinks. Now tell me what you *think."*

Granville Granville-Barker. I went to Cambridge, she to the Royal Free Hospital, in London, but we kept in touch off and on, and after I had finished my medicine and she hers, we got married. Just last week, I had my first baby, a boy. He was ten days late in arriving. It will now be about six weeks before my wife can follow me to New York.”

We asked him if the three other pillars of the show were about.

“Alan Bennett, medieval historian—he just withdrew from lecturing at Oxford—has just eaten and walked over to Scribner’s bookshop,” Miller said. “Books and eating go together. Peter Cook—he read languages at Cambridge but now is one of the two owners of the London night club The Establishment—is somewhere on the West Side searching for offbeat literature. Dudley Moore was an organ scholar at Magdalen, Oxford. He wants to be a jazz musician, and has just gone to look at some pianos. We are all under twenty-nine.”

A rather monastic figure appeared in the lobby, waved to Miller, and called over, “I’m going up to take a cold bath and a rest. From the window, Scribner’s bookcases look rather nice. Victorian.”

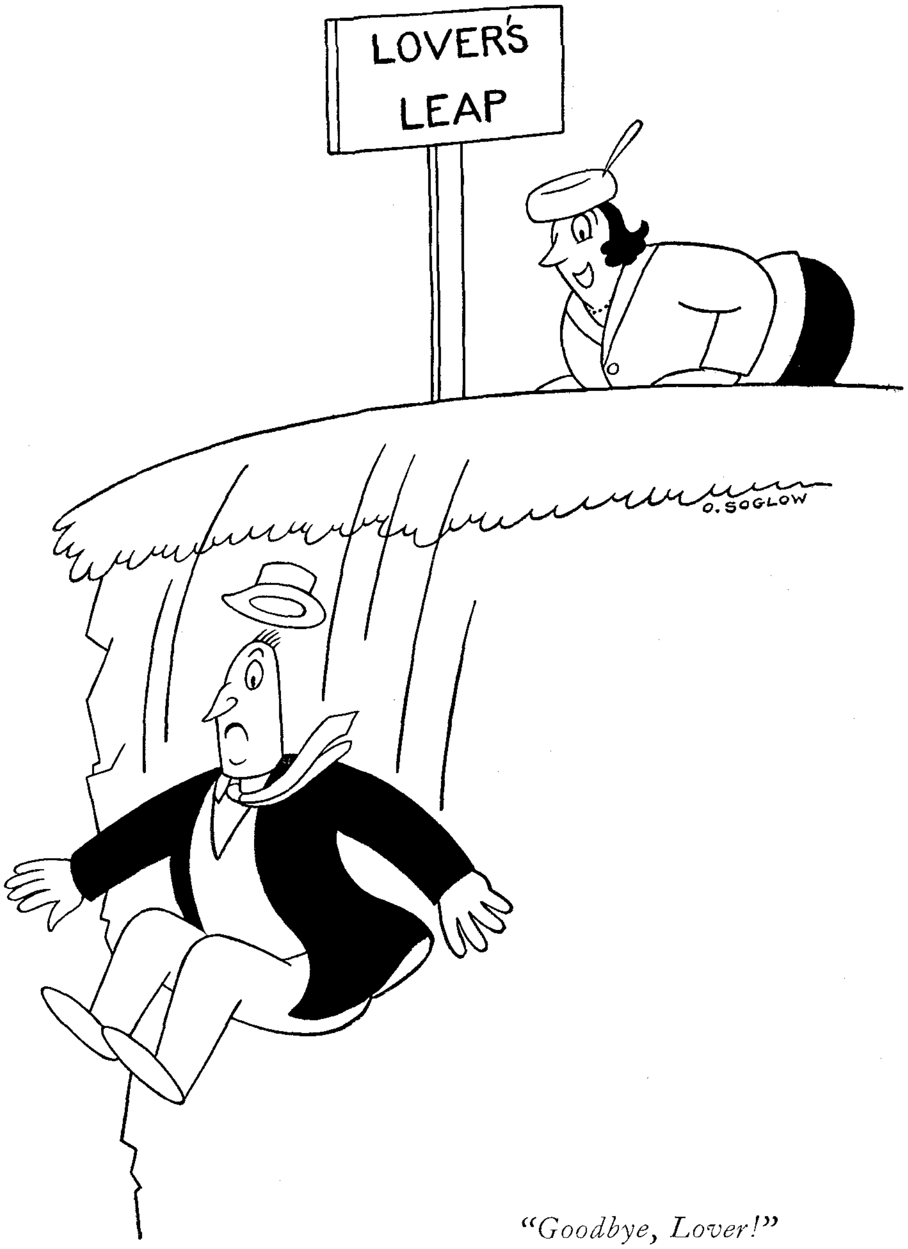
Miller waved him on and said, “Righto, Alan.”

We asked Miller what he thought were the reasons for the critical and popular success of his show.

“It’s just a rare show, because it’s done by literate people, whereas most shows aren’t,” he said. “Besides, we started out at the Edinburgh Festival, and we were given a very low budget. It was the first time the Festival had stooped to ‘common entertainment.’ Even then, by calling us ‘Beyond the Fringe’ they as much as said that we were not absolutely official. Our budget was so low that we had no girls, no fancy costumes, no scenery, no glamour. This is what first drew attention to us. We’ve been a success because our satire is gentle. Unlike what journalists write about us, our satire does not follow from hatred; it’s not destructive, it’s just skeptical. We gently laugh at things. Someone like Mort Sahl stands and hammers away. That’s speed knockout satire and improvisation at a rapid clip. We write our show and seldom change it. We belong to the English postwar tradition, also to the tradition of N. F. Simpson, the playwright, but we were such a success in England that we hope to do well here, too.”

“How did you get involved in this production?” we asked.

“I had done some acting on the side at the university, and in a variety show, ‘Footlights,’ but not as a regular,” he said. “I went into acting seriously—‘Beyond the Fringe’—because I wanted a house and money, and was impatient with the drudgery of establishing myself in the medical profession. In this accidental way, I found myself fusing the two cultures—the arts and the sciences. Since I was not a physicist, it was easier for me to fuse them. Medicine has its literary aspects—human beings. The general inclination of all of us is not to go on with another revue, though our hangers-on would like nothing better. Bennett wants to go back to the Middle Ages, Moore to music; Cook is the only really show-biz man among us. I myself want to get out of acting and go on to sociology and psychiatry. I’d like to pursue them academically, at a university. Acting is not for me, because those horrible consonants—‘s’s, ‘d’s, and ‘r’s—get in my way, and whenever I embark on a speech I stutter a bit. It brings laughs now, but it could stand in the way of my becoming a great actor.”



“Goodbye, Lover!”

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Germs

WE have been reading a good deal lately about how germ-conscious Americans have become, and now a friend of ours has described an episode that leads us to believe there may be something in all these reports. Our friend was on his way from New York to Los Angeles by jet. Just before the plane took off, the stewardess went through the usual demonstration of the use of the emergency oxygen masks, and when she had finished, she asked for questions from the passengers. There was only one. A man wanted to know if the masks had been sterilized.

THE ROAD

Mr. Amery had contributed a hundred dollars toward paving the road that went past the family's summer house to the beach, and his daughter Blanche was furious about it.

"It was so much nicer before," she said to her husband, Lorenzo, when they went there together for the first time. "You should have seen it—it was a nice yellow color, and soft underfoot. It was Mr. Moore's idea to have it paved. He came around to all the neighbors, asking for contributions."

"It had to be done," her father said one weekend when he came from Boston. "No question about it. You couldn't drive over it, not with all those furrows the rain water cut."

Blanche didn't say anything. She rarely argued with her father, but the silence she maintained was full of opposition. This she later voiced to Lorenzo. "It isn't true that you couldn't drive over it," she said. "You just had to go slowly. Now people drive on it so fast and there's so much traffic it's dangerous for the children. Before, you hardly ever saw a car."

Lorenzo agreed with her. "I can think of a hundred better ways to spend a hundred dollars," he said.

"All they needed to do was dig gutters," she said. "Instead, Mr. Moore wanted it paved. If at least they'd done a good job, but there are holes in it already—after only a year and a half. And his house isn't even here; it's down near Bourne. He did it for his secretary, Miss Dunn."

"He probably wouldn't have dreamed of doing it for himself."

"Oh, yes, he would—he's a born organizer."

"Well, I didn't pay for it," Lorenzo, who had heard enough about the road, said, then looked at the sky, a region that was without troubles.

Blanche and Lorenzo had come here with their four-month-old daughter in July, hoping to stay till the end of the summer or longer, if the weather was fair.

She was thirty-two, from Boston, attracted to that city and even more to the part of the New England coast where they were now, and to Sandwich, their nearest village. They had met in Rome and been married two years. Sometimes they talked of parting—how seriously, neither of them knew. Wreathed in smoke, cigarette held between long and slender fingers, straight brown hair framing white throat and face, she often sank in contemplation and all but left the room.

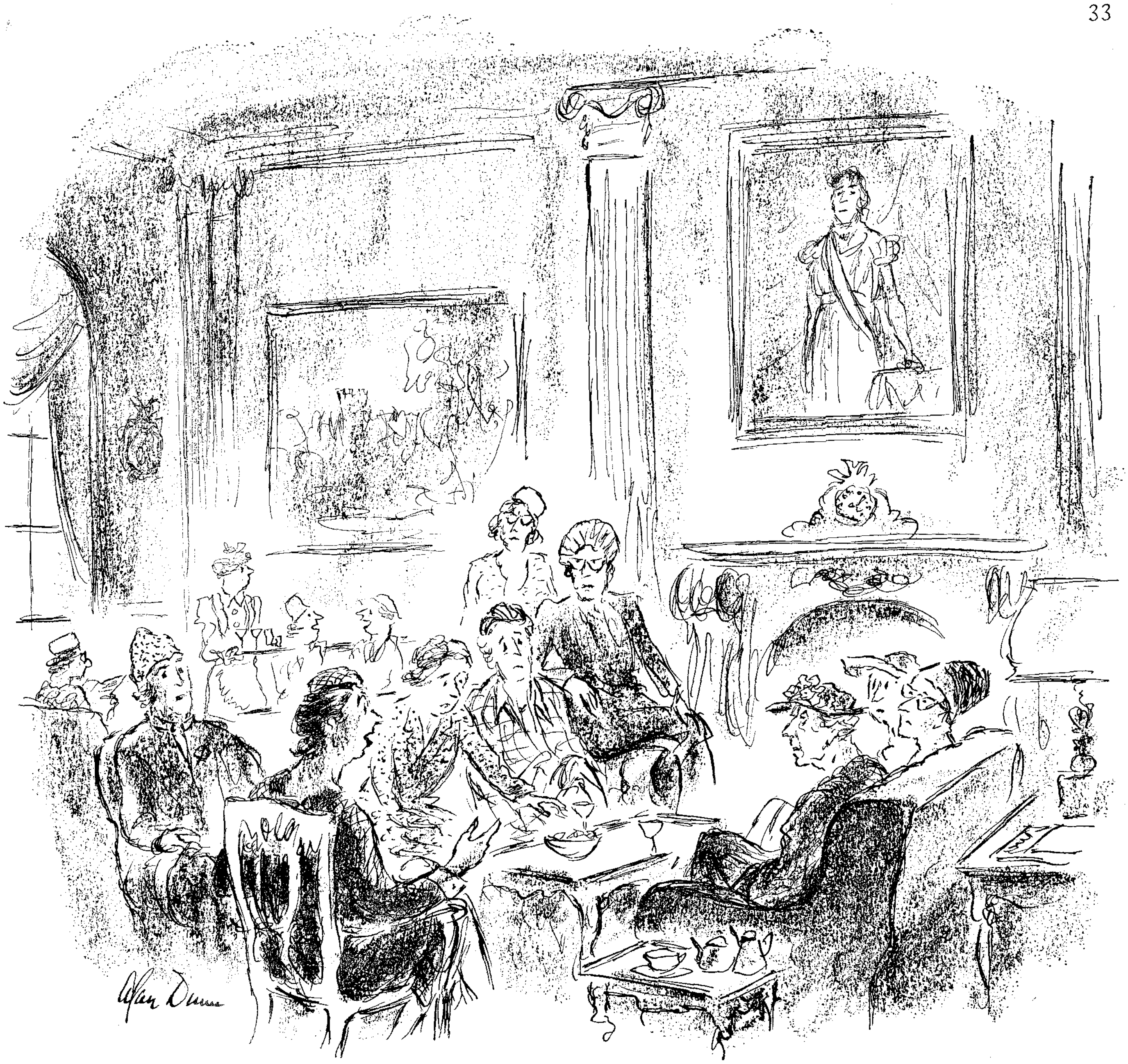
He was thirty-six, a native of Italy and addicted to Italian ways despite several years spent outside of his country. With a roving eye, he wandered along the beach, for instance, and when Blanche told him, the rare times she went with him, that he risked becoming known as a beach pest if he looked at women so much, he answered that beauty was something he could not ignore. He went about the beach so tirelessly that once a little girl ran up to him and asked if he was the lifeguard. It wasn't only his nature and his Italian ways that sent him walking but also his being companionless most of the time, for Blanche, even when her sister came from Boston for weekends, nearly always stayed with the baby, and there weren't any friends. She and her family, though they had had this house for six years, had never entered the life of the village; nor did they seem to regret it. Lorenzo felt a dire need of friends, but he hadn't made any, either. His roving gaze, when it settled on someone, wasn't followed by words or actions. Hoping to pass unnoticed or give the impression of being out for the exercise, the fresh air, and the salt water—reasons that, especially after Blanche's warning, he thought were more understandable and certainly far more acceptable to New Englanders than the real one—he would go down the length of the beach along the edge of the sea and, not to miss anyone, come back at a higher level, occasionally stopping and sitting down at a respectable distance from someone he admired. Fifteen years before, on graduating from college, he had had to choose a verse to accompany his name and picture in the annual, and none had seemed as significant to him as "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." When he found such a thing—and sometimes it was just a shell—the moment wasn't exactly one of joy, for it was fraught with the knowledge that there would be no sequence. It was a moment of something else, which he couldn't define. All he knew was that it was alive and meaningful, a moment entirely worth having. Beyond it there was nothing but wishes. When he went home from the beach, always he brought his wishes with him.

Only at night, when everyone was asleep and the trees and the sea alone stirred, did his wishes seem to leave him. Then, sitting at the desk in his study, watching through the window the arms of the pine trees wave, he made sketches. If, in the broad daylight, he went with pencil and paper to the dunes and tried to draw their levigations, he couldn't do it. The light-green, almost white grass imported from Holland to keep the sand in place baffled him. Like the sea, it shone too much and too well for his pencil. It was easier to trace the half-seen, half-imagined, far more elusive figures of the night. Then the beach was deserted, while now beyond the dunes he could see the summer people, a multitude of spots. They also shone; sunglasses, mirrors, cigarette cases, and a hundred other objects shone and called him there with promised pleasures.

One day, as Lorenzo was going down the little path that led from the house to the road, Mr. Moore waved to him from his car. It was the first time he had done that. It was, in fact, the first time any neighbor had waved to him. Lorenzo waved back, and the car stopped. He knew the car, a rather unusual open one, better than he knew Mr. Moore. Blanche had pointed it out to him from the kitchen window soon after they had arrived with the baby. In the same way, he had learned to recognize Miss Dunn's car, a blue Ford, though he had never seen her closely. Now he saw them both well, for she was sitting beside Mr. Moore. She was a thin, black-haired woman in her late thirties, he a sturdy man of about fifty-five, with reddish-white hair.

"Hello," Mr. Moore said.

They introduced themselves. Mr. Moore seemed to have trouble grasping and remembering names. Lorenzo had



"But if we couldn't save Wanamaker's and we couldn't save 277 Park, how could we possibly save Penn Station?"

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to tell him his wife's, his father-in-law's, and his own two or three times. While Mr. Moore was trying to get the names straight, repeating them aloud to himself, Miss Dunn asked Lorenzo how long he was going to stay and what he did. "I hope to see your sketches. You must come over sometime," she said then.

"I hope you'll come and see us, too," Lorenzo said.

By this time, Mr. Moore knew everyone's name. "Is Mr. Amery at home?" he asked.

"No. He's only here on weekends," Lorenzo said.

"I have to touch him for something," Mr. Moore said. "This road needs repairing. It won't be much. About fifteen dollars."

"Oh, yes, fine," Lorenzo said. "I'll tell him when he comes."

The two drove away, smiling, and Lorenzo went indoors to tell Blanche he had finally met Miss Dunn and Mr. Moore. "They were very nice," he said. "Really, after the way you talked about them, I was quite surprised. She wants us to go over sometime. But he wants fifteen dollars from your father to repair the road."

"He's not going to get it," Blanche said. "My father already gave him a hundred. That ought to be enough."

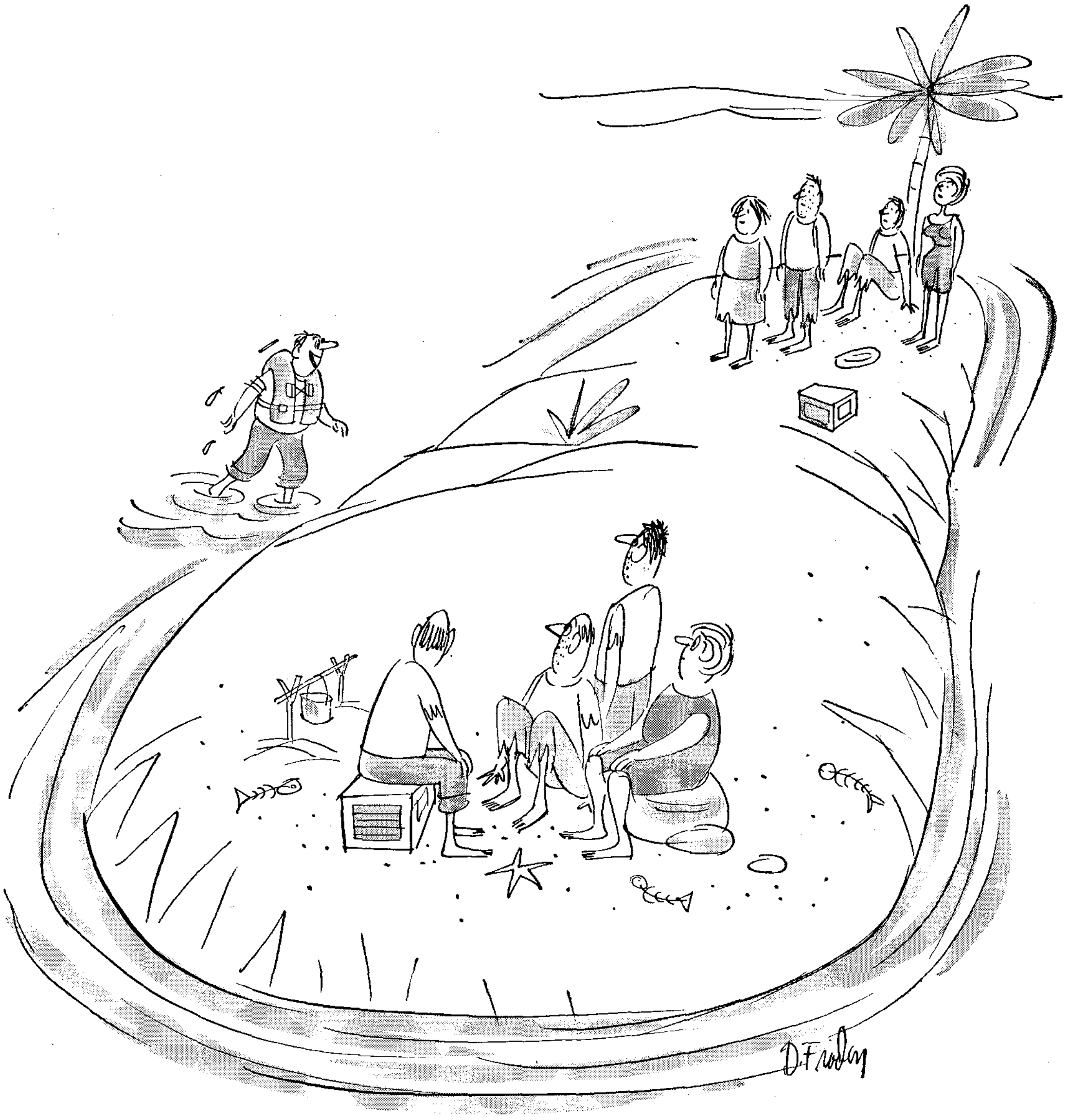
"Perhaps I should pay it."

"Are you crazy? If he comes here, I'll tell him he shouldn't even be using this road. In the beginning, it just led to our house and Mr. Wright's; then, when Miss Dunn's house was built, instead of putting in a new road to it from the highway, the way they should, they extended this one. After it was paved, he put up a 'No Trucks' sign, and asked our milkman to use the sandy track along the beach. I wish I'd been there."

Lorenzo had heard all this before. "Well, Miss Dunn seemed nice, anyway," he said.

Blanche shrugged. She didn't know much about her, but her being Mr. Moore's secretary or—there were rumors they had married—his wife didn't recommend her. Suggesting they go over to her house for a visit was out of the question.

Mr. Amery came the next weekend, and, as usual, spent a good part of it working around the house. He was



"Which bunch is the 'in' group?"

spraying the poison ivy that grew abundantly along the road and that Blanche, because of the color it turned in the early fall, wished he would leave alone, when Mr. Moore came by in his car and stopped to talk. A few minutes later, Mr. Amery came inside the house. At first, he seemed too huffed to speak or be spoken to.

"What did you tell Mr. Moore, Daddy?" Blanche asked after a while.

"I told him it was up to people like himself who use the road all year round to pay for repairs. I'm only here for a few weeks. I think I've paid enough, don't you?"

Father and daughter for once were in total agreement.

But Mr. Moore didn't give up. Lorenzo, opening his post-office box a few days later, found a note asking him to call at the postmaster's. There he was given a registered letter addressed to his father-in-law. Lorenzo signed for it, assuring the postmaster he would have it delivered to Mr. Amery by Blanche's sister, who had come down for a few days and was about due to go home. When the two sisters saw that the letter was from Mr. Moore, they couldn't resist opening it. They read it avidly. The letter was long and formal. It said that Mr. Amery should either pay fifteen dollars or stop using the road, and that while Mr. Moore realized that he couldn't legally force him to do either, he hoped Mr. Amery would follow his advice.

Blanche was indignant at what she considered a threatening tone. She handed the letter to her sister. Lorenzo wondered whether it would ever be delivered. Both sisters had become very protective toward their father, especially Blanche. The letter rankled inside her. One afternoon, shortly after it had arrived, she asked Lorenzo to look after the baby. She was going out, she said.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"For a walk."

He thought it was odd; she looked so determined, not at all like one who is going out for a walk. Half an hour later, she was back.

"You went to see Mr. Moore and Miss Dunn," he said.

"Yes."

"Why wouldn't you tell me?"

"You would have tried to keep me from going."

He smiled. She could be fierce, his Blanche. She looked like a recruit come back from a bold enterprise. "What happened?" he asked. "Did you storm the place?"

She was short of breath—still excited—as she told him about her expedition. They had seen her from their terrace and waved to her. Mr. Moore probably thought that she had come with the money. She had walked up the steep hill before the house and met them below the terrace.

"Why did you write an insulting letter to my father?" she said to them.

"The letter wasn't insulting," Miss Dunn said.

Blanche told them they should have paved a road of their own and left her father's as it was. There had followed an argument about rights of way. In the end, Blanche said she didn't believe in sending insolent letters by registered mail, and left without saying goodbye.

"It must have been awful," Lorenzo said.

Blanche nodded.

"I'd pay a hundred dollars to avoid a scene like that one. Don't you wish you hadn't gone?"

"Well, a little," she said.

"Always ask Dada for advice," he said, looking at her and the baby. "Was Miss Dunn as bad as Mr. Moore?"

"Oh, yes. She told me a strip of the dunes belongs to her, and asked me why my father crossed it. I said he didn't know it was hers. She said she doesn't want people to go there."

"I must have gone across it a good many times."

"Don't think she didn't see you. She watches from that terrace like a hawk."

"Does she own a strip of the beach, too?"

"No, that's the town's, thank God."

"I don't think I've ever seen her at the beach."

"She wears a leopard bathing suit," Blanche said with scorn.

A FEW days later, while taking a walk along the beach, Lorenzo noticed the leopard pattern from a distance. Approaching, he saw that Miss Dunn was lying on the sand near her tubby man. Both had sunglasses on. As he passed by, Lorenzo looked at them and was ready to say hello, but if they saw him they didn't show it. Nor did they ever look toward the house as they drove past. In fact, Lorenzo thought they went by faster.

That was mean of her not to want people to cross her strip of the dunes, Lorenzo thought. Property-conscious. The knowledge spoiled his walks in that direction. As he approached the strip, he half expected to hear a whistle blast, like the whistle that in some cities is used for pedestrians who cross against the light. And yet sometimes Lorenzo thought of her in a completely different way. He saw her—her leopard pattern and lissome limbs—lying not beside her tubby man but beside him. He thought of her in her house, on her terrace, when Mr. Moore was somewhere else.

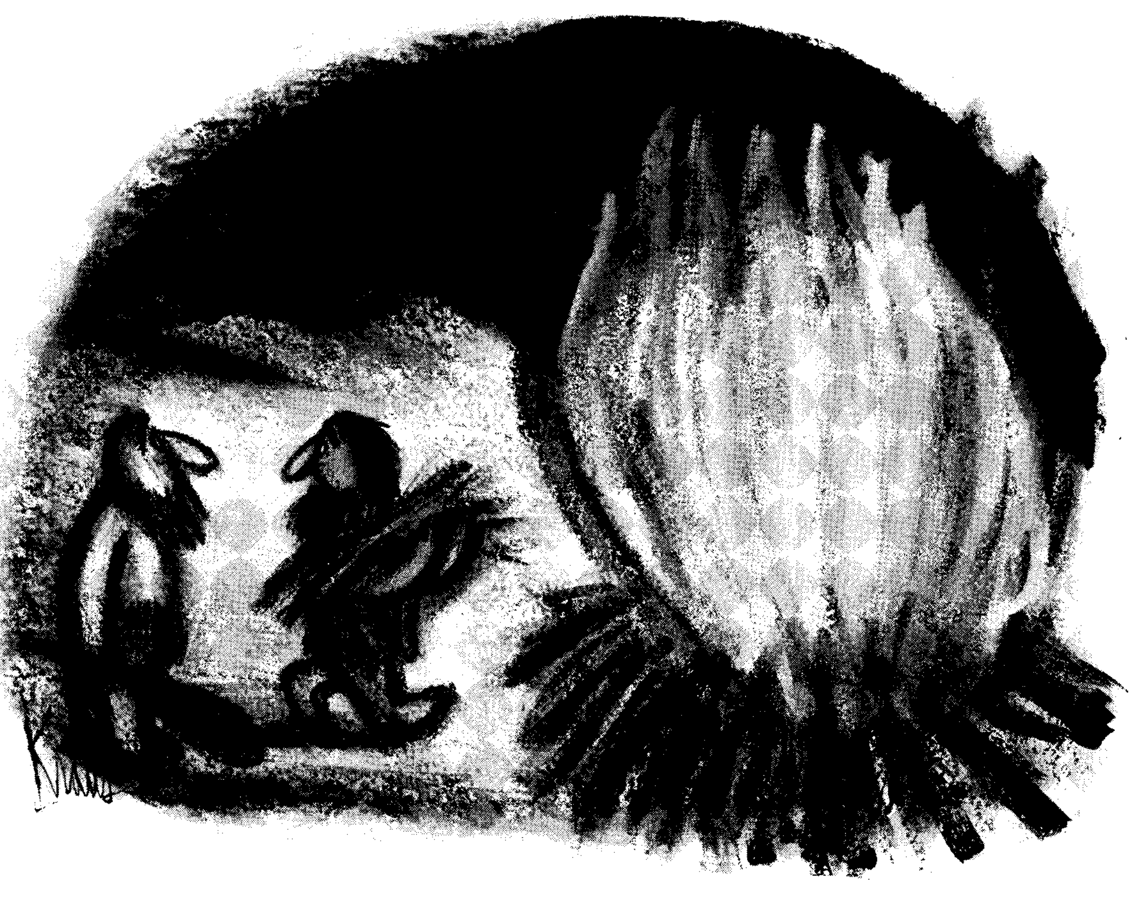
She had invited him to go over. She had said, "You must come over sometime." The English "you"—it could mean two; it could mean one. The ambiguous secret words "you" and "friend," which could mean one or more, woman or man! A lover's language. Certainly the invitation didn't hold for Blanche any more, but why not for him? He could go. He had never been a great believer in family solidarity. He remembered how once in Italy, when he was a child, an aunt of his had said such things about people who had bought land around her house that he had believed they must be some sort of ogres until he met them and found how nice they were. The letter, he thought, wasn't so bad. The road didn't concern him. He ought to go over. Did he dare? If he went, could he ignore the argument Blanche had had about the road? He couldn't, really. Should he apologize for her, then? He didn't want to do that. He felt they had all been in the wrong—all except him, Lorenzo. Blanche's father had been wrong all along—wrong to have paid for the road in the beginning, wrong not to have paid the small sum of fifteen dollars now. If one did thirty, they said in Italy, one might as well do thirty-one. Of course he should have paid. Lorenzo turned to himself again. Perhaps *he* should pay. Should he?

He weighed the question. Fifteen dollars wasn't much. And a marvellous excuse. No apologies, just money—more eloquent than words. He mustn't go when Mr. Moore was there, though. She must be alone. Well, that would be simple; he'd just watch for the cars. Wait for Mr. Moore to pass in his on the way to the village, then go with two crisp, new bills—one of ten dollars and one of five, inside an envelope.

He waited. Sometimes the idea seemed wrong and stupid. But then again he thought of her, lithe, on the sand, and it seemed brilliant. He changed his mind over and over. And the days passed.

Then, one warm, cloudy afternoon as he was returning from a walk, he saw Mr. Moore in his car going up the road toward the village, and Miss Dunn's car parked beside the house. The sight, unlooked-for and yet wished, made him stand still. Mr. Moore's car disappeared up the hillside. Lorenzo closed his eyes for a moment. He must go, now things had taken the shape he had wished; the chance might not present itself again. He brought a hand to his forehead. The venture seemed to require more energy than he had, more boldness, or perhaps a lighter heart. He drew his wallet out of his pocket and counted his money. He had twenty-seven dollars—two tens, and seven ones. No envelope.

Casually, he went indoors. Blanche was reading, the baby sleeping. He went upstairs, found a five-dollar bill in Blanche's pocketbook, all crumpled up. He hated the way she crumpled banknotes up—what was the matter with her? He took it, flattened it, put five one-dollar bills in its place, and then went to his study for an envelope. A minute later, he left the house without having had to answer any questions. It was marvellous how peaceful and nice Blanche was—not after him all the time, like some women with their husbands. He felt more warmly toward her than he had in days. Were unfaithful husbands kinder to their wives than faithful ones? Perhaps to be even kinder to her he should be more unfaithful



"Now that I've discovered it, I keep worrying that the damn thing will go out."

still. He had never thought of it before, but now he wondered.

The blue Ford was still there. Feeling very self-conscious, he walked along the flat piece of road, then up the hill. There was no one on the terrace. From time to time, he felt for the envelope in his pocket. He thought of Blanche climbing the hill for such a different end. Poor Blanche. Well, he wasn't so bad, his mission love, hers indignation—nearer hate than love. He tried to feel lighthearted. “Love, hate, love, hate,” he said to himself, as though it were a tune one whistled. He knocked at the front door.

She came to open the door in shorts and a sleeveless blouse. They showed her nice tan, but the shorts made her look like a gymnast. He would have preferred a skirt. She seemed surprised to see him and looked at him questioningly. “Hello,” she said. She didn't ask him to come in. A little nervous, perhaps a little scared, he thought. He had feared that. Stammering the first few syllables, he told her straightway why he had come, and handed her the envelope, as though he were in a hurry.

“Oh, thank you,” she said, taking it.

There was a silent moment. They were still on the threshold. He felt she expected him to go, like a mailman. He looked at the envelope with his fifteen dollars, now in her hand. “Well, yes,” he said, repeating in slightly longer form what he had said before, “I thought that since I've been using the road a lot—all summer, in fact—and never paid anything to have it paved, I should contribute something now, for the repairs.”

Her black eyes looked at him. The thin, tanned face seemed cast in bronze. “Then you are not like your wife,” she said.

“No,” he said. He felt he was betraying Blanche already. “You have a beautiful place here. Lovely view of the sea.”

“Won't you come in,” she said.

He crossed the threshold, and followed her into the living room and out onto the terrace. He admired the view. “From where we are we don't see much,” he said. He felt as though he were running down Blanche's family house. “Not as much,” he corrected himself, and then, wanting to please Miss Dunn again, he said, “Not nearly as much.”

He wished he didn't have to carry the whole burden of the conversation. How much easier Blanche's mission had been, he thought. He found himself having to provide the answers for his own questions about the view. And yet she seemed like a talkative woman. He indulged in compliments about the terrace, but instead of enlivening they seemed to deaden the conversation. “You have a beautiful tan,” he said at last, and when she didn't reply he asked her if she often went swimming.

“No,” she said.

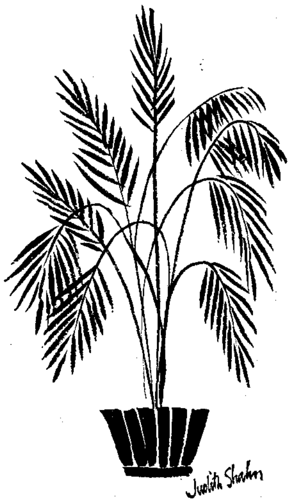
“Sunbathing,” he said, looking at her arms and shoulders, which, because her blouse was yellow, had orange reflections. “It's lovely to have colors from the sun, to have something in common with leaves and flowers and fruit.” He almost touched her shoulder with his hand. She moved away, and led him back into the living room.

She still had the envelope in her hand. Now she looked at it and turned it over and over.

“It's fifteen dollars,” he said. “I hope it's enough.”

“Oh, yes, it's enough.”

He saw that a certain tautness was added to the thinness of her face. Whatever it meant, it boded no good.



“Fine,” he said.

“Does your wife know that you brought me the money?” she asked.

The question caught him by surprise. “No,” he said. “She doesn't.”

“I thought not.”

“Well, I'd better go now,” he said, and slowly went toward the door. “Goodbye,” he said, turning to catch one last look at her from the threshold.

“Goodbye,” she murmured.

He headed home fast, without looking back, and slowed down only when the pine trees began to screen him from her sight.

THE next morning, around eleven o'clock, when Lorenzo came back from the village, where he went for the mail every day, he found Blanche at the door looking at him. She had a torn envelope in her hand.

“What's that?” he said.

“Miss Dunn gave it to me,” she said.

The envelope contained a receipt for the fifteen dollars.

Blanche didn't ask him why he had taken the money to Miss Dunn. She didn't say anything. She maintained a frightening silence.

It was a silence he couldn't bear. “I thought I should contribute something,” he kept saying to her. He repeated variations of this sentence upstairs and downstairs, following her wherever she went. But she wouldn't speak. At lunch and at dinner, she kept up her wearying silence, and he his explanations. At last, in bed, her silence had become so oppressive that he said, “Do you want to know the real reason why I went to give fifteen dollars to Miss Dunn? It wasn't for the road at all—the road was just an excuse. It was for her.”

“For her?”

He drew a sigh. She had spoken. The silence was broken.

“Yes,” he said. “Not for the road at all.”

He gazed at her, and wished she didn't look quite so reassured.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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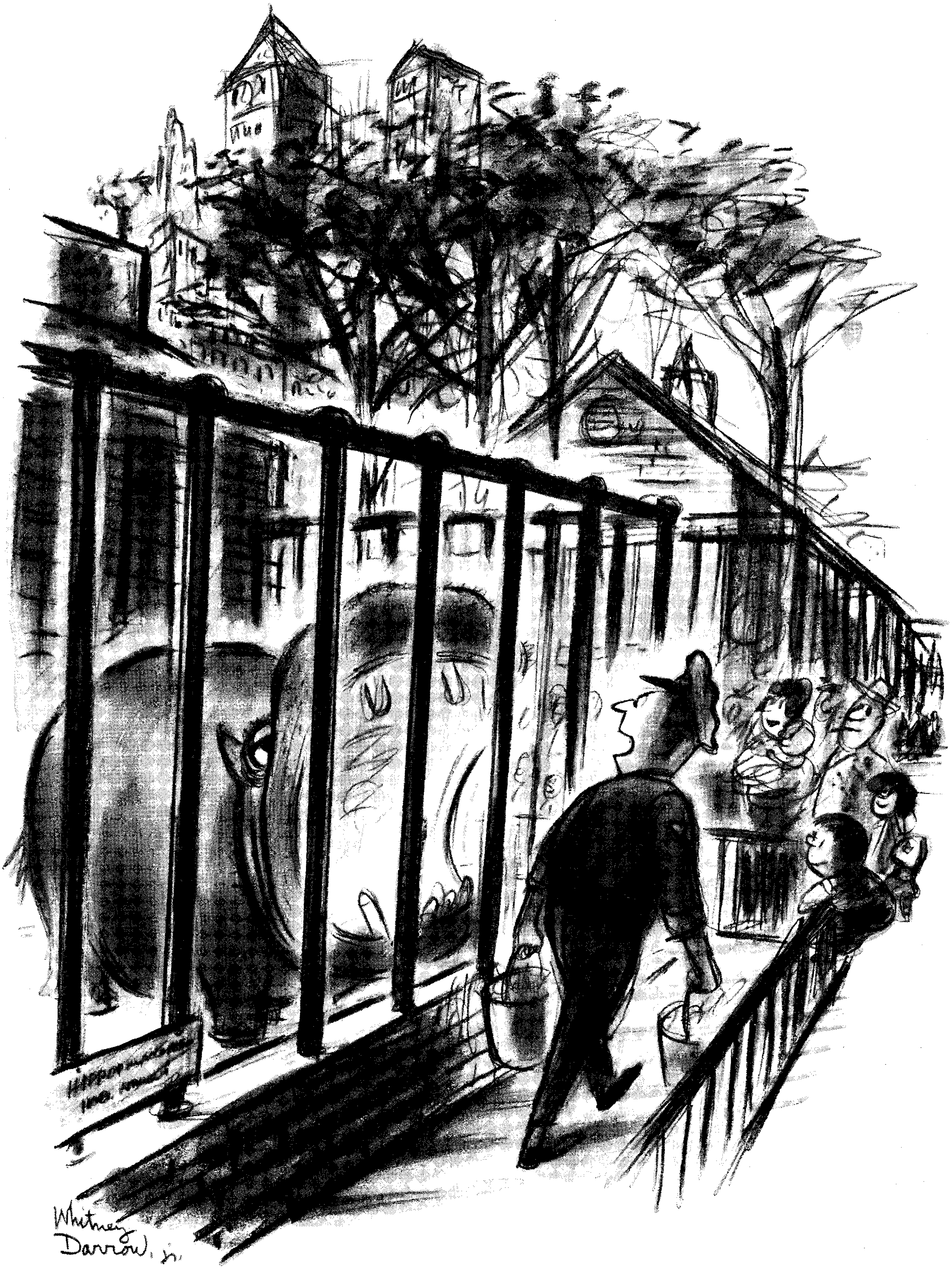
NOTES ON A WOODCOCK

I searched for a woodcock I'd heard
twittering in the blue-gray caverns
of evening, a sardonic bird
with the long droll proboscis
of the born belittler—in his case
so long it belittles himself.
About starling size
he is, with like wedge-shaped wings
and tail, so that he too flutters
a faint, four-pointed star
overhead where he hovers and sings
down to his maybe-more-amused-
than-moved beloved in the grass.
Anyway, at concert's end
he descends in a teetering spiral
like a drunk coming down from a box
at the opera, and, after a brief silence,
utters a loud, piercing razzberry
five or six times.

But, passion or parody,
his twitter among the ragged, last
white clouds blown eastward
and nightward is like an English lark's,
and you'd look up, too, hearing it,
to try to make him out. . . . I did,
and picked up a small star all right.
So, for that demi-flash before
it registered as Vega, early alight,
saw clearly a golden woodcock.

And then the very illusion's fading
made Vega seem to recede
singing into infinity. Oh,
he took me in, that parodist,
but lost me where no berries grow.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

A YOUNG GIRL CAN SPOIL HER CHANCES

UPSTAIRS in the bedroom that he had shared with his wife for more than thirty years, Mr. Derdon stood erect before the chest of drawers that was his alone and worked placidly on the knot of his navy-blue bow tie. Mr. Derdon was wearing his waistcoat and his trousers. Both of these garments, which had been made for him at a discount by one of the tailors in the men's outfitting department of the shop where he worked, were of a smooth navy-blue wool material that had a faint gray line running through it. The coat of this suit hung ready to put on, over the back of a straight chair on his side of the bed. The companion chair stood on Mrs. Derdon's side of the bed, but there were no clothes hanging on it or laid across it. As usual, Mrs. Derdon had got up and dressed herself and got out of the room before her husband was properly awake.

If this was an ordinary morning, she would have finished her breakfast by this time. Already, on an ordinary morning, she would have begun on her housework, and when he arrived downstairs she would leave whatever it was she was doing and go back to the kitchen to wait on him while he had his breakfast. But this was not an ordinary morning. It was a nuisance of a morning. Today was the forty-third anniversary of Mrs. Derdon's father's death. She was having a Mass said for the repose of his soul, as she did every year, and, as she did every year on this day, she was going to attend the Mass, which meant that Mr. Derdon's morning was going to be upset—he had awakened annoyed, thinking about it—because she was not going to be on hand to give him his breakfast and see him off to work.

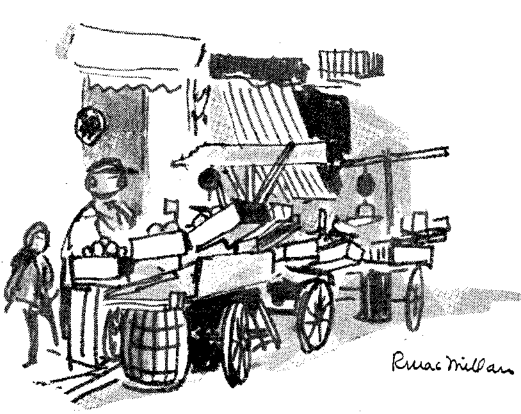
Mr. Derdon was taking his time over the arrangement of his tie. He was watching himself in the mirror that hung over his chest of drawers, but although his hands and his eyes were on his tie, his attention was downstairs in the hall, and he was listening for the sound of the front door closing, which would tell him that Mrs. Derdon had gone out of the house, and that he was alone and could go downstairs without fear of her seeing him. If she was going to go off like this, go off leaving him to have his breakfast alone, she was not going to have the satisfaction of seeing him settled at the kitchen table before she left. He had his mind made up. He was not going to go downstairs until he was sure she was out of the house. Time was on his side. He could hurry over his breakfast once he got down, but she should have been out of the house and gone minutes ago. She should have walked half of the way to the church by now, if she was to be kneeling in her place before the priest ascended the altar to start the Mass. He could afford to take his time. She would get tired of standing around down there waiting for him.

At last he heard the front door close. She was gone. Within the space of the minute that followed he had his tie right, and he had slipped into his coat, and he had put his glasses and his clean handkerchief and his change and his pen-and-pencil set and the other objects that lay through each night on top of his chest of drawers into his pockets, and he was standing at the head of the stairs that led down to their narrow hall.

It gave him a fright, to see her standing below him in the hall, dressed in her outdoor clothes, wearing her gray coat and her black Sunday shoes. Her head was bent, her face shadowed by the brim of her hat, and she was looking at something in her prayer book and standing very still, so that for an instant he thought he was seeing things, but she looked up at him and closed the prayer book.

"I thought you'd gone," he said.

"I had to come back. I forgot something," she said, and he continued on down the stairs and turned sharply at the foot and went straight down the three steps that led to the kitchen. She followed him. Of course, he knew very well what had happened. Trust her. Each of them had tried to play a trick on the other, and she had won. She had known all the last ten minutes what he was up to, delaying up there. She wouldn't call up to him, or come up, as another woman would have done. She would have called that "bothering" him. Doing the direct thing was "bothering" him. For some reason, she had been just as determined to see him as he had been not to see her.



"I suppose you know you're going to be late for Mass," he said, and he took the teapot off the stove and brought it to the table and sat down and reached for a piece of bread.

"I've left everything ready," she said.

She was standing uncertainly in the doorway. She even had her gloves on. In a minute she would have the gloves off and be fussing around putting more things on the table and asking him did he want anything.

"Are you going to Mass or not?" he said.

"Hubert," she said. "I thought of something very funny this morning. Do you know, I'm exactly the same age today that my mother was the day I was married."

"It was bound to happen sooner or later," Hubert said.

"Two days from today I'll be fifty-three, and it was two days before my mother's fifty-third birthday that I was married."

"I was married that day, too, you know," Hubert said. "She seemed a lot older than fifty-three," he added.

She hesitated, looking at his face, and at the table, and at his face again.

"Well, I just thought I'd tell you," she said. "It seems funny, when you think of it. I'm going now. Don't forget to give the front door a good bang. Be sure it shuts itself."

"All right, all right, all right," he said, but he heard the front door close, banging this time, and he didn't know whether or not she had heard him.

She had heard his voice, but not his words. She was satisfied. She had wanted to see him, and she had seen him. She didn't like to have to go off and leave him in the house by himself.

THIS day, the anniversary of her father's death, was always a queer day, and even now, after forty-three years, she was upset by it. Today it fell on a Tuesday. Tuesday, the ninth of September. He had died two days before her tenth birthday. Every year, when his anniversary came around, she was reminded that in two days it would be her birthday, and then, on her birthday, she would be reminded that on her tenth birthday he had been only two days dead. Not even two days, not officially, because he had died sometime between half past six and half past seven in the evening, and she had been born sometime after three in the morning. A few minutes after three, her mother had told her. So that at the moment when she became exactly ten years old, her father, not yet buried, was not quite two days dead.

"*Sh-h-h, dear. They can't* *all* *be Norman Rockwells.*"

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Every year, on her birthday, she would count her own increasing years, and she would also think of the lengthening span of time that separated her from her father, but most of all she would think and think of those two incomplete days, and she always woke up on the morning of her birthday with a terrible feeling of apprehension, as though she had forgotten to do something important and was going to be found out. The feeling of apprehension that she had, at the thought of the incompleteness of those two days, was terribly painful, and she could never get over the idea that something had been left undone in connection with her father's death—that he had failed to see somebody he might very much have wanted to see once again, or that there had been a carelessness about his wake or his funeral, or a lack of respect in the handling of his coffin or at his grave. She had been too small to see that everything was done the right way. She had been bundled next door to a neighbor's house with her little brother. From minute to minute she had not known what was happening to her father, or who was looking at him. But the neighbor's oldest girl had known; she had been watching, and when the coffin was carried in she had called to Rose to come and look at it.

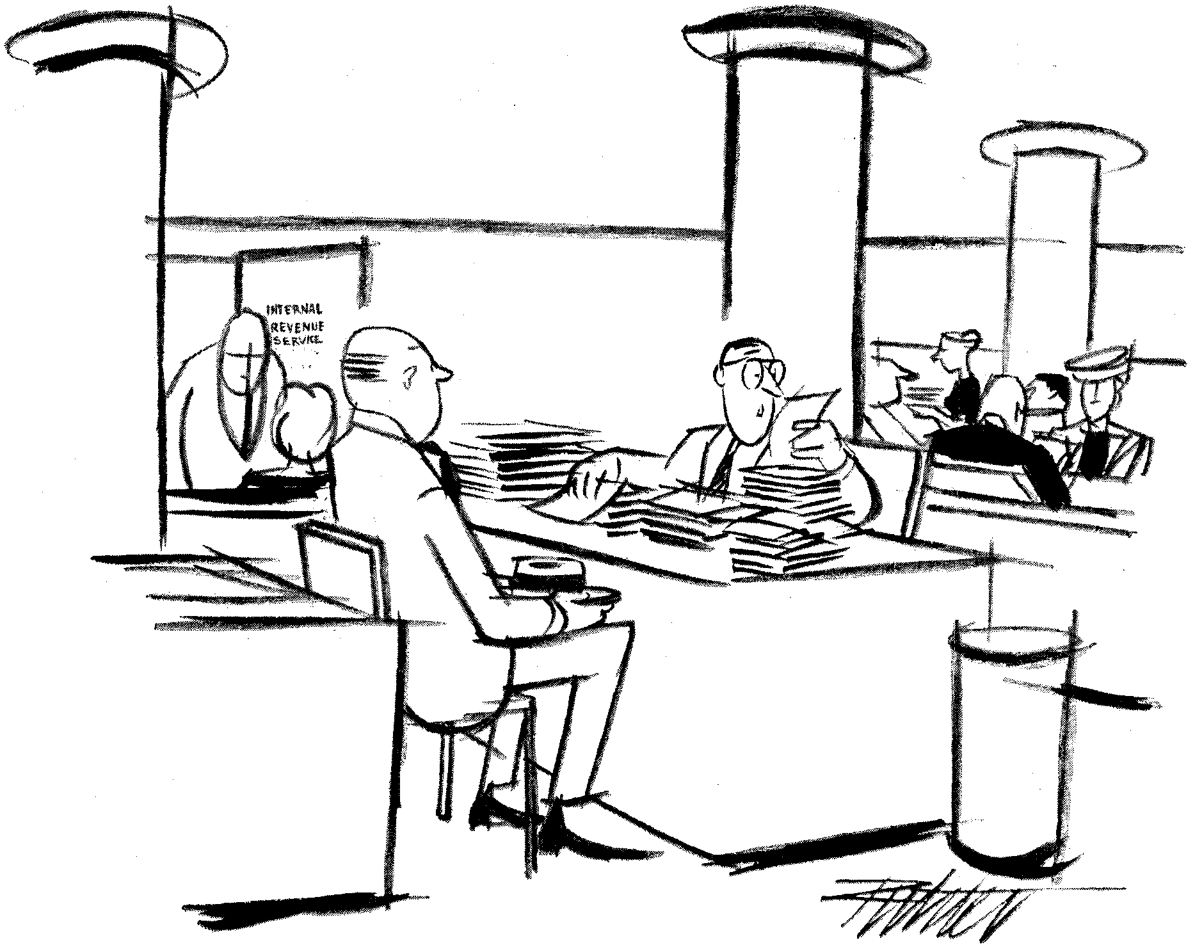
Mrs. Derdon knew perfectly well that the incompleteness of the two days' interval between the hour of her father's death and the hour of her own birth was accident pure and simple and only accident, but there it was, the apprehension lived, and that—the sense of accident—was what it lived on.

But he need not have died. He had not been old and he had not been sick. He had been frail—he often lay down on the bed for a rest—but he had not been sick. If he had only managed to hold on for that little bit of time till he got to her birthday, he might not have died at all. He would have been safe. It would have been her birthday. It would have been the Big Day, and he would have been so watchful all day long, thinking about what an important day it was, that he might not have lain down for a rest when he came home in the evening, and if he had not lain down, he might not have died. They had both been so busy thinking of the Big Day, and talking about it, that they had paid no attention at all to the days that went before it, except to cross them off on the calendar with a pencil. The father had drawn a bright red star around the Big Day, but he had paid no attention at all to the days that went before it, and neither had she, except that they were both glad, every evening, that another day could be crossed off to show them that they were that much nearer to the day they were both looking forward to. All the days before her birthday had been ordinary days, dull workaday days, not to be valued but only to be pushed out of the way, and then one of the ordinary days had turned around and made itself into the most important day of all.

If he had been sitting with her that night in his old armchair in the kitchen, as he often was in the evenings, he would have caught back the breath he lost and then he would have been all right. She had often seen him catch back his breath. He always looked at her, and she would look at him, and see the tears come into his eyes while he caught his breath, and then they would both smile because he was himself again.

He used to hold her on his lap. That annoyed her mother. Her mother used to say that she was too big and heavy to hold, but he always said that she was no weight at all. When he went up to lie down on the bed, after he came in from work, Rose used to like to go up and lie down with him and talk to him until he was rested, but her mother put a stop to that.

He had come in from work as usual that evening, and Rose had stood be-



"Doesn't anyone ever take you *to lunch?"*

• •

side him while he crossed off that day on the calendar. Then he had said, "Will I sit down there by the fire, or will I go up and take a little rest?"

Rose had said, "Whatever you like," and she couldn't help laughing when she looked at him, because she was always so glad to see him.

"Oh, I don't know, I think a little rest," he said, and he put his hand around the back of her neck, under her hair, and gave her a little shake. "Only one more day now, Rose," he said, "and then we'll see what we will see."

She was delighted, because she knew he was referring to the present he had promised her, which was to be a surprise. And Jimmy, who was only five then, was sitting by himself on the floor in front of the fire, and got up and came over to them, because he knew that there was to be something for him as well, even though it was Rose's birthday. And the father had bent down and said, "Yes, Jimmy, there'll be something nice for you, too." Then he had started up the stairs and she had stood at the bottom with Jimmy beside her, and watched him go up. He had not looked back, but then, of course, he had not known they had come to the foot of the stairs and were looking after him.

Her mother had not gone upstairs to see him as she usually did when she came back to the kitchen from the little shop that she kept in what had once been the front sitting room of the house. First the mother had been busy getting the tea, and then, when it was ready, she said she would let him sleep on awhile. And then the woman next door had come in and had begun talking. He had died alone. He must have been terribly frightened but he had been very brave. He had not cried out or called anybody's name. They had all been downstairs and they had heard nothing. But her mother and the woman next door had been laughing and talking. He could have called out and they might not have heard him. Maybe he had tried to call "Rose, Rosie!" "Rose" meant that he was calling her, and "Rosie" meant that he was smiling, calling her name for the second time. There had never been any need for him to call her twice. She had always run to the sound of his voice. He had always come into the house calling her.

She had been restless that night, sitting at the kitchen table with no one paying any attention to her. Her mother and the woman next door had been sitting facing each other across the fire. Jimmy was on his mother's lap and she was holding him close to her, with one arm along his leg and the other arm around him and around his neck, her hand on his neck cuddling him while she talked over the top of his head to the woman next door. Jimmy had been wearing the short trousers that his mother had made for him from an old skirt of her own, and the red jersey that his mother had knitted for him. The mother had taken off his boots and stockings when Rose brought him home from school, and his little feet shone in the light from the fire.

Rose had sat there wanting to hold Jimmy but afraid to ask, and at last she had said that she thought she would just run upstairs and see how her daddy was. But her mother, who was different in her ways when they had visitors, had given her a look that Rose knew was put on for the benefit of the woman next door and had said, "You stay where you are, Miss, and let your daddy have his rest. I'll be the one to decide when it's time to wake him. Do you hear me?" And the mother had given a significant nod at the woman next door and said, "Rose is the greatest little busybody you ever saw."

And the woman next door had smiled, not very nicely, and said, "She's just looking for notice. Isn't that it, Rose?"

"Oh, she wants notice, all right," the mother had said. "But sure, he spoils her. No matter what I say, he spoils her. And it's only going to make it harder for her in the long run."

"Nothing worse than a spoiled child," the woman next door had said, and then they had gone on to talk of something else, and Rose had sat patiently on until her mother had seen fit to go upstairs to where the father lay.

Rose had never found out what it was her father had intended to give her for her birthday, or what he had intended to give Jimmy. There had been times—once or twice, anyway—

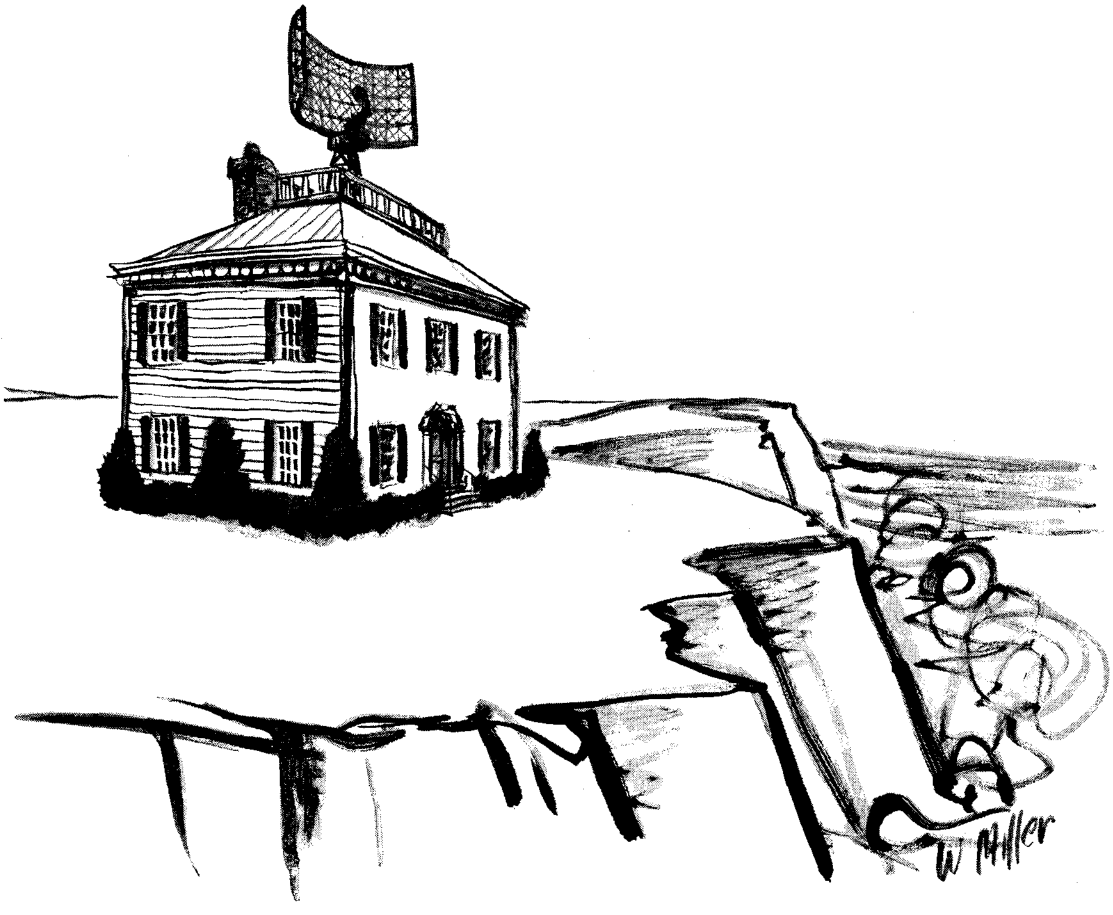
that he had made a deposit on whatever it was he wanted and then the people in the shop would put the present, the toy or the doll, away until he had the money to pay for it in full. Rose could not believe that he had not put down a deposit on something for her someplace; not on the present for Jimmy, perhaps, because that would have been smaller, but on something for her. And she went in and out of Miss Greene's shop several times, and in and out of O'Malley's, loitering a minute and looking around and hoping that one or another of the people behind the counter would say to her that her father had made a deposit on something for her and that they had it there, keeping it for her, but nobody ever said anything to her about a deposit being made and she was afraid to ask.

But it was not the loss of the present or the loss of the birthday or even the loss of her father that afflicted Rose so much as the knowledge, which she alone possessed, of that lost fragment of time between the moment of his death and the moment that had marked her birth. A big piece of time had been broken off, and it had gone down, and maybe it had taken others besides him with it, but if it had she did not know of them. The terrible thing was that no one besides herself seemed to notice that a piece of time, a fragment, had been shattered off their lives, and that nothing had happened during that time—no minutes or hours or anything like that. It was on that uneven fragment of time that Rose concentrated her attention, trying to guess its shape (not exactly like a day, and not exactly like a night) and trying to imagine what accident had caused it to slip away when it might have held firm until she and her father had gained the safe ground of her birthday. It was her knowledge of the power of accident, and her natural, confused apprehension, as much as the desire to see that he got something to eat, that had caused her to trick Hubert into coming downstairs this morning, when she knew perfectly well that he was enjoying his sulk.

She was just in time for Mass. As she walked into the church she held herself very straight, and her face wore a self-conscious, almost disdainful look, the look of one who has found nothing to criticize so far but who fears that at any moment she may find herself among people who are beneath her and who will try to be too familiar with her.

HUBERT knew that look. She only wore it outside the house. Hubert disliked having the order of his day disturbed. He didn't like to have his breakfast all topsy-turvy, and he didn't like seeing his wife running around the house at that early hour of a weekday morning with her hat and her gloves on, and her big bulging prayer book in her hand, but what he disliked most of all was to see her go out to face the world wearing the face that she showed to the world, the face that she imagined impressed people—as if anybody ever noticed her. Her pretensions, the pitiful air she wore of being a certain sort of person, irritated him so much that he could hardly bear to look at her on the rare occasions—rare these days anyway—when they went out together. They had been living in Dublin for over thirty years and she was still the same simple girl from her simple country town, and that was all right, in its way, if she would be content with that, but the minute she got out of the house she started imagining things about herself, as though by imagining, and pretending, she could deceive people into thinking that she was the sort of woman she was not. And what was more, thinking that she could deceive people into thinking that she was a sort of woman that had never existed anywhere, any time, except in her head.

Hubert thought it was a very bad way to start the day, thinking about all that. But, once he started thinking about all that, he kept on thinking about it, and the end of it was that he arrived at work seven minutes later than usual, but still well ahead of most of the other men, and in a bad mood. He did not mention the dislocation of his morning to anyone. He did not like to give confidences, or to receive them, and he disliked being asked questions, and almost never asked anyone a question. His department, staffed all by men, was at the back of the big main floor of the shop, behind the wide, carpeted stairs that led up to the second floor. The ceiling of the main floor was over two stories high, and a balcony had been run around the walls of the men's outfitting department to create extra room for storing stock and for doing such work as making and checking sample books and checking orders. Today Hubert was to spend his time on the balcony, to begin checking the samples in the books against the amount of material they had in stock. The department did a lot of work with priests, and as he arranged what he wanted to get through



DESTROYING ANGEL

In this cool corner where dark stars of ivy
Make deep green heaven and the boles of holly
Are writhen with its hairy arms I sit,
Out of unseasonably hot September,
With book and deck chair. The noon-centered sun
Burns on the leafage and with golden pointels
Thrusts at the crevices, most being turned
By polished bucklers but the slippery few
Thin-showered between; so on the floor of mold
Swim watery sovereigns trembling in the dance
The seldom breeze makes, and, upon my page,
One like a spotlight glides from *freſhe* to *fayre*,
To *Laura* and other words of peace, *Diana*,
Daphnis, and all that history-buried rout
In Sidney's English. . . . Now in the cage of boughs,
The shadow-blackbird hops, the notes are fleeting:
The great bride opens and the sparkling groom
Comes winged with summer, and those cherubs lie
Locked in each alley; now the sweet hay
Goes tanned in barn-sheaves, but alone and green
I float withdrawn in moistness, and the cool
Is coiled like shawls about me, icy-blue.
Sheer plenitude. What antique world is this
Of still demeanor? *Wherefore, ſaid this Ladye,*
Conſider what Flours do lye aboute your feete,
Holeſome or nooxious? Ladye, there are none;
It is too dark, this is the garden's crypt
And suckles cryptogams—one stands before me,
Leaden-buff upon its obscene pillar,
A foot from my foot. I observe upon it
A green fly like an emerald pinhead crawling,
"*Aphis*, a common and most troublesome pest."
This toadstool is (I note the ruptured volva)
"Fool's-mushroom, Deathcap, or Destroying Angel,
Amanita phalloides, summer, in woods,
A deadly killer." Does that answer your question,
Ladye, are we there now? *Marke this Lorde's endeavor,*
Shee ſaid, and thanke him for't. Accepted kindly;
And the still nymph of silence like a statue
Stands bare before me, open, shielding nothing,
With hands dangling, not even the hair lifted
In passing air, transparent. . . . I might be
A man of any century now, although
Six hundred yards away the petroled highroad
Bears the rude complex engines of our shame,
And the sharp wristwatch ticking at my pulse
Half weds me to them. Ladye, we are in any
Summer of England and your eyes in mine
Promise a paradise of wells. So lead me.

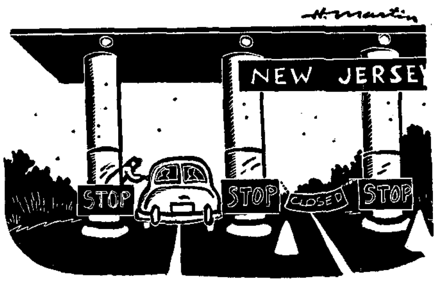
And then the spotlight douses; even in that
Widest and even in that bluest heaven,
The black clouds come like fate's hands out of nothing,
Clenching the squeezed sun. Sudden blind and dazed
On a pink page in livid script I read now:
Soe reaching out his arme, his falſchion in it,
Meaning with that blow to have cleaved Amphialus
He ſtrake with rage. The oother nimblie ſhunned it:
Nay, thou ſhalt not, he ſaid, thou Atomie.
A gust that's more a coldness of the blood
Than moving air trembles the inward branches. . . .
Last evening in the roses, with a squirt
I sprayed destruction on Amphialus,
Aphis, and other garden knights in green,
Turning the jointings of their little armor.
Shall not my hour come? Mushroom, cloud, and Atomie,
Fool's-mushroom, Deathcap, and Destroying Angel,
From Asia's heart or from New Mexico springing,
Nooxious, deadly killer, summer, in woods,
Spore-scattering of intolerable evil
Unguessable in Arcadia, the evergreen
From the world's birth shall be everblack and all,
Ladye, Aphis, Amphialus, and I,
Returned to chaos. . . . Though the shadow passes,
And sovereigns waltz once more, that coldness lingers;
The day is sour, my watch a time bomb, and
When, Aphis, you and I confront in roses,
Which is the pest and which the gardener?
We archers shoot our arrows at the sun—
Nay then, ſhee ſaid, do thus and I am done.

—HILARY CORKE

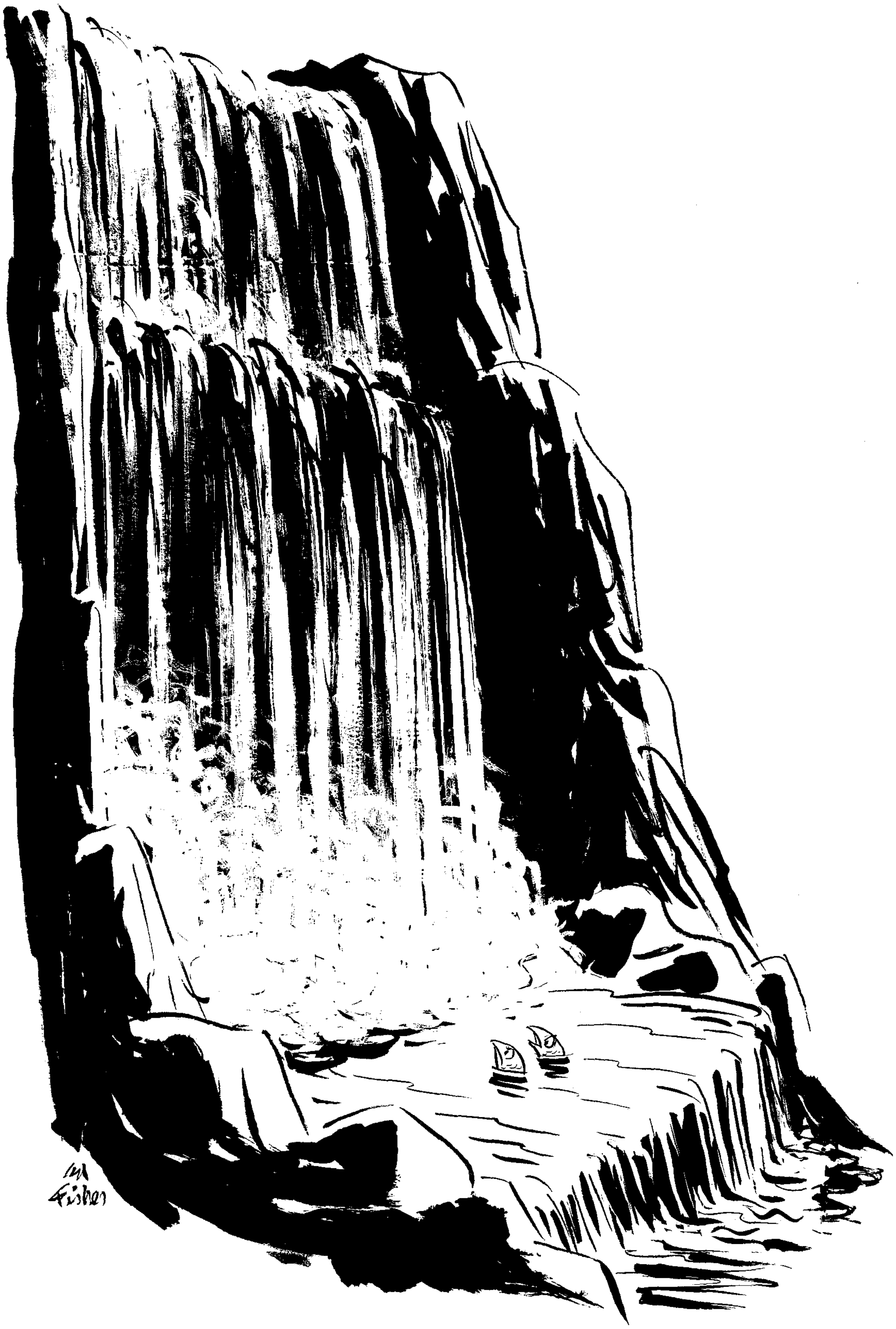
• •

in the course of the day, Hubert put clerical samples well out of his way, so that he might not come upon them until tomorrow, or even the day after tomorrow. Hubert's only son, his only child, was a priest, and Hubert disliked being reminded of the fact that John was now Father John Derdon.

He had been disappointed when John joined the priesthood, but, to tell the truth, at the same time he had been relieved. John was a poor example of a fellow, weak and timid and with no aptitude for anything and no inclination toward anything, and Hubert had never been able to imagine what he would do or could do with himself in the way of earning a living and making a life for himself. For a fellow like that, becoming a priest was as good an answer as any. He would be taken care of, and he would always be told what to do and what not to do. He would be safe all his life. In time, as he grew older, he would probably get to walking and talking with as much authority as any of them, in his black clothes. What had happened to John, his fate, could all be laid at Rose's door. She had ruined the boy. She had kept him all to herself all his life, and she had ended up by ruining him. It was a pity about John. Hubert did not like to think about John. There was something very meagre and lost about him the last time he had come to see them, with his stiff new manners and his collar back to front and his carefulness about himself and about everything he said. Very uneasy John was that day, as if he was trying to set a good example to himself, watching himself and then looking at his parents as if he was hoping they would tell him that everything was all right.



The morning that had begun badly for Hubert went on badly. The two boiled eggs that Rose had left ready for him, and that he had decided to swallow at the last minute, after having decided earlier to punish her by leaving them where they were, sat coldly on his stomach. He wanted nothing to eat when midday came, and he decided to take a stroll and maybe have a glass of milk or something.



"Well, that's about it, baby! We spawn right here or we don't spawn at all."

It was a cool day with bright sun, but there had been showers in the morning and Hubert wore his raincoat when he left the shop.

He was an unremarkable, decent-looking man, not very tall. His face was pale and thin and he had blue eyes. He wore the expression of a friend, but of a friend who is making no promises. He walked as he worked, methodically, and made his way slowly along the narrow, crowded length of Grafton Street, sidestepping the prams and watching where he was going, not glancing in any of the shopwindows. Grafton Street was bedlam, he thought, and he was glad when he emerged into the wider and freer and quieter spaces of Stephen's Green. One of the high park gates, open, faced him diagonally across the green from the corner where he was standing.

It had been years since he was in the park, many years, but when he and Rose first came to Dublin it had been their favorite place, the favorite place of all. They were always in there on Sunday afternoons—they spent all their time there. They never minded the rain then, never minded anything; they walked through the park in all weathers. There was a hat Rose had then, a little hat with a brim, very like the hat she had worn this morning. She loved the park. She was always wanting to go in there. She used to like to feed the ducks, and she never was finished exclaiming over the beauty of the flowers, and over the ingenious arrangements of the flower beds, and over the convenience of the benches and chairs that were placed along the edges of the paths for people to sit on, and over the care that was taken of the grass and of the borders and of the shrubs. She was always in the park during those first weeks—months, it had been—before they found the house they could afford and moved out to Ranelagh.

During those first weeks together they lived in a house on Somerville Street, in two small rooms at the top of the house—a long walk up to get to them—and Rose had grown very fond of those rooms. The day they left Somerville Street, Rose cried. They were moving out into their own place and all she could do was cry. All she would say, when he asked her what was wrong with her, was "Nothing. I can't help it. I can't help it."

She had seemed all pleased and contented with the house and he could not understand what had suddenly overcome her. He had been worried himself, worried about money, wondering if they were going to too much expense, and her tears had unnerved him.

Then, their first Sunday in the house, they were at their dinner, when she suddenly put her head down into her hand and began to cry again. "Oh, I wish we had stayed where we were," she kept saying. "I wish we had stayed where we were. It was so nice there. I wish we could have stayed there."

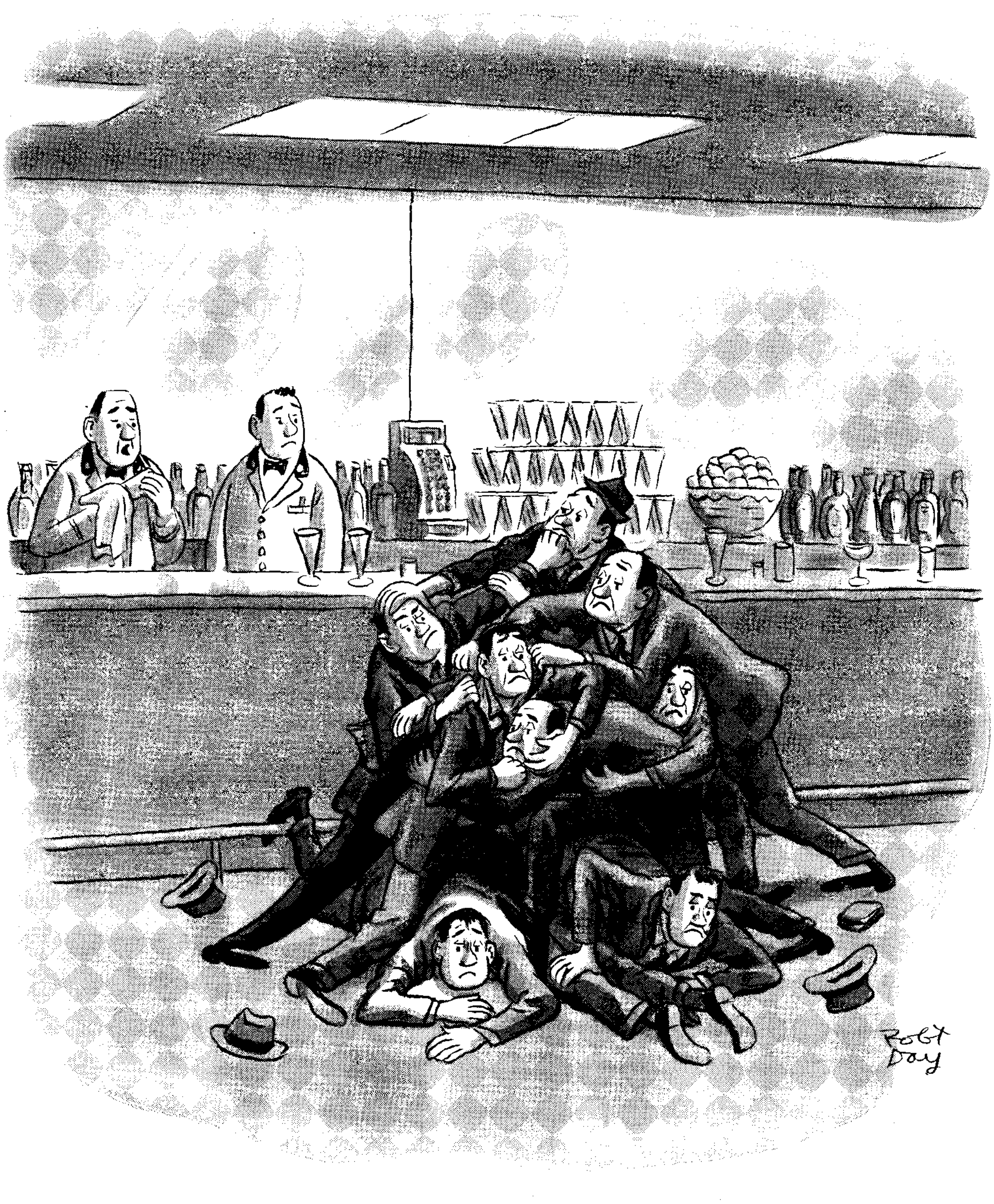
He had lost his temper. He had said to her that there had been nothing but mistakes ever since their marriage and that maybe everything had been a mistake, the marriage, too, the marriage most of all, and what did she mean by saying that she wished they had stayed where they were, what was going on in her mind, she was better off now than she had ever been in her life before.

That was a miserable day, that first Sunday in the house. The place had looked so cold and bare and hard to deal with, even after they had the bedroom set arranged, and the rest of the furniture they had then—part of a sitting-room set and the yellow table and chairs in the kitchen. The place had still looked poor and bare, and even to him it had seemed a long and not a happy way from Stephen's Green. He had begun to wonder again if maybe they had gone in over their heads, but he had recovered himself, after his outburst, and when they were finished with the dinner, he had suggested that they get on the tram and take a ride into town to Stephen's Green, and walk in the park as they had been doing. But it was not the same thing at all, having to take the tram in and the tram back—it was as though they were now visitors in what had formerly belonged to them.

But the worst thing Hubert remembered about that unhappy day was the look of terror that had crossed Rose's face when he had spoken roughly to her. He had been shocked by the terror and hurt on her face. He had only struck out at her in natural annoyance and impatience—that is what he told himself—but the effect on her had been that she was trampled. It took nothing and she was beaten to her knees. Her plate was full in front of her but she ate only a little of it, bowed toward it all the time like a punished child or a punished, furtive dog. And then he left her to do the washing up, and when he came back down to the kitchen, having recovered his temper, to suggest that they go to the park, there she was standing by the sink finishing up what was left on her plate, and when he appeared in the door of the kitchen she had turned in a panic to hide the plate, to hide what she was eating, and he had turned and gone back upstairs, pretending that he had noticed nothing.

He never could understand her—her secrecy, her furtiveness, her way of stopping what she was doing and running to do something else the minute he came into the room, as though what she was doing was forbidden to her. She was afraid of him, and she never made any attempt to control the fear, no matter what he said to her. All he ever said to her was that she ought to try to take things easy, try to take life easier—things like that, that would reassure her. But she was afraid of him, and that was the whole of the difficulty, and that is what defeated him at every turn, and that is why he gradually, or finally—he could not have told how it happened—gave up any attempt to get on any kind of terms with her.

Anyone who saw them together could see that she was afraid of him—or Hubert thought he was justified in thinking that anyone who saw them together could see her fear—and it wasn't fair, because he wasn't the sort of man a person need be afraid of. She behaved sometimes like a person who was trapped



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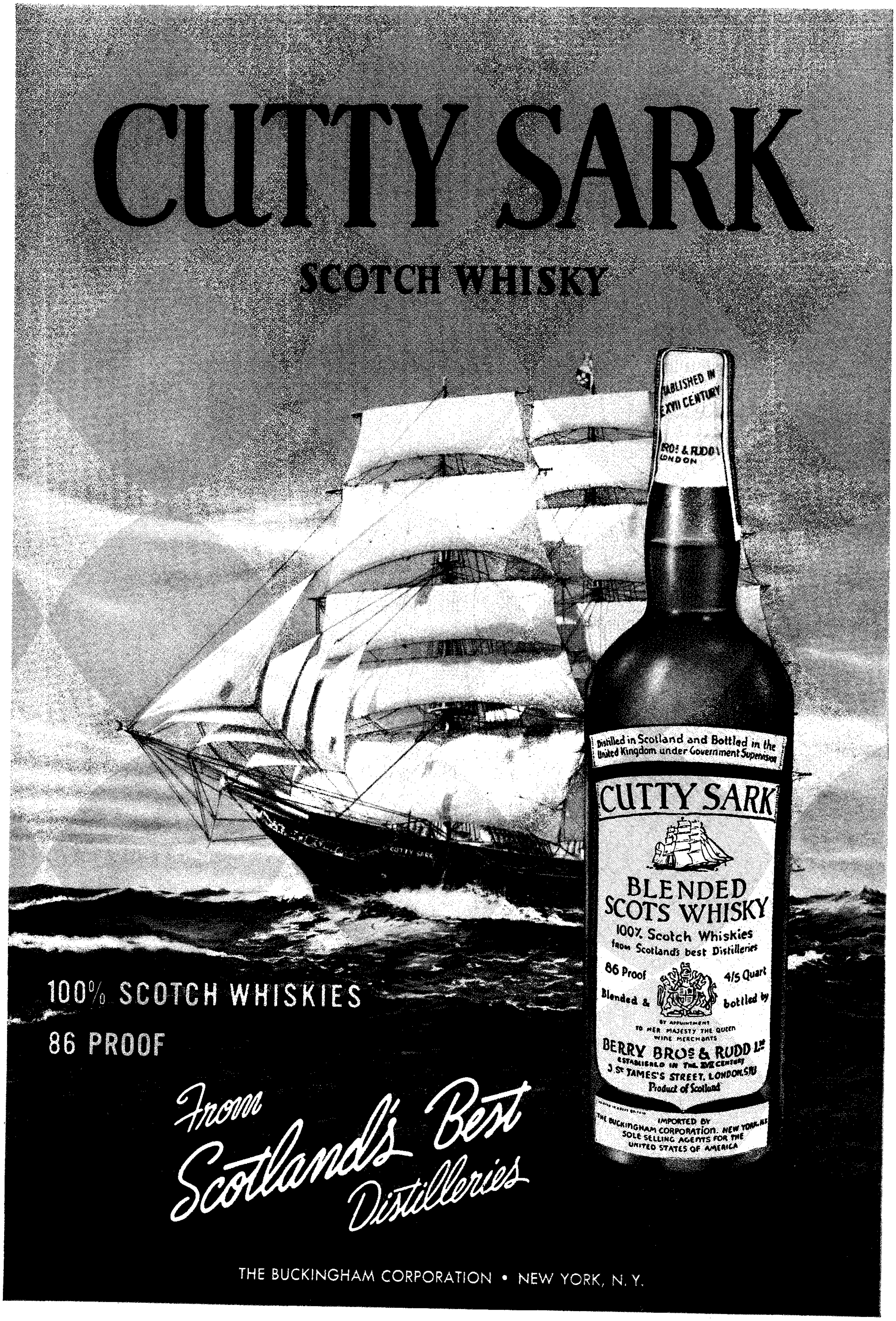
in a place where she did not want to be, with a person she was deathly afraid of and who did not want her there. There were times when her face was not the face of a normal person. He shut it out of his mind after a time—her fear, or whatever it was that was the matter with her.

When the child was born she was much happier and she seemed easier in her mind, but then she became completely wrapped up in the child. It was unhealthy and wrong, the way she came to depend on John even before he was big enough to walk. Then she made John afraid of him, too. He would hear the two of them chattering away, but when he would open the door and go into the room where they were, they would both fall silent. He would catch them exchanging glances that excluded him. And when she wanted to reprove the child she made a habit of saying, "Your daddy doesn't like that, Johnny," or "Your father won't put up with that from you, Johnny." As though he, Hubert, the silent father, who never spoke an unkind word to the child, and who never had a chance to say much more than "Good morning" and "Good night" and "Happy Christmas"—as though *he* was the only one who didn't like what the child was doing.

Hubert had an idea that she knew perfectly well the power it gave her, her being afraid of him and his being always afraid that he was going to hurt her feelings, but he never went so far as to challenge her with that, with the power it gave her, or with his other suspicion, that she got a certain enjoyment out of irritating him. He never could bring himself to say, "You're afraid of me. I don't know why you're afraid of me. I think you ought to make an effort to get over it. It's not fair to me nor to yourself nor to the child. And I think you get a satisfaction out of being afraid of me. I think you know very well what you're doing—getting the child to side with you when there's no need for anybody to take sides at all. I don't like these games. I don't like them a bit. I wish you would make up your mind to stop all this nonsense. I wish you would stop it. All this cringing and running out of the room whenever I walk in will have to stop. It will have to stop. It will have to stop."

But when he got to that point in his thoughts Hubert would have to stop himself, because he would begin to feel his anger against her getting out of hand. The anger was dreadful because there seemed to be no way of working it off. It was an anger that called for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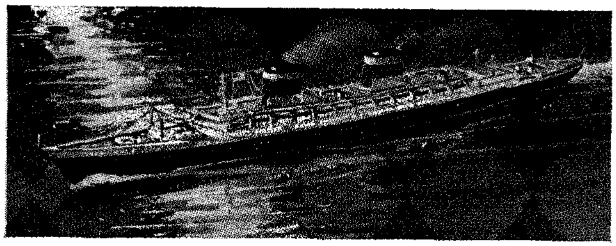

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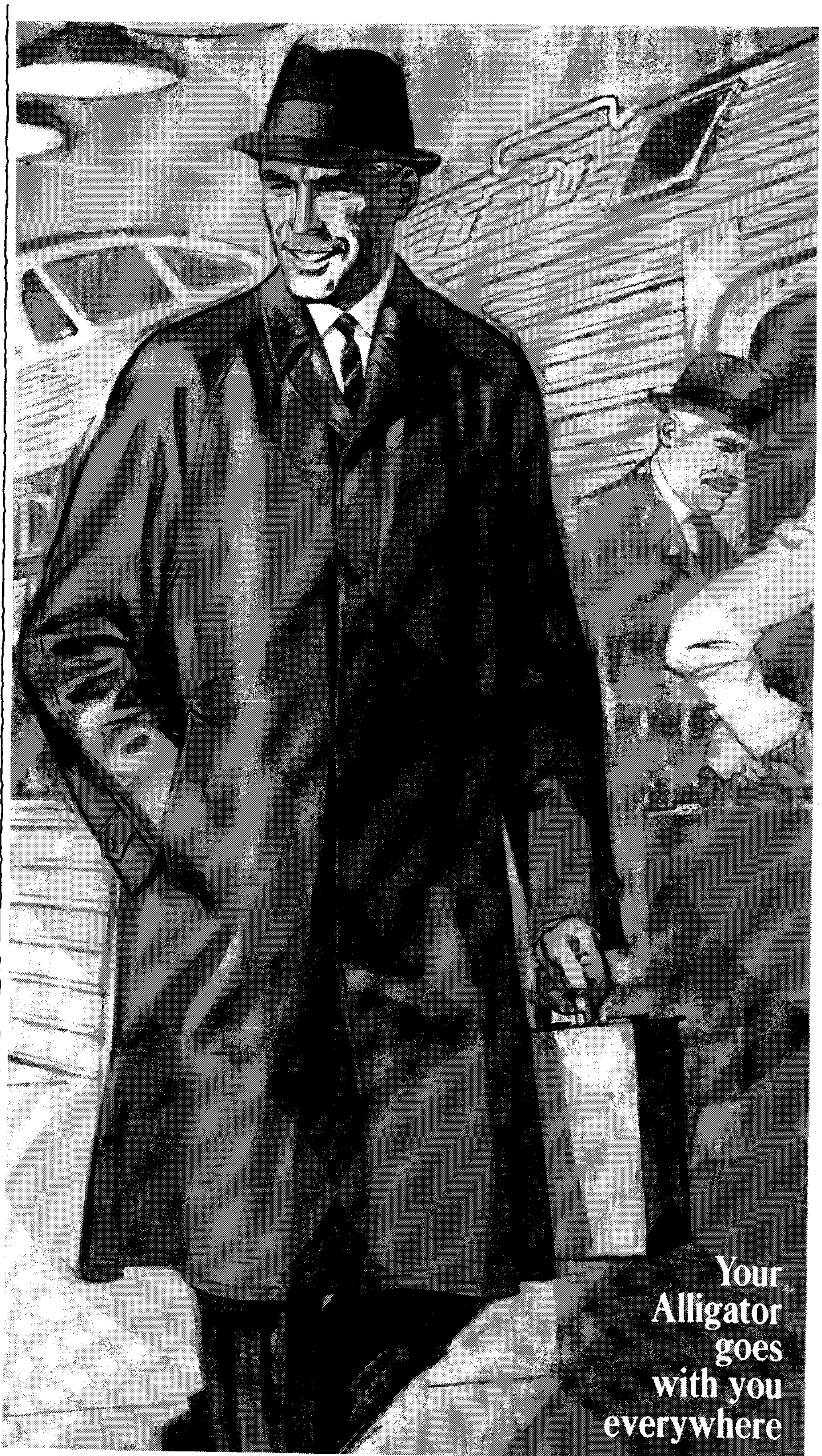
pushing over high walls, or kicking over great towering, valuable things that would go down with a shocking crash. The thing he really wanted to smash was out of his reach and he did not even know what it was, but when he thought of things that were out of his reach but that he could smash if he could reach them, he felt better. But there was no way of talking to her. She took the least word as a rebuke, and when he made an attempt to talk to her, to talk sense to her, he only ended up feeling ashamed of himself and sick of himself and sick of her. But it was a long time now since he had made any effort to find out what was the matter with her or why she was so unhappy. Obedient, yielding, and gentle, she outwitted him at every turn. She gave in to him. She gave in to him on everything. It seemed there was no limit to her capacity to yield, and he thought there was no if or but about it—she would go on forever giving in, and make no move to assert herself. There was something in her that he could not fight, or there was something in her that he could not find, and he did not know what it was or what was wrong.

It was her eyes that gave her away, or didn't give her away—whichever way you looked at it. She had her father's eyes and her father's features. That is what her mother had told him. The first time he saw Rose she was behind the counter, in the little bit of a shop her mother kept in what had been at one time the front sitting room of their house. You went in through the hall door and you turned right and you were in the shop. Rose was twenty years old then, and her hair was a very light, sunny brown. He noticed her hair that day, because she had her head bent over a scrap of crochet she was working on, and the sun shone directly on her hair through the square window behind her. Her hair was fastened back into a bun, in a style that was too old for her and that gave her a very plain, quiet look. She had a piece of cloth in her lap, a big handkerchief or a piece of a pillowcase or something like that, and when she saw him she dropped the crochet into the cloth and folded the cloth, making a little bag of it, and stood up and smiled at him, all at the one time. She seemed to be very glad to see him. He thought she was a nice-looking girl, very open-faced, like a child. With that open face and her obedient nature she should have had blue eyes, clear blue eyes, but her eyes were green, the color of seaweed, a deep green, not dark but full of clouds.

He asked her for a small packet of



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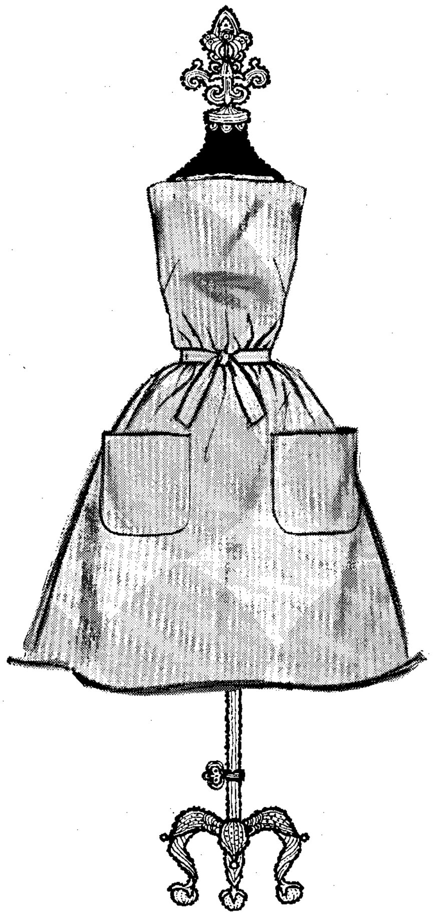

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cigarettes. She reached to a shelf at her side and took them and put them on the counter, and then immediately she took them up again and opened the packet and counted the cigarettes inside. She counted under her breath and then "Six" she said, and showed him the open box.

"Isn't that what there usually is?" he said.

"I have to count them," she said apologetically, "or my mother will eat me. A man came in here the other day and took a packet of cigarettes like that, and the next thing I knew he was back complaining that there were only four cigarettes in the packet. And I didn't know what to do. I gave him another instead, and when I told my mother about it she was angry and she said he'd played a trick on me. So I have to count them now."

Hubert smiled at her but he was thinking that it was not surprising that someone had taken advantage of her. He was thinking of her as he walked down the street, when he heard her calling after him ("Wait a minute, wait a minute"), and by the time he turned she had already caught up with him, running after him.

"I only wanted to tell you that I have to open the cigarettes for everybody," she said, "not just you."

"I know that," he said. "You told me that."

"I was afraid I had hurt your feelings," she said.

"Oh, no, no. It's not that easy to hurt my feelings," he said, and he thought she seemed too excitable. He didn't like her running after him down the street like that, calling attention to him.

Rose and her mother and her little brother Jimmy spent their evenings in the room that was down the hall from the shop—a big dark kitchen that seemed to be all doors and that only had one window opening out onto their small, high-walled yard. The mother always sat in a wooden armchair beside the fire. Rose sat on a straight chair alongside a table in the center of the room, and Jimmy lounged on a wooden bench under the window. Jimmy was fifteen then, a silent boy who smiled every time you looked at him. Like Rose, he was constantly watching his mother. Rose used to sit there in that kitchen like a good child, hardly speaking. The night they decided to get married, he was sitting at the table across from Rose, and even then Rose hardly spoke, but she watched him. Even when she was pretending to look down at

Bell System instructor George Templeton, left, discusses maintenance problems of a teletypewriter printing unit with Henry A. Louz of Surinam, who has come to this country to receive advanced communications training.

Sharing our communications knowledge with new friends from other lands

Henry Albert Louz, shown at right in the picture above, is a communications technician from Paramaribo, Surinam (Dutch Guiana).

Mr. Louz is one of approximately 150 foreign nationals from two dozen different countries receiving technical training from the Bell System this year. The Bell System and other American firms are cooperating with the State Department and the Agency for International Development in providing training to help these and other nations build their economies. Liaison agency for the telephone industry is the Federal Communications Commission.

When Henry Louz's six months' course is over, he will return to his native land in South America to apply the latest in modern technology to problems in his field.

Henry is at the telephone school in Topeka, Kansas, studying all phases of teletypewriter service—the transmission of written information from point to point or via a network. It is training he could not get at home, and he is getting it alongside our employees.

At the same time he is also learning about the American way of life. Through his new friends in Topeka he is meeting people, visiting their homes, seeing factories, museums, sports events. We hope he will return to Surinam with much more than a postgraduate course in communications.

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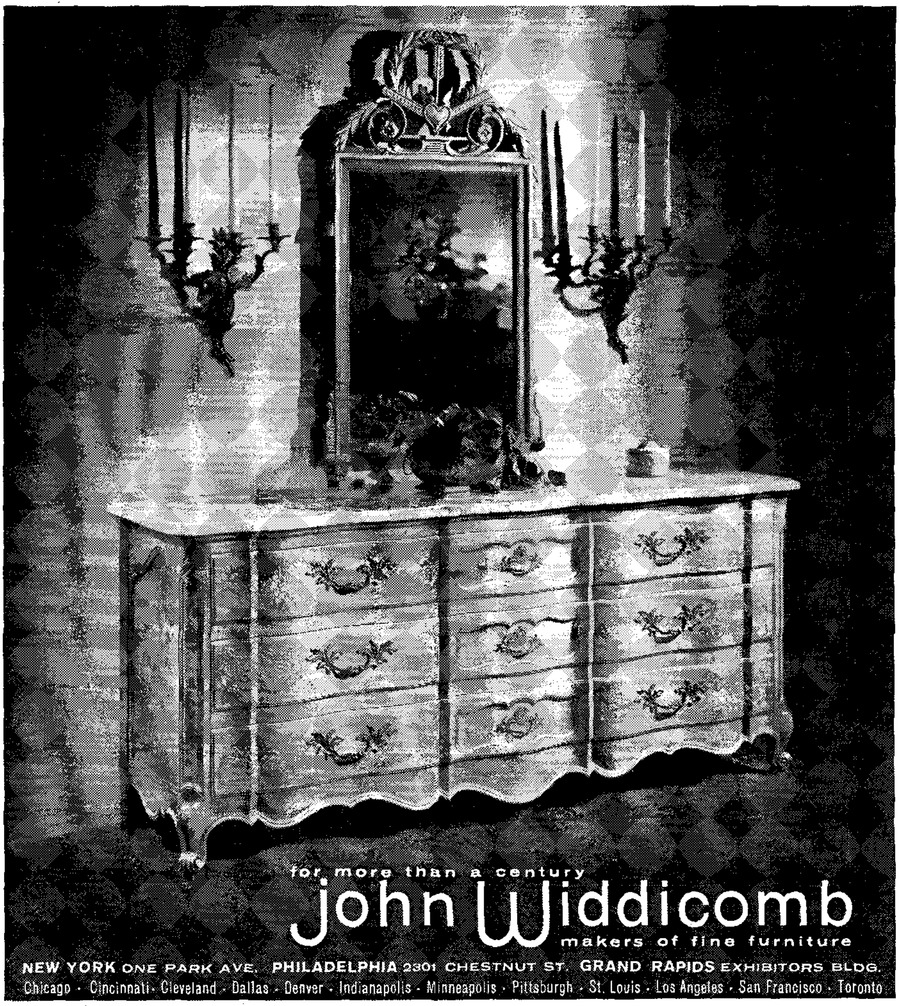

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the table or at the fire, he knew she was watching him.

Rose's mother was a woman who knew what she was about. She knew the difference between right and wrong and she spoke her mind. She took no nonsense from anybody and when they were all there that night she said to him, "I hope you know what you're about, Hubert. It's *no* joke, getting married. It's not just a matter of putting the ring on a girl's finger. They say a young girl can spoil her chances, but a young man can spoil his chances just as easy and just as much. I don't know if you and Rose know each other well enough. You want to think a bit, you and Rose both. You want to wait a while and not rush in without thinking. You don't want to be in a hurry about this. You want to give yourself time in case you want to change your mind. Better to change it now before it's too late. Rose is flighty. She changes her mind from minute to minute. She never knows what she thinks one minute to the next. She thinks according to whoever is talking to her. She's only a child. You want to be sure you're on firm ground before you take a long step. Now, I know what you're thinking, Rose. That I'm hard. I'm not hard at all. But I know you. You're a young fellow, Hubert, with no one to advise you and I'm older and wiser, and even if Rose is my daughter I want you to know that I have your welfare at heart just as much as I have hers. And she is changeable. She can't help that. It's her nature. I think you should think about this awhile."

"Oh, Mother, don't be talking like that to him," Rose cried. "It's not fair. You'll be giving him a bad picture of me. It's not a bit fair."

"I don't want any of your back answers, Rose," her mother said. "And now, to prove that I'm right, I'm going to give Hubert an example of what I mean."

"Oh, well, then, there's nothing I can do," Rose whispered.

"Here's what I mean," her mother went on. "And I'm telling you, Hubert, so that you'll know and so that nobody can be laughing at you behind your back. Do you know the lane that runs alongside the Children's School over on Patrick Street? Well, you wouldn't know it, being a stranger here, but it's there, and there's nothing at the end of it but a disused stable with a broken door. The door got broken about a year ago when some young hooligans got in there one night, for what reason nobody knows and nobody likes to think,

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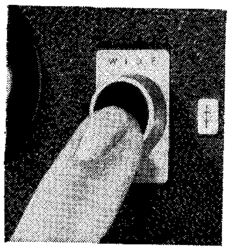

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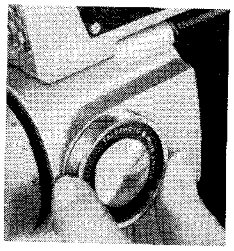

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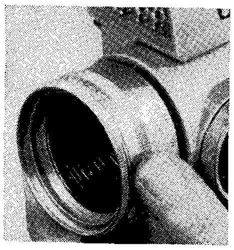

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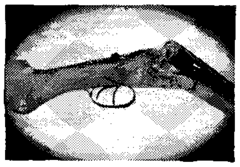

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and they were never found, although we all have our ideas as to who they were. No decent girl would go down that lane by herself, and at night no girl would go down there with anybody if she had any respect at all for herself, but the tenth of last June, Rose slipped out of here when my back was turned and waited there at that stable for over two hours at night, from half past eight until nearly eleven, waiting for a young fellow down the street, a young fellow, a young rascal that's not good enough for Rose to wipe her boots on, or wasn't good enough until she let him wipe his boots on her."

"Oh, Mother!" Rose cried.

"That's what he did," the mother said. "And the reason she went there and waited was this. He came in here to the shop and told her he'd made a bet with some of his chums that she would meet him there, and he told her that if she didn't meet him he'd lose his week's wages and be a laughingstock besides. And, of course, without thinking twice or asking me, off she went in her best shoes and stood there for two hours. Stood there. Waiting for him. Any other girl in the world would have known what to do, but not this poor soft thing. So he won his bet and she'll never live it down. They broke their hearts laughing at her. And I'll never live it down, and poor Jimmy had his heart broken with the way they made fun of him in school. That's what she did. She did it out of softheartedness, and I know that, and I know she meant no harm, but it's not right for a girl to be so soft and so careless and to have that little respect for herself and her family. I've been meaning to tell you about this. I never intended to let her conceal it from you."

"There was no need for you to tell him, Mother," Rose said. She was crying quietly, with her head bent, and he wanted to reach across the table and take her hand, but he was afraid that her mother might guess that the touch of Rose's hand was already familiar to him. He was afraid of her mother.

"There was every need for me to tell him, Rose," her mother said. "And there is no need for you to cry like that. You're not a baby any more. You're talking about getting married, and you want to prove that you're sensible enough to get married. And that's why I say that you ought to think this over, both of you, a bit longer, before you make any promises. Think it over for a while. A month, or a week, maybe. Maybe it would be a good thing if you stayed away from here for a week or

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so, Hubert, and gave it thought. And Rose can be thinking, too."

"I'll be back in Dublin in a week," Hubert said.

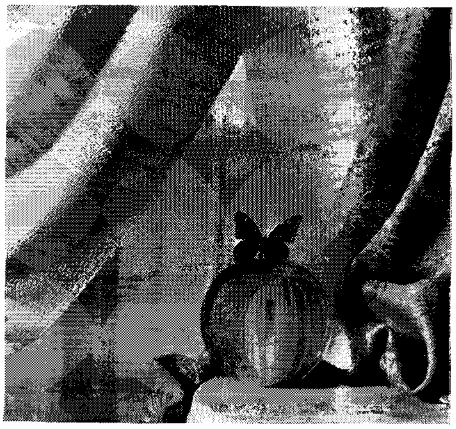
Rose turned and looked at him and he looked across the table at her. He knew she wanted him to say that his mind was made up and that he would never change it. Her eyes were timid and afraid, but they met his eyes with certainty and she looked ready to smile. She was sure that he would say to her mother that his mind was made up and that the fellow who had played that trick on her deserved to be kicked, and that there was no doubt at all in his mind as to what he wanted to do and that they would go together to the priest at the first possible opportunity and arrange to be married as soon as possible. He couldn't be coming down here from Dublin all the time. And he wanted her, but Rose didn't expect him to say that out loud.

But Hubert was thinking that she was there for the taking. She would walk out of her mother's house with him, or she would stay there and wait for him. She would do whatever he said. No matter what he said or did, she would not complain against him or disagree with him. And there was time. And he wanted her mother to think him a responsible man who weighed and lived by reason and not by whim or impulse. He took his eyes from Rose and looked at her mother.

"Twenty-four hours," he said. "Either I'll come back tomorrow night or I won't. I'll sleep on it."

He looked then at Rose with a grin of complicity, but her face was not the same. It had been spoiled and blurred by astonishment and she looked stupid and cruel. She looked quickly at her mother, who regarded her with calm triumph.

"So be it," the mother said. "It's not long enough, but I can see that you know what you're doing. I was beside myself that night she went out, wondering what had become of her, and when she got back and I heard what she'd done I got onto her. I was ready to kill her. I finally asked her if there was any excuse she wanted to make for herself, and do you know what she said to me? She said, 'But, Ma,' she said, 'they would all have been laughing at him if I hadn't turned up.' Did you ever hear the like of that in your life? They would all have been laughing at *him*, and of course she couldn't have that, oh, no, they mustn't laugh at him, even though she hardly knew the fellow, except to say hello to, and so to save his face she



Look what's happened to PPG fiber glass ...at these stores

Illustrated on the facing page: "Shadow Glass" (center), by Bonnie Looms, Ltd., available in custom made draperies and piece goods at many fine stores across the country, including those listed below. Also shown: "Claremont" (left) by Glotex, and "Dynasty" (right) by Walter Fabrics, available through your decorator.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbels
Portland, Me.	Porteous, Mitchell & Braun
Rochester, N.Y.	McCurdy's
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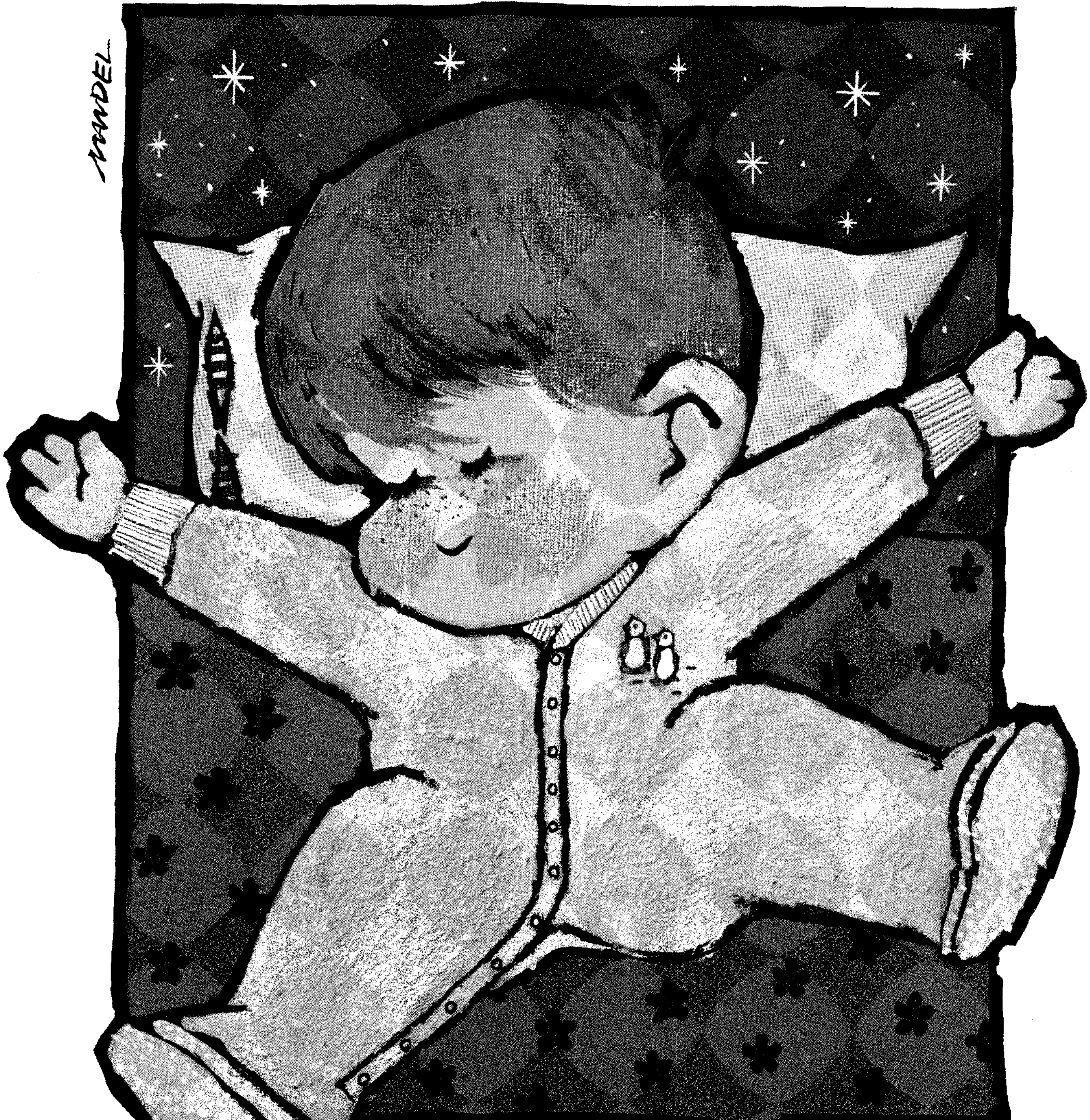

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must go and put herself in the way of being laughed at and worse—laughed at and talked about. I don't know what they didn't say about her. I had to force her out to Mass the next Sunday, and the Sunday after that. But she didn't want *him* to be laughed at. And she thought that was a good enough reason for what she did."

Stephen's Green Park is enclosed behind high iron railings and it is surrounded on all four sides by broad, busy streets. Mr. Derdon had walked along the west side of the green, keeping on the far side of the street from the park, and along the south side, past the massive-fronted city houses that had so impressed Rose when she first saw them. Now he made his way along the east side, past St. Vincent's Hospital and the college, and he found himself on the corner of Somerville Street. He stopped on the corner and gazed along the narrow, gray street, which was closed at its far end by three houses. It was in one of the houses along the side where he stood that Rose and he had had their first home. He couldn't remember the number of the house, and he was not inclined to walk along and look to see if he could remember the house when he came to it, but he knew it was one along toward the end of the row.

A friend of his, a man who had been a great friend of his at that time, had helped him to find the rooms. Frank Guiney, a very good-hearted fellow. He and Frank had been great chums, but Frank had gone to try his luck in England. Hubert wondered if Frank had ever come home again. There had never been any word from him after a couple of postcards in the weeks that followed his departure. Frank had been a great friend. The night Hubert and Rose arrived at Westland Row Station, Frank met them at the station and they all walked back to Somerville Street together, Hubert and Frank carrying the luggage and Rose carrying only a basket filled with bits of food—tea, sugar, things like that—that her mother had gone and got from the shop at the last minute before they left. There was even a bottle of milk, because the mother had said there would be no milk to compare with it in Dublin. Rose hadn't wanted to take the basket of food. She had been embarrassed about carrying it, and in the train she had put her coat over it, covering the little bags and parcels it was filled with, but when they had left Westland Row and were walking along the street she carried it easily, smiling as she went along between himself and Frank. Frank com-

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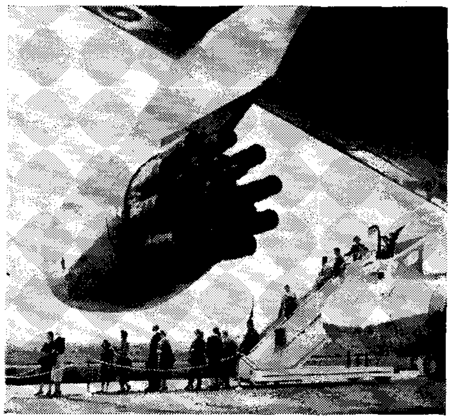

Starting October 1, low 17-day Jet economy Rainbow fares to Europe will save you up to $136 over regular Jet economy fares.

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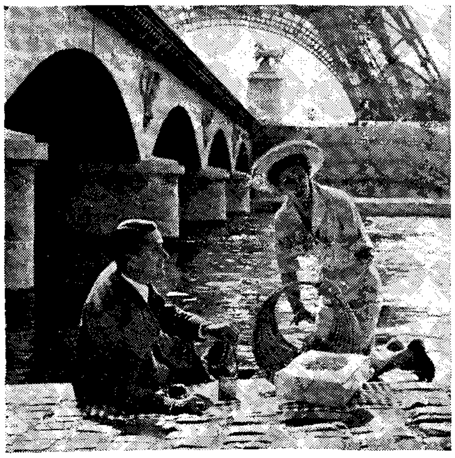

PARIS

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Just as important as when you can leave is where you can go. Again Pan Am is a friend indeed. Pan Am offers direct Jet service from the U.S. to 21 European cities . . . far more destinations than any other airline.

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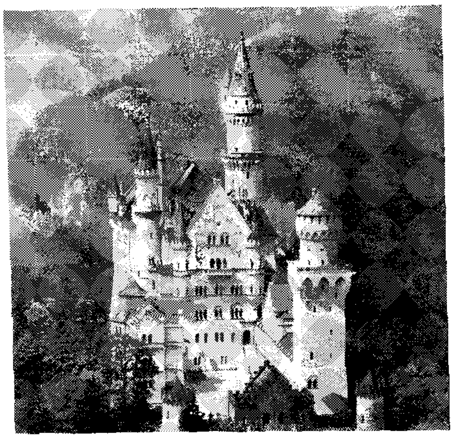

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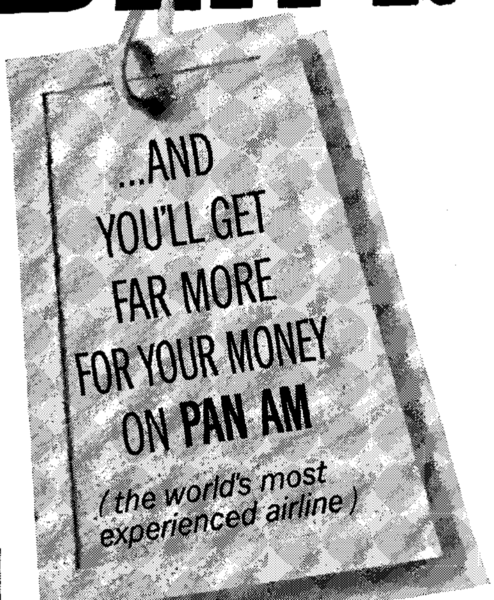
You'll be introduced to the pleasures of true international dining high above the Atlantic, as cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris* is graciously set before you. This is true on both first-class *President Special* and *Rainbow* economy flights.

ROME



You'll relax in the hushed quiet of the cabin, knowing that veteran U.S. pilots, trained to exacting U.S. standards, are at the controls.

And when your Jet Clipper® touches down in Europe, you'll have the comforting knowledge that Pan Am offices across the continent will assist you and serve as your home away from home all during your stay abroad.

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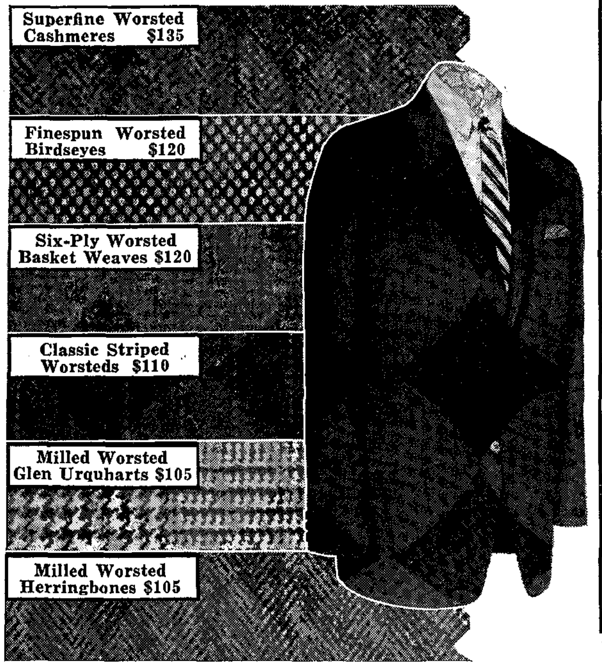

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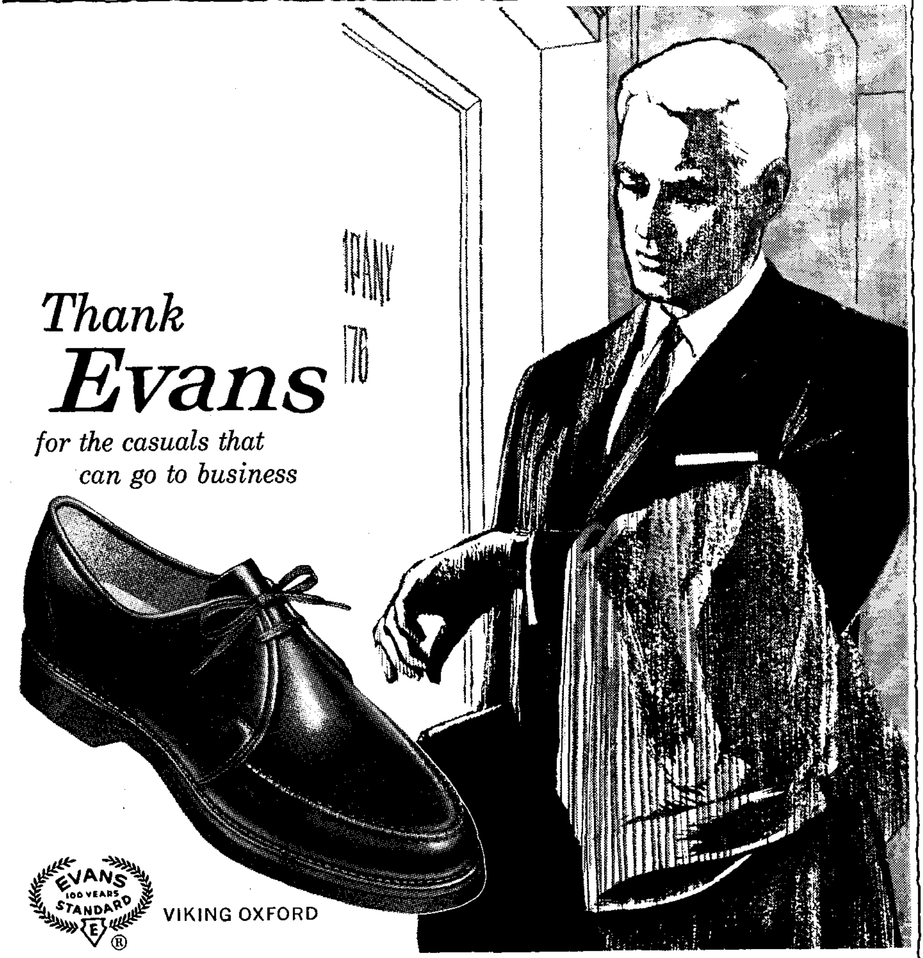


Available at Better Stores everywhere

plained that Hubert must have married an heiress, he had so much to carry. Frank was very funny that evening. He said the case he was carrying must be full of ornaments, it was so heavy.

"China ornaments," Frank cried. "China cats and china dogs and great big china horses. What do you want with so many ornaments, Rose? Eh? Isn't Hubert ornament enough for you? Mind you don't put him on the mantelpiece by mistake, now."

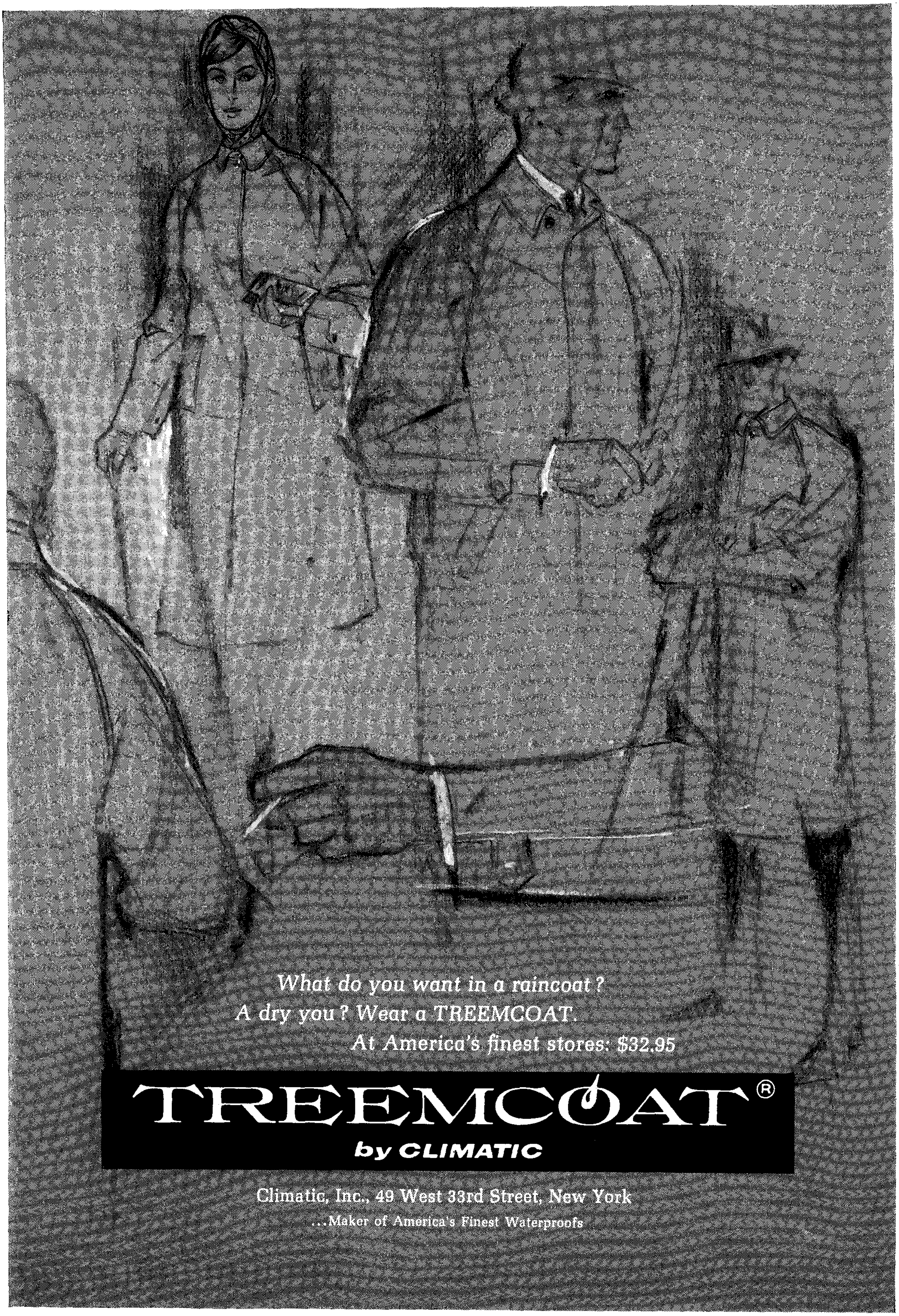
Rose had been all doubled up with giggling. Then when they were along Somerville Street Rose said, "Which of the houses are we going to live in?" And Frank gave a flourish of one of the parcels he was carrying and nearly dropped everything with his nonsense and he said, "The *best* house." When they came to the house, stone steps in front and a dark green door, scratched and dented and with a crack in the fanlight, Frank put everything he was carrying on the ground and stretched to rest himself before starting the long climb to the top of the stairs.

Frank looked at Rose and he said, "She smiles and smiles and smiles." Rose was obviously longing to go into the house and straight up to see the rooms, but she stood obedient and pleased while they both looked at her.

"She smiles and smiles and *smiles*," Frank shouted, and then he said to Hubert, "Does she never stop smiling?" And Hubert said, "Never."

Now, as Hubert stood at the corner of Somerville Street, looking along the fronts of the houses to try to see which one might have belonged to him and Rose, he was seeing the three of them as they had stood there that evening, but the word in his mind was agony. Agony agony agony was in his mind while he watched the three figures that stood a few houses and over thirty years away from him, and he watched until the vision dazzled and his eyes filled with tears. He turned quickly away from Somerville Street and continued along in the direction of the Shelbourne Hotel. Terrible the things you remember, he thought; it's a long time since I have walked around here. It does no good to remember those times, he thought, but at the same time he was thinking that it did no harm to remember them. They had been blessed that evening, Rose and himself, and Frank, too. They stood in the state of grace. And then Frank had collected himself and his ornaments and the three of them had marched into the house together and up the stairs with all flags flying.

And today Rose was the same age as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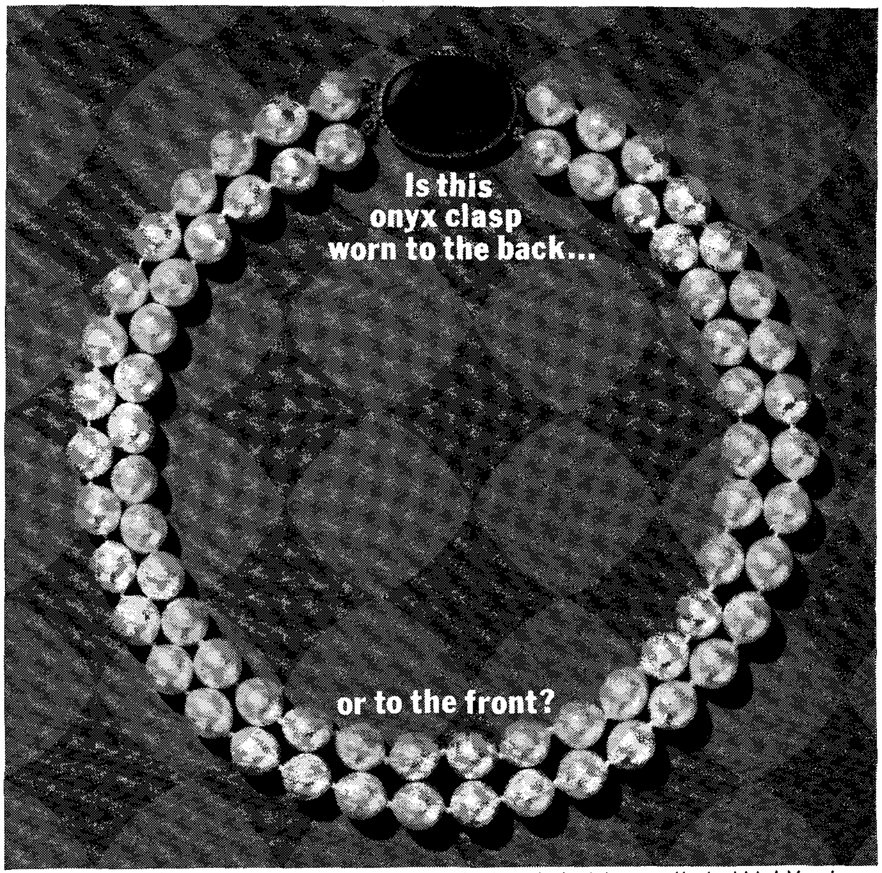
PRICES A BIT HIGHER IN THE WEST

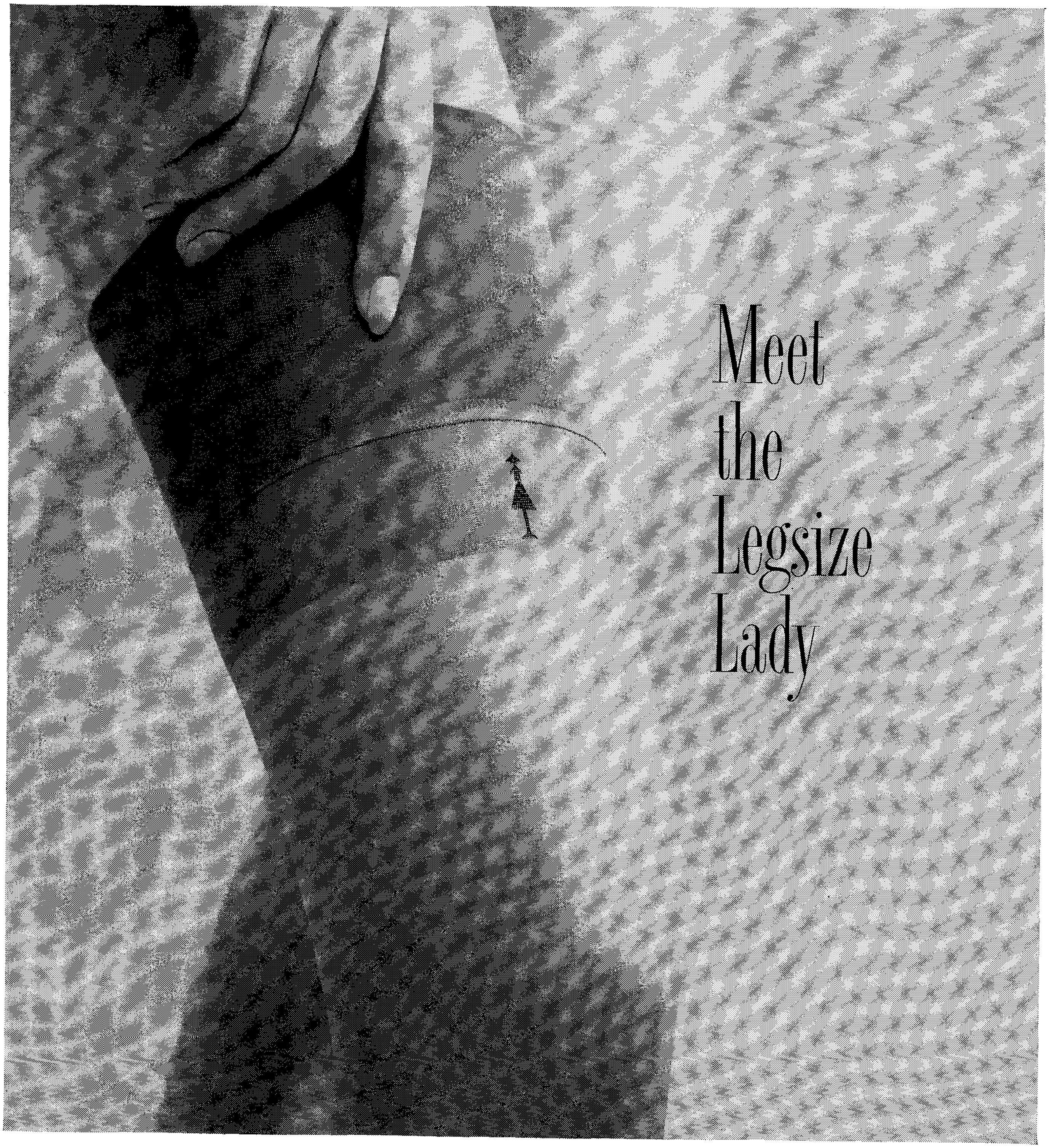


Back, front or side...This genuine onyx clasp is just too pretty to hide! Vendome simulated pearls: hand crafted in the Orient, hand dipped sixteen times; shaped elliptically the way nature does and hand French-knotted. Genuine black or green onyx clasp. One or two strand, short or long necklaces, matching earrings and bracelets available. From $7.50 to $20. At all fine stores or write Vendome, New York 1, New York.

Vendôme

her mother had been on that evening. Hubert glanced across at the park, and quickly glanced again, with curiosity. How many years since he had been in there? Ten, or more? He couldn't remember. He might go across and go inside for a minute, find out if there were any changes. He was enjoying his walk. The exercise was doing him good, but he wished he had a newspaper to carry in one of his hands. Hands always seemed to get in the way when they were empty. His hands were in his pockets. He ought to have a stick, if he was going to start walking as much as this. A stick was natural, if you were walking. A stick or a newspaper. Anything more was a nuisance.

After John had gone away, left home, Rose had fallen into such despair that one night he had bought a hyacinth and brought it home to her in an attempt to distract her from herself, and he had never felt so silly or so conspicuous in his life as he had felt walking out of the shop and along the street with the plant between his hands. They had wrapped it around with pink paper and folded the paper into a high cone, making it look much bigger than it need have looked, and much too festive. He had tried carrying it in one hand but it wouldn't balance. He had chosen a blue hyacinth in full bloom, and he was very anxious not to let it get bruised or broken. He had an awkward time in the tram, with both hands on the plant, and, as luck would have it, he had to stand the whole way home that evening, of all evenings. By the time he got home he was nearly angry. He had taken the pink paper off when he got into the house, and he had put it standing in the middle of the dining-room table where she would see it first thing when she came to the door to call him to his tea. She had come in and he had pretended not to notice that there was anything out of the way, and she had said, "What on earth?" and she had lifted the hyacinth off the table and put one arm around it to hold it while with her free hand she patted the spot on the table where the damp plant had been sitting all bare with no saucer under it. "Oh, Hubert," she said, "a lovely hyacinth. Isn't that a lovely color of blue. But it needs water. And I'll put it in a bigger pot. I have a big one out in the shed, the pot the poor rose geraniums died in. I'll get it out after tea. I'll have to find a good place for it, where it'll have all the sun." While she was talking, there was, in spite of the sadness that lived all over her face at that time, a little smile on her lips, a



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She's practical, too . . . knitted in the front-and-center of each stocking so you will garter without twisting, sagging, straining your stockings . . . at last you can be sure they are on smooth and straight.

If you appreciate seamless that are far above the ordinary, look for the Legsize Lady.

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faint smile that was closed, secretive, half satisfied, you might almost say, and almost triumphant, as she talked about the hyacinth and what she would do for it. Then, of course, later on she had slipped back into the perpetual attention she paid to John's absence from their life. The fact that he had gone to serve the Church that she was so devoted to made no difference at all in her feelings, and did not console her.

Hubert wondered what had become of that blue hyacinth, whether it had flourished or withered away in the new pot she had put it in, if she had transplanted it into the garden later on, or what. He had seen hyacinths growing out in the open, he was sure of that. Perhaps that same hyacinth was in her front garden now, or in a sunny place at the back. If it was there, would it have grown bigger, and would it bloom every year, or what? He would ask her about the hyacinth tonight, just out of curiosity.

For a girl brought up in a town, Rose had an unusual interest in gardening and a great feeling for flowers. Her two gardens, the little one in the front of the house and the bigger one behind it, were always lovely. Even in the wintertime she managed to have something out there that would catch your attention. Even in the wintertime the beds had an appearance of order and form, and looked as though they were keeping to a pattern that had been devised for them, for those particular beds, and never for any other beds in any other garden. Rose had gone mad over the gardens in Stephen's Green Park. She said she had never imagined anything like the park. He had a memory of her walking there in a navy-blue skirt and a long-sleeved white blouse and no coat. It must have been a very warm day. The navy-blue skirt had a matching coat that went with it. She called this outfit her costume, and it had been her wedding dress.

The park was full of mothers and nursemaids and children that afternoon. The women sat along on the benches that lined the paths, and they talked to one another and watched the children and admired them and scolded them and called to them. The children were running all over the place. He and Rose strolled along. They were not yet used to being together.

Rose said, "I was just thinking, it's nice being married."

Hubert looked at her but she was not looking at him.

She said, "I can't see how a married

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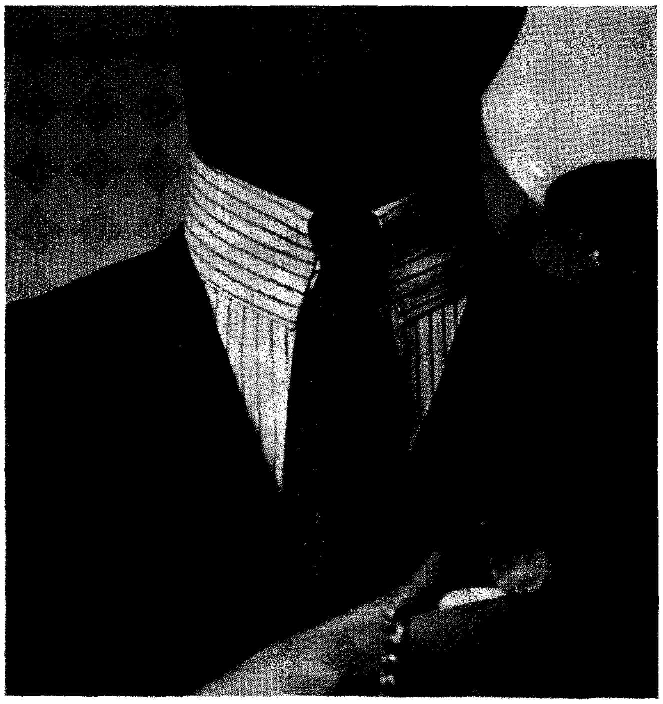
he adjusted...



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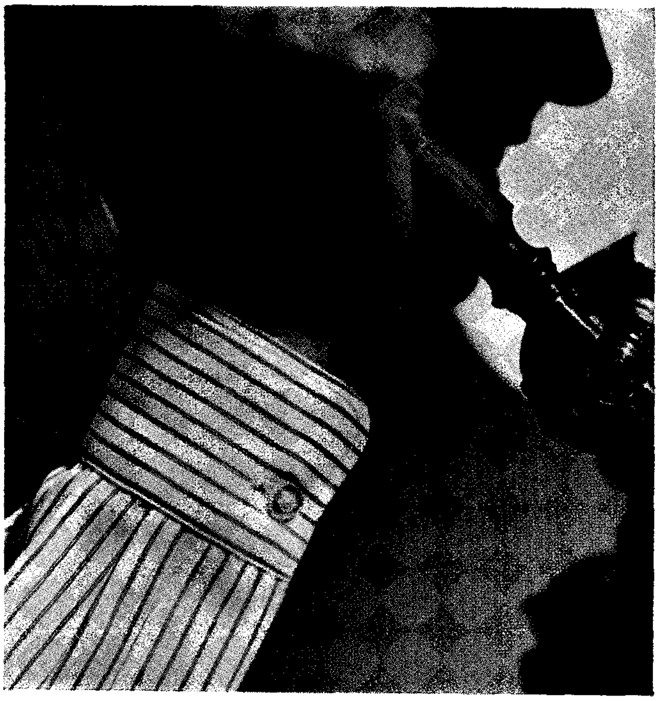

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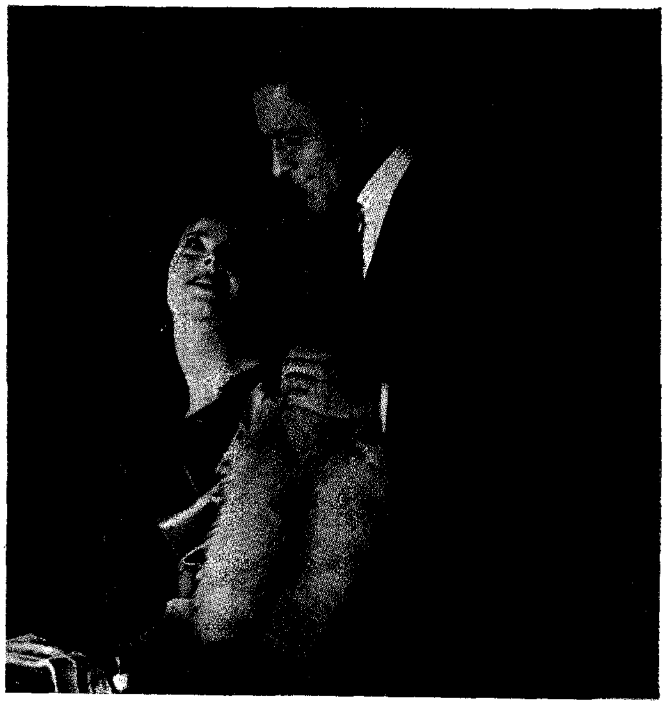

she said yes

Button Tab... a new Gant idea that eliminates the collar button; in its place a permanent button is sewn on the tab. Result: fast, easy adjustment with no snaps showing. Stripes or solid colors. About $6.95 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant, New Haven, Connecticut.*

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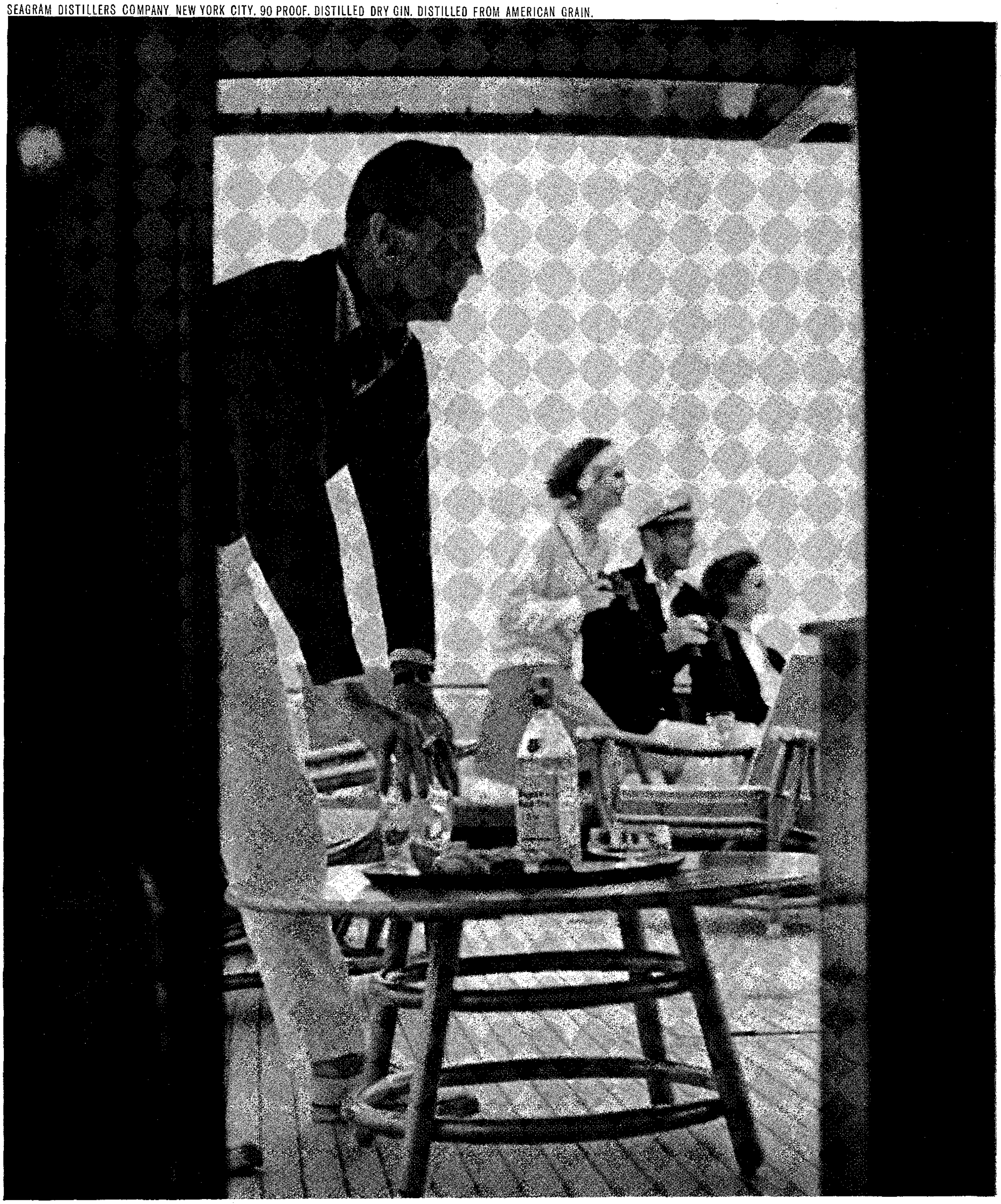

Front row center at the America's Cup

The gun has fired. The breeze is brisk and the sails have filled and taken shape. Time now to fill up your glass for a buoyant sip of gin-and-tonic. Made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. The gin that handles smooth and crisp. The amber gin that establishes a lead for bracing dryness, because it's taken the time to remove excess perfumery and sweetness.

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Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin

person could ever commit a sin. I don't know what kind of a sin it would be that a married person could commit. There isn't a single thing I can think of that I would have to tell the priest if I went to confession this minute. Nothing is a sin any more. Isn't that funny?"

Hubert's eyes were on the path. Children's legs raced into his vision and disappeared as the small boys and girls chased one another across the path and around the benches. He dodged to avoid knocking down a very small girl in a white dress and white boots who stamped slowly and unsteadily along by herself and kept herself upright by embracing the empty air in front of her with open arms. As he stepped aside to avoid the child, Hubert saw Rose's skirt move as she walked along beside him. In the sunlight, in the navy-blue skirt, her slender hips appeared commanding and alien, and she was his, and if Hubert had been told at that moment that Helen of Troy had come back to earth and was called Rose he would not have denied it. Behind him a woman screamed, "Come back here, Paddy Mernagh, till I wring your neck!" Hubert thought of Rose and the future, and his thought was all of innocence and of the necessity of earning enough to enable them to hold their heads up and never have to give thanks to anybody for anything as long as they lived.

Hubert was approaching the corner of Grafton Street from which he had begun his walk around the square, and he thought that if he had time he might run across and take a look into the park to see what changes might have been made in there. All these years, and he had not been in there. He wondered why he had never taken John into the park when John was little. Maybe Rose had taken John in there. She might have, when they were in town to buy things. It would be a shame if John had never played there, and he was nearly certain that John never had. He wouldn't ask Rose about that. If John had never been taken to play in the park, Hubert didn't want to know of it. He was sorry now that he had made the effort to remember the exact number of years it had been since he had been in the park. It was thirty-three years since he had been in there. He had not been in there since the last Sunday he had gone there with Rose, their first Sunday in the house. It didn't seem possible that anyone could spend thirty years in Dublin without once going in and out of

Georg Jensen,Inc.,New York/Gumps,San Fran./Woodward & Lothrop,Wash. D.C./J. E. Caldwell Co.,Phila./Jordan Marsh,Boston
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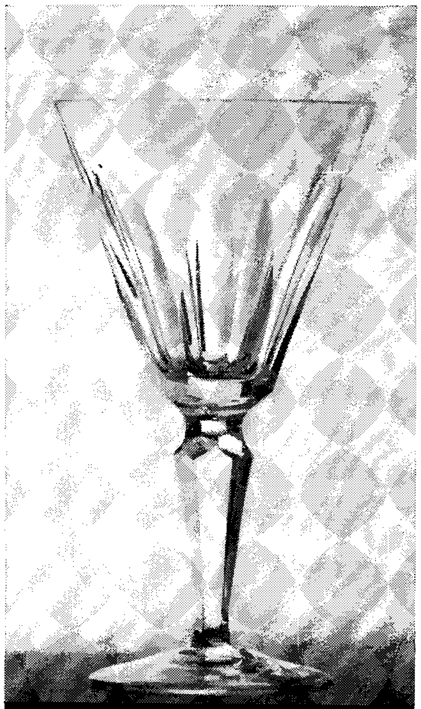

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Engraved or cut in newest taste,
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They wrote great advertisements in 1790.

This little ode to Waterford was written by an Irish store way back then. As you can see, the spelling has changed a bit, but not the Waterford crystal. The men who make it reveal the same stubborn pride in their art. And it's still cut entirely by hand in Waterford, Ireland. The Sheila, above, is perhaps more contemporary, but you can have your pick of pattern. (Water goblet, illustrated, $7.) Read our persuasive little verse again. Isn't it time you looked into the wondrous world of Waterford? At the best stores. Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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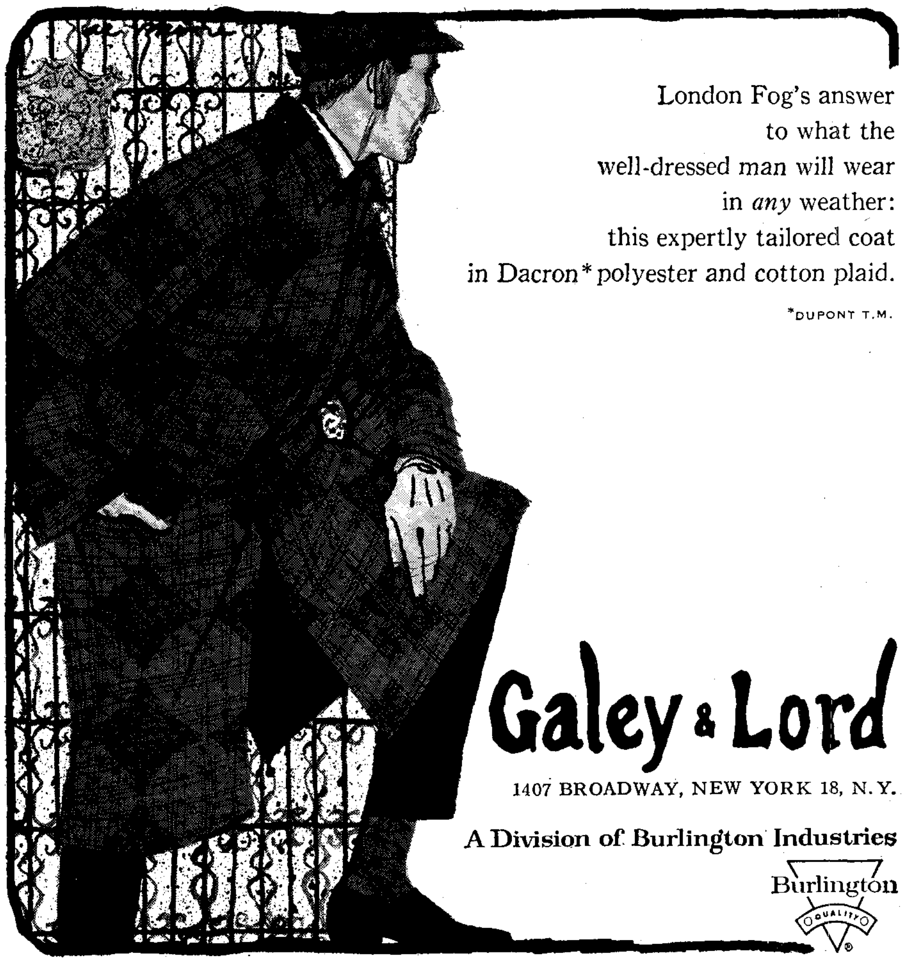
THE FLANNELS ARE PREMIUMS

Men who wear Corbins reflect their absolute preference for good tailoring and fine fabrics. Now Corbin adds a premium group of 100% 2-ply wool worsted flannels. They are lighter-in-weight, harder-in-finish, yet astonishingly gentle of hand. Classic in appearance, with pleatless fronts, you can wear these trousers with poise and aplomb on many sophisticated occasions. The color story is interesting too, such as Brindle Brown. About $27.50. At the stores you would expect, or write: Corbin Ltd., Dept. Y, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



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Stephen's Green Park, but he was a man of habit, and he always went straight home after work. Thirty-three years ago. He was twenty-eight then. He decided to cross the street at once and go into the park at the next entrance.

He paused at the curb to look up and down the street, and then he saw, at the far end of the square, a funeral approaching him on his side of the street. The hearse was drawn by two black horses that had black plumes on their heads, and he had the impression that the line of black mourning cars behind it would be a long one. Hubert liked to follow the custom of paying respect to the dead by walking a few steps along with the funeral, even if it meant turning around and walking back a few steps. He had plenty of time to cross over to the park before the funeral drew alongside him, but he didn't mind the delay. He wanted to see the funeral pass and as soon as he had the chance he would look in the paper and guess which funeral it had been. The funeral was still a good distance away and he began to stroll idly toward it. He was measuring the distance between himself and the hearse, trying to guess the point where they would be abreast, and at the same time he saw, without looking, the figure of a woman who stood motionless in the gutter with her back to the street. She was there begging. He could tell that without looking at her. All his life he had denied beggars. He detested and despised them. He passed her by. The coffin was covered with rich wreaths of flowers, banked with flowers like an Easter altar. It was a coffin that spoke, even now, of the rewards of wealth and of the beauty and satisfaction of ceremony and order. Hubert turned to walk with it, and as he turned he admired it. He took one two three four steps, and five and six. Six steps were enough, and he had taken his eyes from the coffin and was about to glance discreetly into the first car of mourners when he found that his gesture of respect had brought him nearly face to face with the begging woman, and that she was looking at him and had pulled her hand out from under her shawl to take whatever he would give her. Her shawl was wrapped tightly around her shoulders and around the child she held, whose head was just visible against her shoulder, and it was the hand that supported the lower part of the child's back that was now extended to him, not in demand but expectantly, while she still kept her elbow close against the child, holding it safe. She

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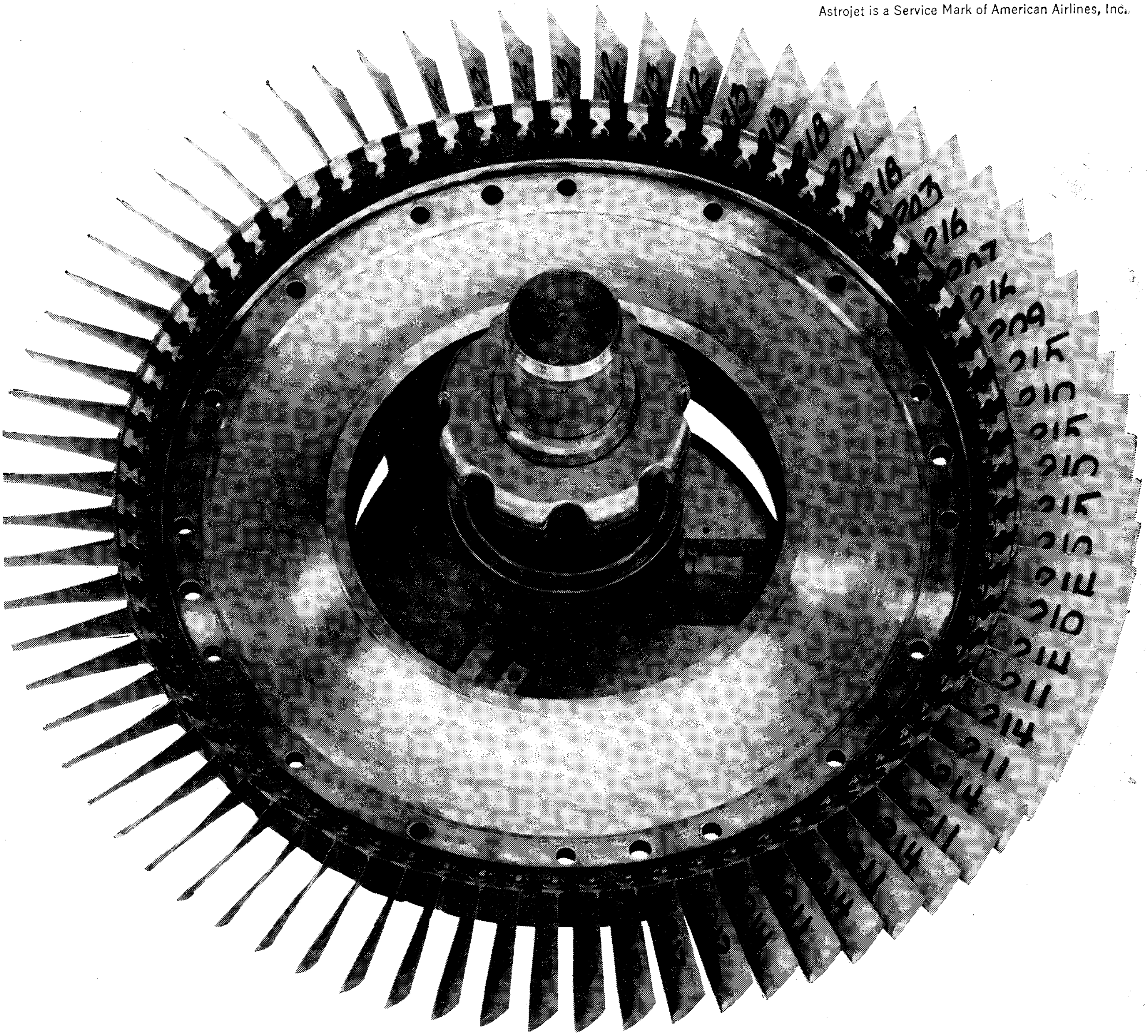

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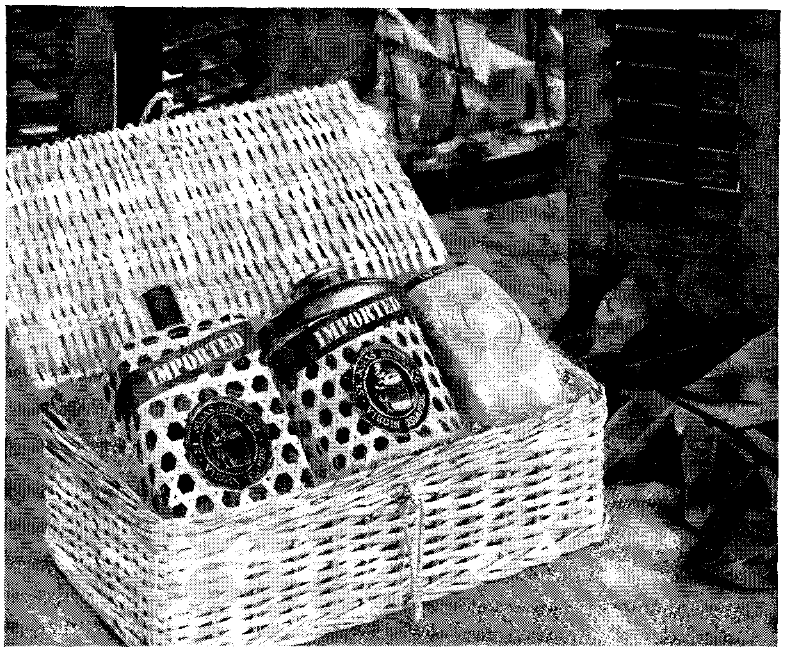

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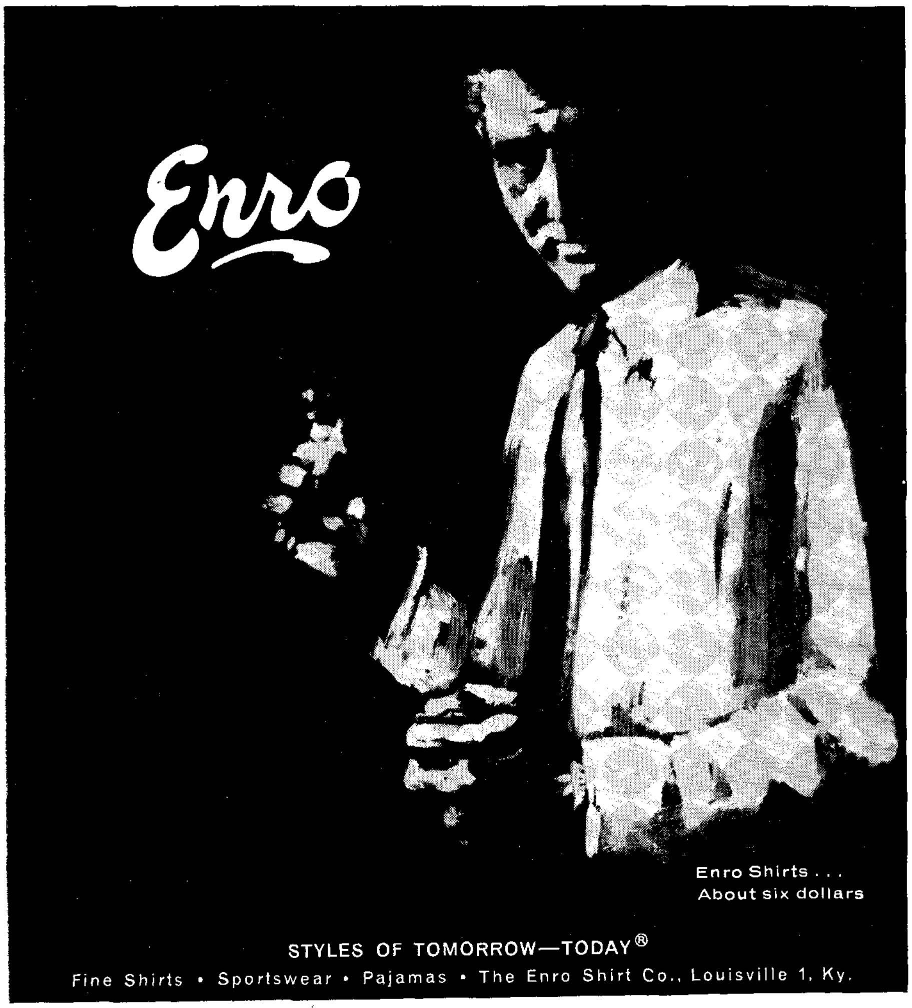

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thought he had passed her by and then changed his mind and turned back to her.

He turned his back on her and walked quickly away from her, but not before he had seen her hand tighten and draw back to the child, and not before he had seen the look of expectancy on her face turn to a hatred so forlorn that for a moment it looked as though her face had been cut off. She thought he had done it on purpose. She thought he had turned back on purpose to disappoint her. But she must have known the funeral was passing. She had not been looking at the funeral at all. She had been looking at him and thinking of what she was going to get. She had seen him pass her and she had seen him turn back to her. She thought he would do a thing like that. She thought he was the sort of man who would do a thing like that. He thought he would turn back again, and this time quickly give her something, but shame kept him going and he walked more and more quickly away from her. A woman passing glanced at him and he realized he had been walking along muttering and rubbing his eyes, and what he had been saying was "I wouldn't do the like of that. I wouldn't do the like of that." All the mourners must have seen him, hurrying along making faces like a lunatic. He wished he had given the woman something; it would have been easy enough, to give her something. There was no need for her to beg, there were plenty of places she could go to, where she would get help, but all the same she was pitiable standing there, and she had said nothing to him and she had not called names after him, as many others would have done in her place. But how could she think he was the kind of man who would play a trick like that? He should have explained to her that he was looking at the funeral, but she would still not have understood why he gave her nothing. To pass her by and not give her anything, all right, but to turn back to look at her and still give her nothing. It must have seemed that he was mocking her, or that he had something worse in mind. How could she have thought that of him? She held the child as if it was threatened. She had both arms around the child the way Rose used to hold John, as if there was nothing in the world but that one baby. The way she held the child against her body was a reproach and a warning to everyone who came near it. Women like that were impossible to deal with. They would give themselves heart and soul to what they knew must go. There was no reasoning with them. All the

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mathematicians in the world could kill themselves working and those women would not even look over their shoulders to see what was happening. They would learn nothing and they would see nothing and they would care for nothing as long as they had the child. If you told them they were ignorant and reckless, risking themselves, they would not hear you. They would not be able to hear you. All the history and mathematics and architecture in the world were nothing to them alongside the history and the mathematics and the architecture of that one face. You could talk yourself black in the face and they would only wonder if it was time to change the baby. And they would be silent. You wouldn't get a direct answer out of them for love or money. You wouldn't get any kind of an answer out of them. They would not speak to tell the truth. The truth wasn't in them. You could walk away from them and leave them there and they would never call after you or say a word, but they would look at you until you remembered them and could not forget them and could not forget that they were looking after you the way that woman was looking after him now. How could she have thought he was the kind of a man who would do a thing like that?

He turned off onto a side street and made his way back to the shop by a roundabout way, and when he got there he went straightaway and washed his hands and face. Then he went to his table and began to work as best he could, but he felt there were eyes all over the place appraising him as she had appraised him and he could not stop thinking of himself and appraising himself as she had appraised him. Jack Minton came up from the workrooms to look for a bolt of gray tweed and when he was passing Hubert's table he stopped and looked at him and asked him if he was all right and if there was anything the matter. Hubert replied that everything was all right. Minton still hesitated by the table, looking down at him, but Hubert wouldn't look up and at last to make him go away Hubert said that he'd had a bit of a shock, nothing worth talking about, and he did not talk about it.

LATE in the afternoon Rose came in from the garden where she had been working and sat down in her low chair near the fireplace and took a piece of gray wool crochet from the old basket she kept always on the floor beside her. She had brought the basket from

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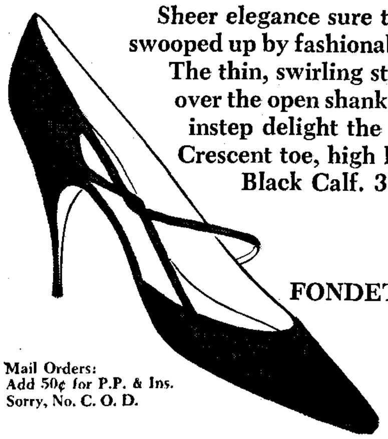

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her mother's the day she was married and it had lasted as long as it had because it was too cumbersome for daily marketing and so she kept her work in it—her knitting and crocheting and the mending. She was making an afghan, square by square. As she worked, her lips moved, and every time she finished a row of stitches she lifted her head up as though she had suddenly come to a decision that had been difficult to reach but that was now pleasant to reach. From time to time she glanced appraisingly around the room and she watched the clock. The clock was mahogany and it had been a wedding present from an old friend of Hubert's, Frank Guiney, and it had a place of honor in the center of the mantelpiece. When she heard the boy leave the evening newspaper she got up and fetched the paper and sat down and began to read it, but when she heard Hubert's key in the lock she quickly closed the paper and folded it to look as though it had not been opened at all.

Hubert hung his raincoat and his hat in the hall and went up to the bedroom and changed his coat for an old three-button cardigan of tan wool. When he got down into the back sitting room Rose was sitting in her chair working on her crochet.

"I put the paper in your chair," she said.

"Is there anything in it?" he asked.

"No," she said doubtfully. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe there is."

He walked over to the window, where he stood looking out at her garden. It was only a patch of grass, edged with flower beds and bounded by gray cement walls that she had disguised with ivy and another creeper that had a red pointed leaf. It was just a patch, and she had spent a good part of her life trying to make it nice, and his son had spent his childhood in it, and he himself had spent all his summer holidays sitting out there in a deck chair. They never went away anywhere for a holiday because it cost money to go away, and in any case they did not like to leave the house alone.

"I'm going down to put the kettle on now," she said.

He turned and looked at her. She was getting up out of her chair. She did not get out of the chair gracefully but she got out of it easily, without helping herself with her hands, and when she stood up she stood up straight.

"Tell me something," he said. "You remember the hyacinth I brought you one time. What became of it?"

"The blue hyacinth," she said. "It did very well after I put it in the big

Kimberly

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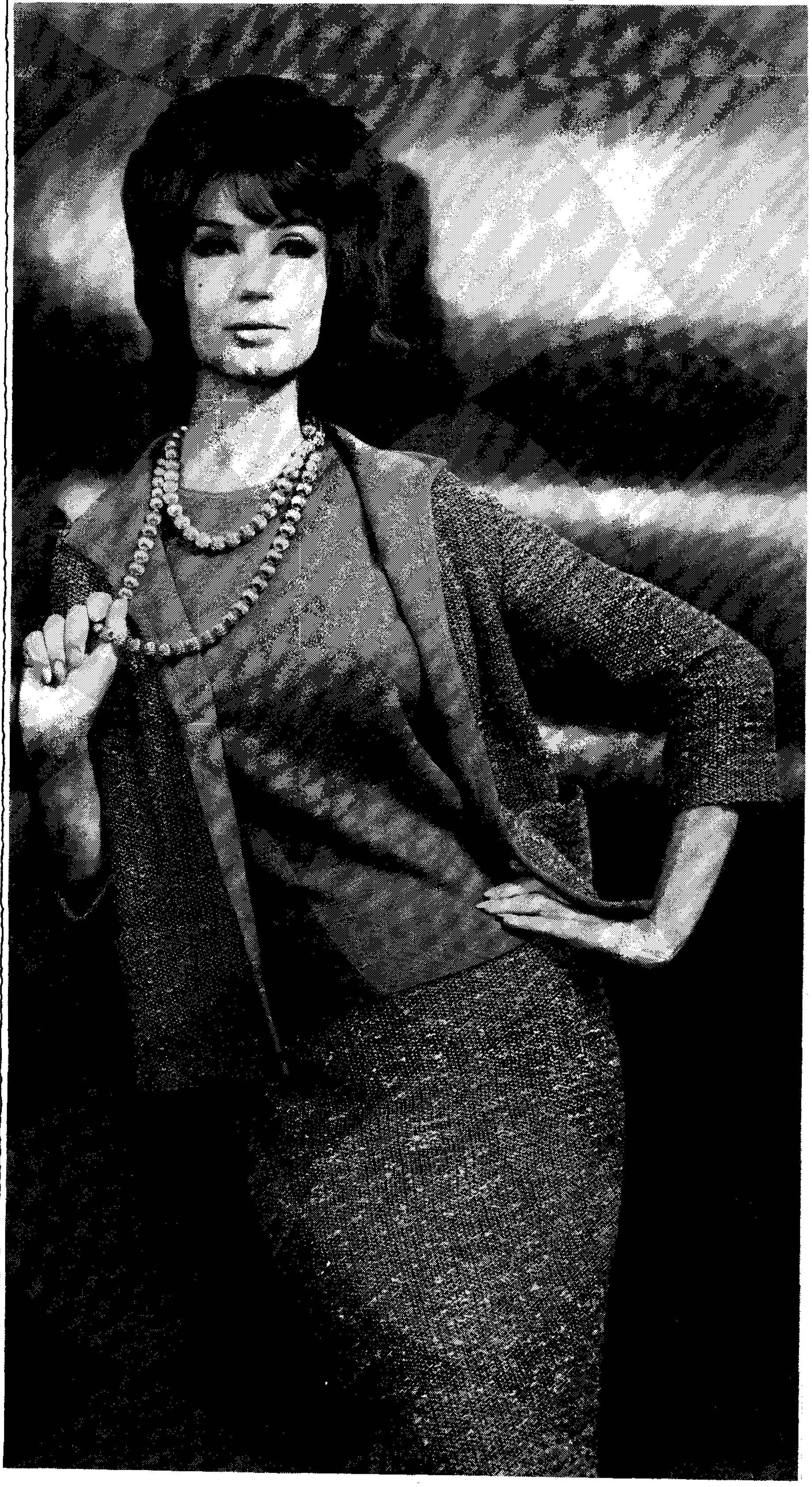

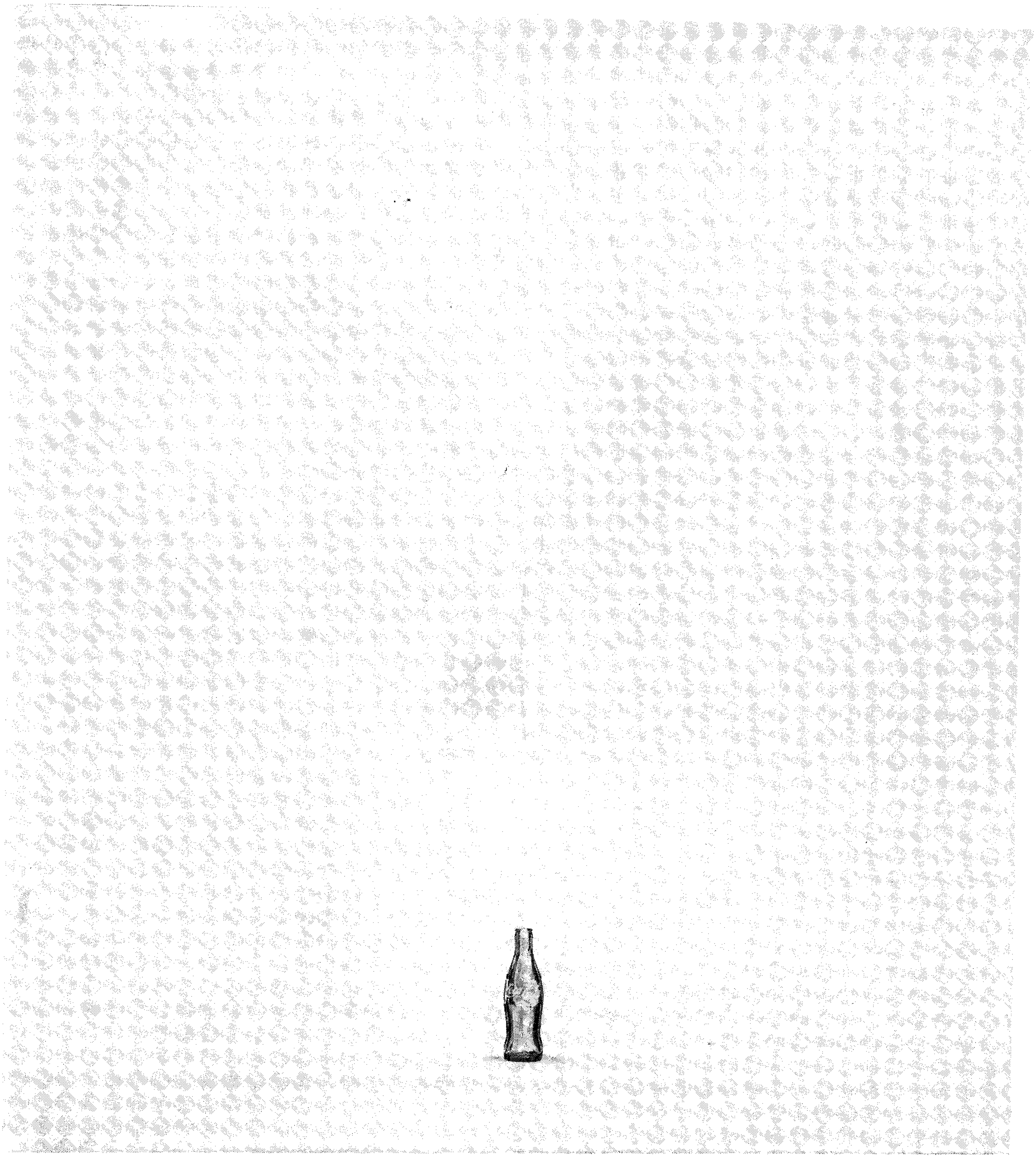

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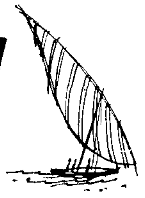

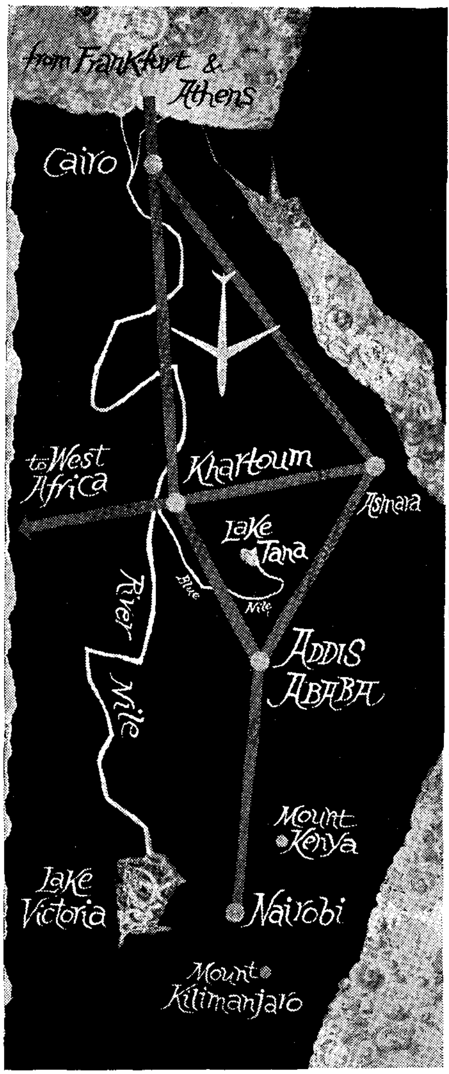

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pot. I showed it to you. It had a lovely bloom."

"And where is it now?" he asked. "Did you put it out in the garden?"

"Oh, no. Hyacinths *go*, Hubert. They only have one season. You have to get new bulbs every year."

"I'll get you another one," he said. "I'll get it for you tomorrow. I'll bring it home with me tomorrow night."

"Oh, you'd never find a hyacinth this time of the year," she said. "Only in the spring you get hyacinths, and this is September."

"Oh," he said. "I see. I forgot for a minute."

"I'm sorry, Hubert," she said.

He said, "It's all right."

"What put the hyacinth into your mind?" she asked.

"Nothing. I just happened to think of it," he said.

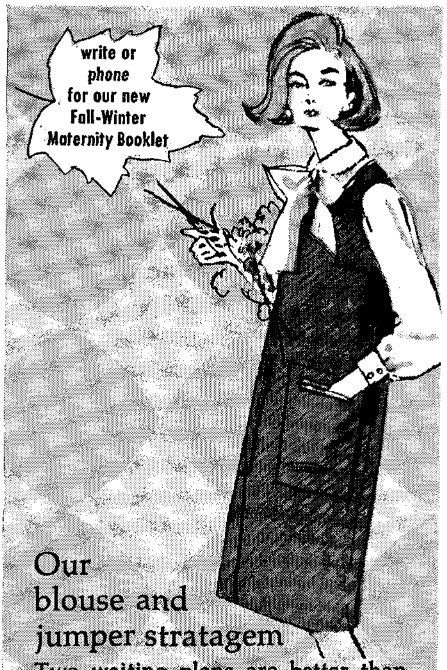
She went to the door.

"Will you light the fire for me?" she asked. "And I'll go on down." She hesitated, as though he might say no.

"I'll light it," he said. "Go on, go on, do whatever you have to do."

There was a box of wooden matches on the mantelpiece next to a framed photograph of John on the day of his ordination. Hubert avoided looking at the photograph. It was her morbid insistence on unhappiness that had caused her to put it there when she had another copy of it in a similar frame upstairs in the bedroom, and it wasn't a good likeness anyway and he intended one day to take it down and hide it. He struck a match and bent down and lighted the gas with great care and adjusted it by turning the tap slowly and pressing his lips together with the effort. Then he went to his chair and took up the newspaper and sat down. He did not open the newspaper. He sat quietly and watched the pale rose of warmth spread over the ashen grille in the grate. He sat like that until Rose called him to tea, and then he stood up out of his chair and buttoned his cardigan and pulled it down around his body and went to join her in the kitchen. As he went the words of their conversation about the hyacinth came back to him, and he smiled, thinking that in spite of the habitual apology in her voice she had been half smiling as she explained to him about the difficulty of getting spring flowers when it was not spring. Even poor Rose could not shoulder all the blame for the change in the seasons.

In the kitchen the tea was laid out on the table and Rose was standing up pouring the tea. He used to try to get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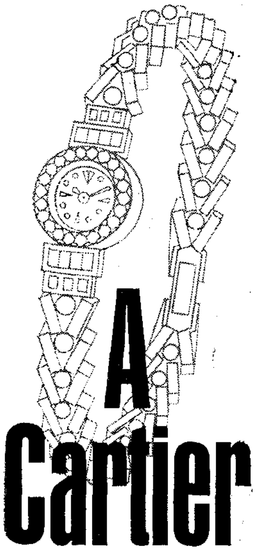

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her to leave the teapot on the table so that she wouldn't be jumping up and down every five minutes, but she insisted on leaving it on the stove where the tea would keep hot. He pulled out one of the old yellow chairs and sat down and in a minute she joined him, taking the chair across from him. In the middle of the meal he remembered the funeral and he told Rose about it, and she went up to the sitting room to get the newspaper to see if they could discover who it was had been buried with such pomp. While she was about it she collected the morning newspaper and the newspaper of the last three mornings in case they would have more information. She had a fairly good idea of whose funeral Hubert had seen—a wholesale grocer named Kinsella, whose father had come from Cork with nothing and built up a good business—but she didn't want to say the name aloud to Hubert until she was certain.

All the time she was going to get the papers and getting them, looking at the dates to be sure she had the right ones, and bringing them down to the kitchen, she was thinking how thoughtless Hubert was to bring up the subject of a funeral and not remember that this was the anniversary of her father's death. But she was interested herself and she stole a look at the papers while she was carrying them down and it was John Patrick Kinsella, it was his funeral Hubert had seen.

Rose left Hubert to read the full account of Mr. Kinsella's life and circumstances, which he had read earlier with less attention, because it had been in yesterday morning's news, and she herself looked idly through the back pages of the old Sunday paper, and found several items that she had missed on her first reading. When she remarked on this to Hubert he observed that she had never learned to read properly, that she was a careless reader who skipped too often and did not concentrate on what she was reading, and it was a pity because it was hard to form a good habit when you were older, and just as hard to break a bad habit once it had taken hold of you. —MAEVE BRENNAN

●

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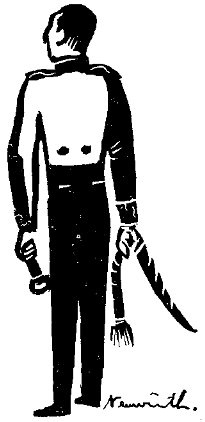

"The Music Man" is a diverting adaptation of the jolly musical comedy that was presented on Broadway a few years back. Once again, Robert Preston is happily on hand as the leading character, a dubious drifter with a persuasive tongue who convinces the gullible citizenry of a small town in Iowa that it is imperative for them to let their young ones organize a fine big marching band. The tots know nothing about music, and neither does he, but he figures that he can clean up selling instruments, uniforms, and instruction books, and then beat it out of town before being spotted as a fraud. Admittedly, this is a frail idea on which to base a whole movie, but Meredith Willson's music is exuberant, and Marion Hargrove's screenplay is full of the innocent merriment that we associate with the Middle West when our century was young. Morton DaCosta, who directed the Broadway production, has also directed the movie version, and he has made no attempt to hide the fact that this is a literal translation of a stage play to the screen. Usually, this results in something as soggy as a day-old soufflé, but Mr. DaCosta has somehow kept "The Music Man" fresh and lively.

Much of the simple-minded good humor of the piece is generated by Mr. Preston, who is agile, ingratiating, and merry as he cons a community into believing that he can turn his pupils into skilled musicians simply by making them think hard about tunes they would like to play, and he does a pretty good job of convincing us that a rover who has had a hundred and two affairs might possibly cut out the monkeyshines because he has fallen in love with a librarian. The librarian in this case is Shirley Jones, which makes it easier for us to believe in Mr. Preston's decision to reform, and together they line out some splendid tunes. Unless you've been wearing earplugs since "The Music Man" first came along, you'll remember "Seventy-six Trombones," "Rock Island," "Goodnight, My Someone,"

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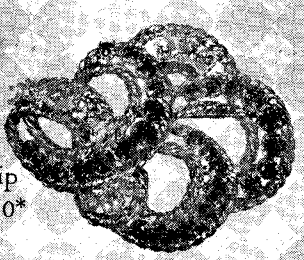

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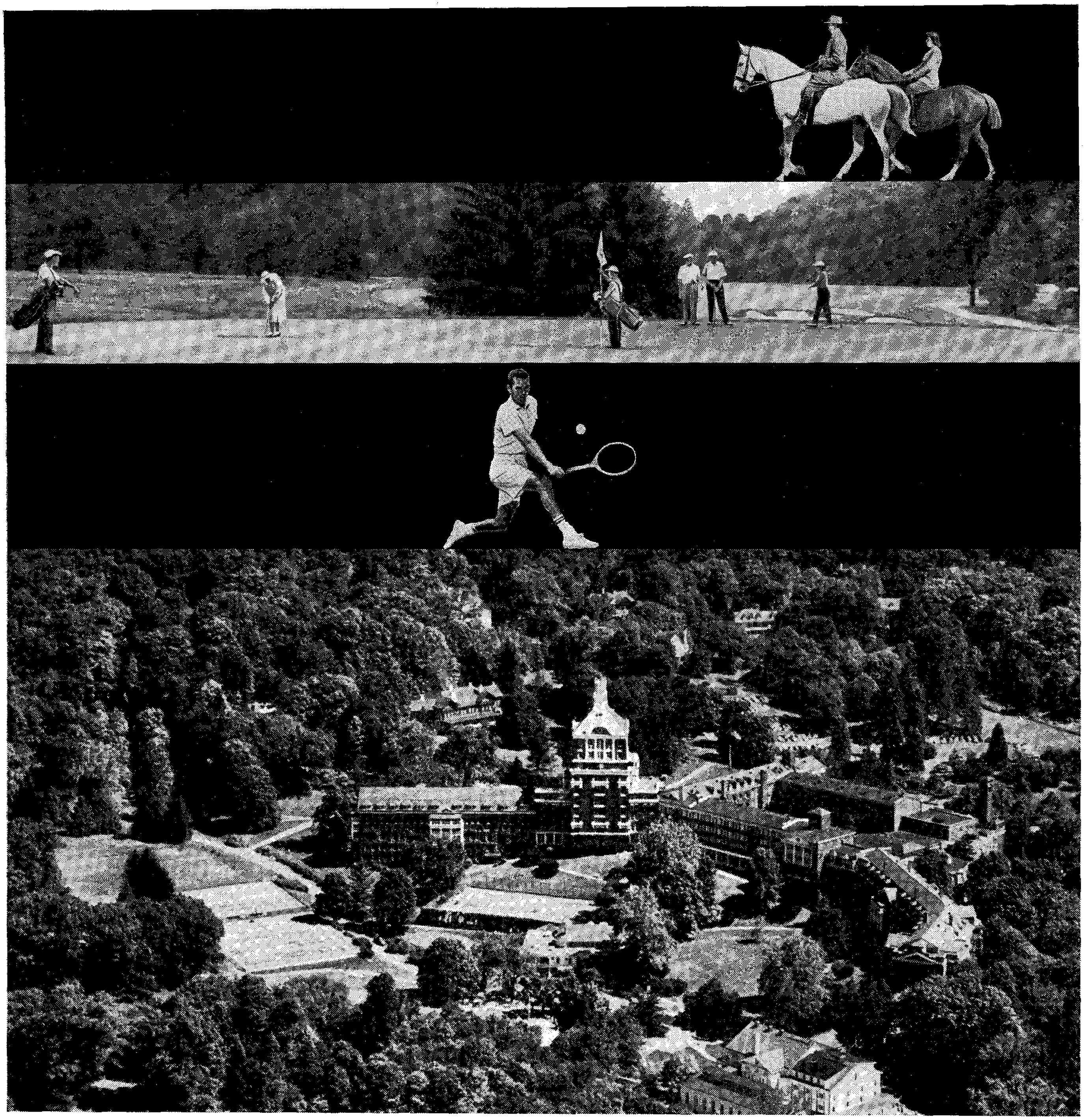

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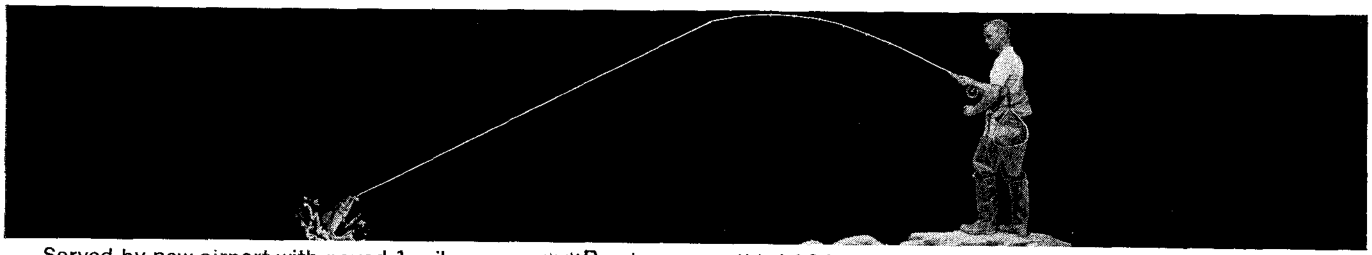

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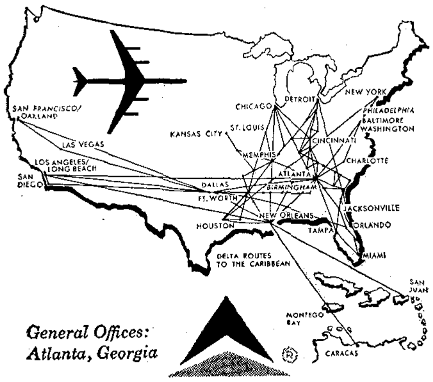
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and "Till There Was You." Mr. DaCosta has seen to it that his Technicolor Iowa town is spotless, and that Mr. Preston and Miss Jones have been surrounded by all kinds of admirable people, including Paul Ford, Buddy Hackett, Pert Kelton, and Hermione Gingold. The comedy is broad and not always apt, and the picture is a bit too long, but, all in all, it's a pleasant way to spend a couple of hours of a summer's day.

FOUR French directors had a hand in "Tales of Paris," and they ought to be ashamed of themselves. The thing has to do with four Frenchwomen in the throes of love, and it reaches a state of mindlessness with alacrity. Episode One deals with a cooch dancer who jumps into a cab and immediately falls in with a Hollywood producer. Episode Two is concerned with a plastic surgeon's wife whose last premarital sweetie reappears to say that she was always an iceberg. Episode Three— But why go on? To add to its difficulties, "Tales of Paris" includes a spate of rock 'n' roll.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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I had, or try to forget.

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When life was in the balance
and death was a matter of chance,
I caught myself in prayer.

It was more than I could bear
to pray to a God I'd forgotten.
I felt I was taking God in.

I seem to put all my faith
in some unidentified wraith
whenever the chips are down.

I accept a monstrous loan.
I know I may never earn it.
I fear I cannot return it.

I accumulate unpaid bills
that give me fever and chills
from a creditor I never met.

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I will be held to account,
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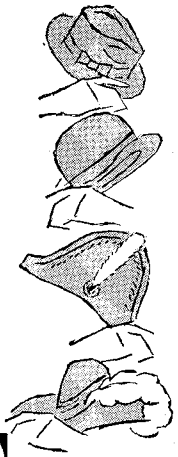
—LAURENCE LIEBERMAN



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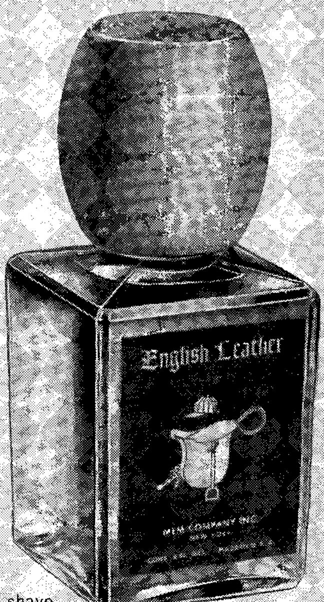
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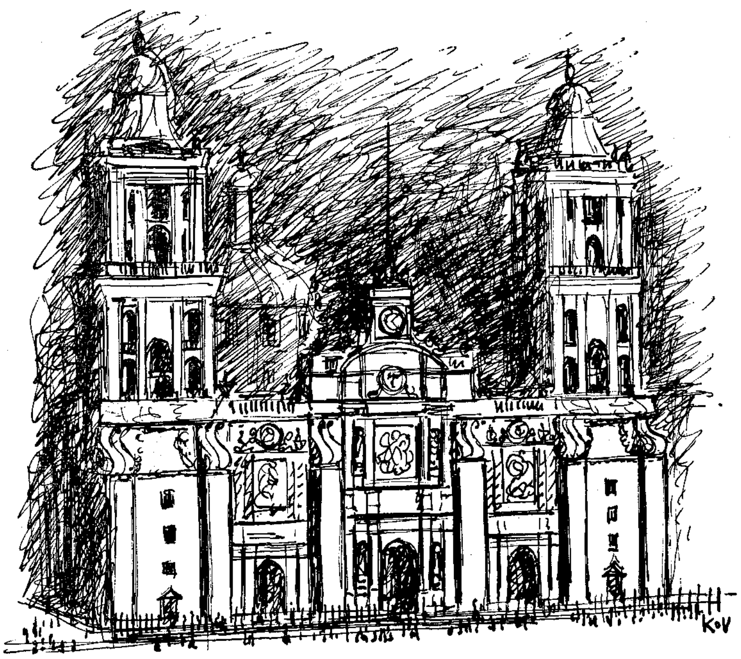
LETTER FROM MEXICO CITY

THE first time I drove to Mexico City, about ten years ago, there was only one accepted route from the United States border to the capital—the Pan-American Highway that runs parallel to the Mexican Gulf Coast. In those days, considerable ritual connected with the expedition was passed down from veteran travellers to postulants; there were admonitions about not driving after dark because of stray cattle, about spending the last night on the road at the San Antonio Hotel in Tamazunchale (name to be memorized as "Thomas-and-Charlie"), and about starting the climb into the Sierra Madre Oriental toward Mexico City at a certain hour in the morning to avoid the dangerous fogs. These little tourist romances are no more. The new Route 57 shoots down the center of the republic as straight as its United States approach, Route 59, shoots from Houston to Laredo. Along the way, motels with swimming pools are run by staffs whose members will speak Spanish only under provocation, and gas stations shaded by wavy, free-form concrete roofs make a tourist who is carrying an emergency water bag and a spare can of gasoline feel like an utter fool. It is the sort of road that most strongly reminds one (just as driving out on Long Island does) how fantastically fast the physical appearance of our world is now changing.

In spite of such softening of superficial contrasts with the United States, however, Mexico remains a foreign, even an alien, country. To me it seems to have a unique face, less European and more revolutionary than South America's, and totally unlike Spain's, but with some of the medieval quality that, in Europe, only Spain retains—a completely new, Latin-Indian country, as mysterious and unknown as the empire that gave itself up to Cortes with such self-destructive ease on One-Serpent Day in the year Three-House of the Aztec calendar, four hundred and forty-one years ago. The new cross-country highways, as well as contemporary Mexico City itself, within its new ring of freeways and viaducts, seem superimposed—without much connective tissue—on a country of overwhelming loneliness and solitude. Solitude is an ever-present motif in Mexican writing and art—not just the solitude of the empty rear-view mirror but a solitude connected with living on an *altiplano* averaging well over five thousand feet in height, with stony nights in which the stars seem as far, or as close, as the nearest house. It is a solitude, finally, of a strangely sombre people, who even resort to murder (so a local theory runs) as the ultimate means of forcing themselves into awareness of their fellow-men. (Mexico City, half the size of New York, has ten times as many murders yearly.) Death itself has constantly been recognized by visitors as a dominant theme of Mexican life; they may cite the sugar-candy skulls that children nibble on the Day of the Dead, November 2nd, or the *calaveras*—political cartoons with dancing skeletons, which are as popular here as they were in Europe in the days of Holbein—or the tragic death that is the prerequisite for the creation of a national hero. (General Santa Anna, a hero who cost Mexico more than seven hundred thousand square miles of territory, including Texas, was popular during his lifetime, but he allegedly derived most of his popularity from having a leg shot off by the French; when he had it solemnly buried, he was able to cash in on the fact that at least part of him was already dead and in the earth.) To the Indians before the Spanish Conquest, it must have appeared that death, not life, was the natural human condition, forever to be kept at bay with thousands of human sacrifices; each fifty-two years was a life cycle, at the end of which all fires were extinguished and the survival of the world was much in doubt. Mexican writers tell us how "faraway cries" from that era still seem audible to them.



During my first Mexican visit, before I knew about the vast body of such lore, I somehow became aware of all this. I remember how, on one of my first days in Mexico City, I was suddenly gripped by the mood of loneliness and death—while talking in the lobby of a modern hotel. During my present visit, I at first could not regain that sensation, though Mexicans assured me that such feelings were still basic elements of their lives, no matter how well they were hidden under layers of contented affluence, at least in the capital. Then one day an earthquake brought back the feeling. It was early in the morning—the bright, still morning of the high plain—and I was having breakfast at Sanborn's, a jazzy, gleamingly North American place. When the sickening sway of the earth began, the waitresses knelt and, weeping, started to cross themselves and pray; it was a rediscovery, underneath the air-conditioning and the Muzak, of death. According to one etymological theory, "Mexico" means "Land of the People Buried Under Lava."

All this is not to say that Mexico presents itself as a sad country. Life and its colors here are much too violent for that. The sky is too clear, the air too pure. The landscape rises through the entire scale from jungle to mountain snow, but the lasting impression is one of semi-arid hills and gorges covered with patches of yellow, stubbly grass; of rows of maguey and cactus, with now and then a sudden cypress; of thatched huts, crumbling old stone walls, and sun-baked villages oddly centered on little European churches. It is an unbelievably clean landscape, into which no city civilization has spilled, not even along the roads to Mexico City itself; bathed in a Greek light, it is permeated with the smell of dry sunshine on dust and sand. At times, in the utter stillness, it seems to present a picture of the earth before the creation of man.

MEXICO CITY and all the towns I know on the high plain have a certain bleakness at night, when it be-

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comes quite obvious that their Latinism has been exiled very far indeed from the Mediterranean, but during the day they are lively and even exhilarating. Mexico City is beautifully laid out, with sunny parks and dramatic avenues along which the vast traffic sweeps and cuts in and out with wonderful anarchy. There are fewer exotic street scenes and less noise than there were a decade ago, and the big markets are now housed in modern buildings, but the sense of abundance—of tropical fruits, flowers, baskets, and blankets in every color—is as ubiquitous. Chapultepec Park, with its picnickers and just starers into space (Mexicans have a great talent for draping themselves decoratively in a natural setting), is one of the gayest parks in the world. Rows of chattering Indian children march through with their teachers, on their way to Chapultepec Castle—Emperor Maximilian's old palace—to see the coach in which Juárez fled to El Paso and the one that Maximilian ordered from Italy. Some streets, like the Avenida de Nueva León, with its double row of huge palm trees in the middle, are so generous in their layout that it hurts to think back to New York and its scattered trees struggling up out of gratings in the sidewalks. The local feeling for decoration shows not only in the bearing of the inhabitants—and, of course, in the architecture—but in such little things as lakes and trees painted on the backs of trucks, curtains painted on bus windows, and taximeter and gearshift handles made of transparent plastic encasing small roses.

In this city they are tearing down and rebuilding at a rapid rate, and there is little compassion for the historic. From an office on the thirty-first floor of the Torre Latino-Americana, a skyscraper in the center of the town, I saw how new avenues had been cut right through the local equivalents of Montparnasse and Montmartre. The man I was calling on, an economist, told me that fabulous deals attend such projects. Real estate is still the favorite hunting ground of Mexican investors, who have little patience with six- or eight-per-cent returns; they are after capital gains, which, until the beginning of this year, were barely taxed at all. The Torre, with forty-four stories, is the tallest building in Mexico and reputedly the tallest building ever to resist an earthquake as strong as the one in 1957. (Mexico grades its quakes according to the Mercalli scale, whose highest measurement, 10, is defined as "complete destruction of all buildings," which puts the Mexican architects who claim that their buildings can *resist* quakes of an intensity

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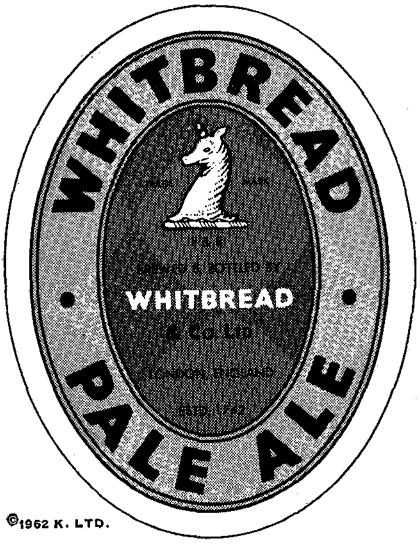

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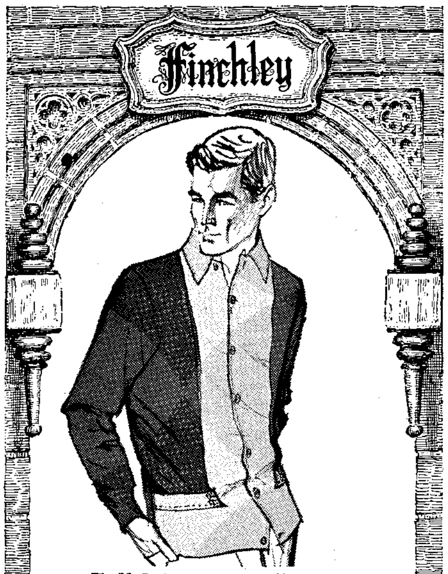
of Mercalli 10 in a logical impasse. The 1957 quake had a rating of 7.) The Torre derives its quake resistance both from piles that reach down a hundred and seventy feet through the muddy subsoil to bedrock and from underpinnings that float sixty feet deep in the mud, buoying up the rest of the structure. Mexico City has a remarkable combination of earth tremors and muddy, slowly sinking subsoil; the mud deadens the shocks, but otherwise the two demand contradictory architectural treatment. Because the mud is slowly sinking away, the piles have to be adjustable, so that the building will not be left high and dry in the air. This gradual caving in of the subsoil is caused by dehydration of the valley floor, begun when Cortes drained the lake surrounding the Aztec capital of Tenochtitlán and his soldiers (behaving as soldiers have behaved since the beginning of history) destroyed the forests on the surrounding hills. The effect of the subsiding can be seen, for instance, on the Paseo de la Reforma at the gilded statue of the Angel of Independence. Once, the Roman column that supported the figure rested on street level; now a grass-covered ramp at least two feet high leads up to it. Because any lowering of the water table hastens the sinking process, it has finally been declared illegal to drill wells within the Federal District. The city must now go farther and farther in its search for water, some of which comes from the River Lerma, thirty miles away. During the violent summer-afternoon storms, the rain sometimes comes down in such solid sheets that one has to stop one's car for lack of visibility, but the deforested valley can no longer retain the water—as nice an example as any of man's destructiveness toward his own surroundings.

ON my present visit, I became acquainted with Pedro Ramirez Vásquez, the architect of the National History Gallery, in Chapultepec Park, which he calls "a building built not to be seen." Its floor is an ascending spiral, which inevitably invites comparisons with the Guggenheim Museum, to Señor Ramirez' discomfort. The Gallery is a beautiful structure, made of glass and the natural rough stone that is one of the finest elements of the local architecture. It faces *outward*, and that is what its architect wanted. "Aztec builders were obsessed with space," he said to me, "and our young architects are trying to return to that idea, as in our University City, which was their first chance to work that way on a large



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scale. Spanish colonial builders turned their buildings toward the inside, which was a good idea in a parched Spanish or North African town, but in Mexico this style ignored the two main natural assets: the clear, cool air and the high colors of the landscape. The present International Style, with its blind walls and wholly unnecessary and expensive air-conditioning, commits the same error on an even grander scale." César Balsa, the hotel-chain millionaire, is one of those who have compounded this error and prospered in the process. All his places—the new and huge El Presidente and María Isabel hotels, the Jacarandá night club, and the Focolare restaurant—shut out Mexico and substitute black walls and ceilings with green lighting. Complete with grumpy waiters, they are places for a nostalgic New Yorker to feel at home in, but on the *altiplano* they seem indeed an error, and almost a crime. Señor Ramirez may be right, too, about the colonial buildings, but the few I have had a good look at I have liked immensely—possibly for wrong, sentimental reasons. One, on a square called the Corner of Jesus, is the former house of the Count of Santiago, which is now being restored. Another is, of course, the National Palace, which was mainly built in the seventeenth century and is now the President's executive office. There is something intensely romantic about these structures' immense courtyards, enclosed by balustraded galleries many stories high—about all this space, and the sky above, *within* a building. But such edifices do not come to life any more; they were built for an age when a hundred servants waited on one family. The great plaza called the Zócalo, on which the National Palace faces, along with the Cathedral and other buildings in styles dating from 1573 to 1941, certainly represents space, in a different European way. It is a magnificent square, no longer broken up by the grassy triangles that are still shown in most picture-postcard views of it, but no less human in scale for that. The severity of the stone pavement is alleviated by the pedestrians crossing it at all hours of the day and night, by the old shoeshine men in faded blue overalls, by the ladies entering the Cathedral clutching armfuls of gladioli, and by the irregularity of the buildings themselves—the careening Cathedral, the asymmetrical façade of the Palace.

University City, the site of the University of Mexico, has already become a classic of the new Latin-American architecture. It is certainly an utterly modern and stunning complex, yet it is

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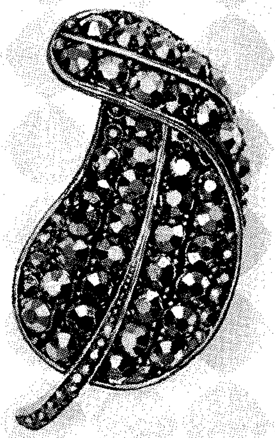

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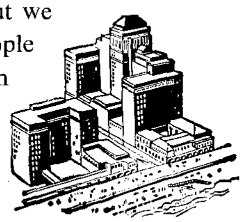

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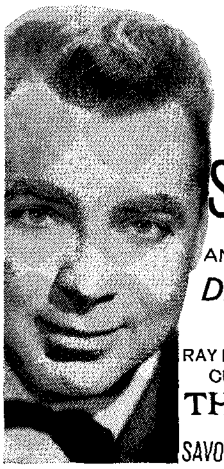

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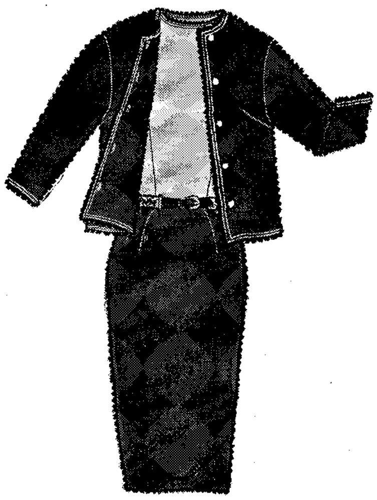

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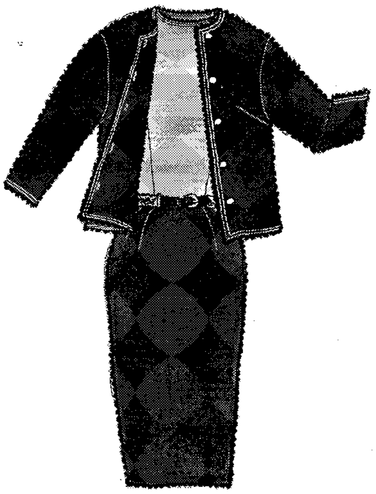

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strongly reminiscent of the scale model of the center of the old capital, Tenochtitlán, that can be seen in the Anthropological Museum. This resemblance may satisfy the sense of continuity of my architect friend, but unfortunately University City is not in the center of Mexico's present-day capital. It is an hour's bus ride away, and there is no doubt here that its sequestration was a carefully calculated move by President Miguel Alemán, who was in office when it was started, in 1950. The remote location and dispersed layout of the university removed the leftish student body from the life of the town, broke the links between the various schools (each now has its own restaurant and other facilities, and the endless distances between them would cool any student's political ardor), and made teaching there almost impossible for the impecunious radical intellectuals who used to squeeze in a few hours a week as lecturers at the old downtown university. One of the main roads to University City, the Avenida de la Universidad, would startle a North American town planner, for the area that it passes through resembles an idealized suburb of Los Angeles, completely avoiding the many uglinesses that our eyes have become used to in the United States. The Fondo de Cultura Económica, the country's largest publishing house, has its headquarters here, and from its roof garden I could see over a wall running along the east side of the avenue. Beyond it were huts of the most miserable sort, put together with clay, newspapers, firewood, and cans, and swarming with women and children. It was a camp of peasant squatters—*paracaidistas*, or parachutists, as they are called here. They were part of the mass of peasants who have come to the city and are hanging on at the edges of its life without really being part of it—at least a million of them, it is said.

The government, as part of its social-security program, is putting up many blocks of apartments for salaried workers—a very much higher stratum, of course, than the *paracaidistas*—but the most striking governmental building activity is the construction of the social-security agency's own local administrative buildings. They, along with the monuments that are always going up everywhere, are, to a half-literate population, so many reminders of its rulers' good intentions. Social security here does not yet cover more than two million out of eleven million workers, but its benefits are much farther-reaching than those in the United States, and include health service and housing. Its

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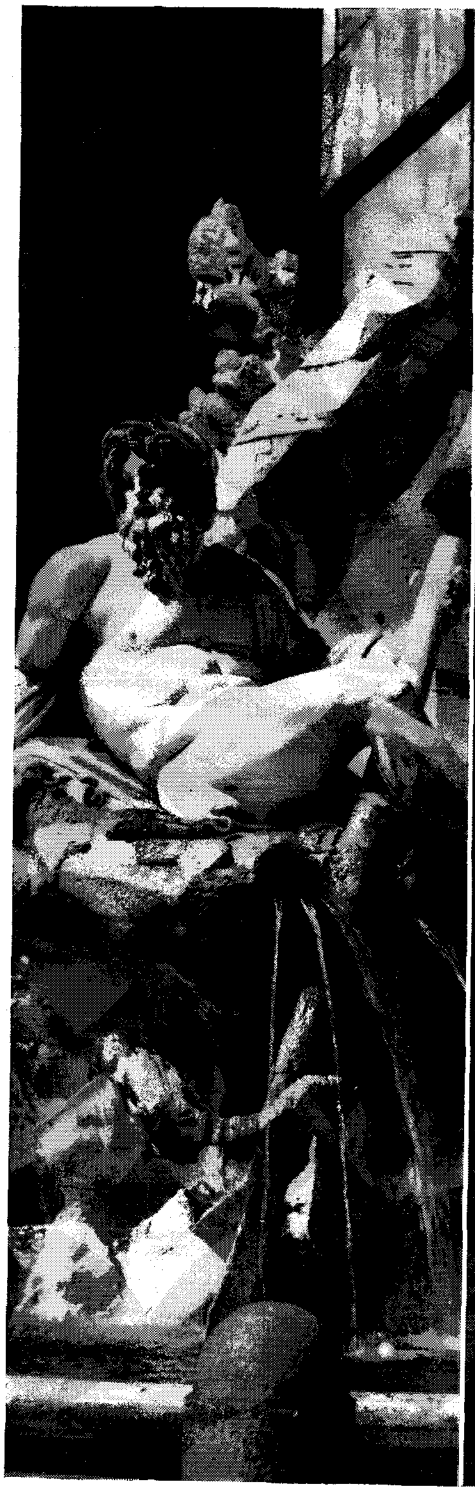

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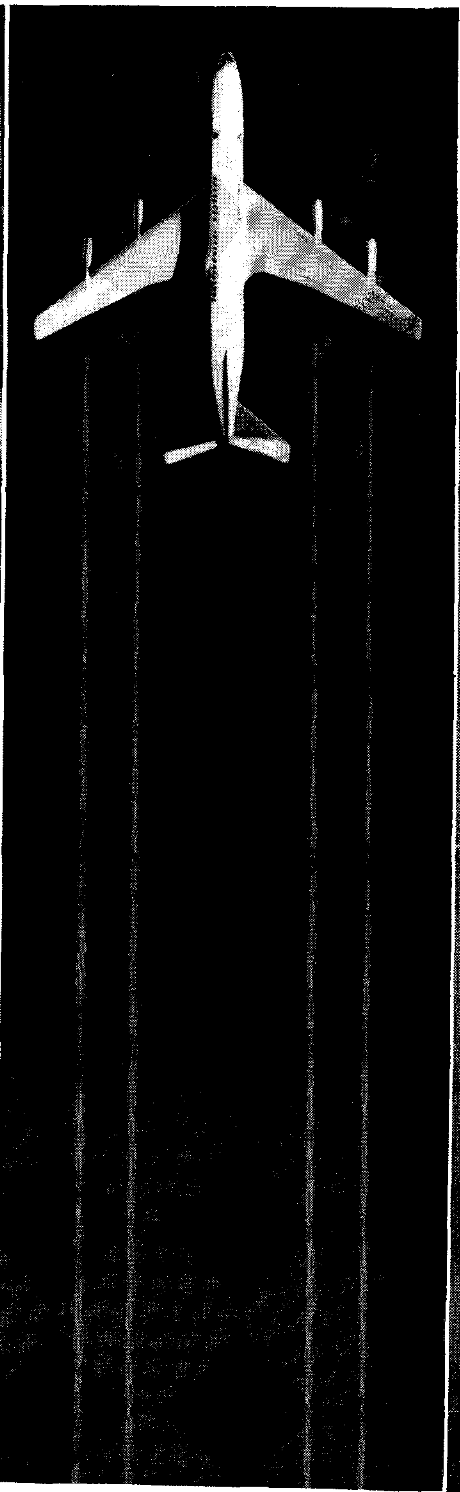

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administration has an office in practically every town that consists of more than three Indians and a mule. These offices are invariably shiny structures, all glass, steel, and stone; ever-present and right in the center of things, like the churches in the Spanish days, they seem cathedrals of a new religion, promising peace and security on earth to men of good will toward their government.

MONUMENTS fit naturally into a nation with a history consisting of an unending series of critical events, the memory of which is kept alive in a kind of political shorthand that assures stereotyped reactions of enthusiasm or mourning. All this started in the town of Dolores. "Dolores Hidalgo, 38 Kilometres—the Cradle of Mexican Independence" is written by hand on a wooden sign pointing down a road that branches off from Route 57 at San Luis de la Paz, a hundred and twenty miles northwest of the capital. I drove down this road on a Sunday afternoon, coming to the town just after sunset. Suddenly, I was on a ceremonial highway, lined with cypresses and high concrete lamp-posts, along which children were playing in the late light. The town's church was packed, and at least a hundred people were kneeling outside on its steps; those in the plaza beyond paid no attention to them or to the incessant ringing of the church bells. In this church, at dawn on September 16, 1810, the village priest, Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, an old man in disrepute with his superiors because he was known to read French books, rang the church bell and startled his flock by proclaiming independence from Spain and freedom for the Indians. A year later, the Spaniards had his severed head up on the walls of their fortress at Guanajuato, but his cry, the *"grito de Dolores,"* kept Mexico awake for the next century and a half. He stands in the plaza in greenish bronze, clutching a banner and surrounded by trees and curlicued benches painted silver. Men in serapes and pretty girls with ponytails and pure Aztec profiles go by. A second monument, erected in 1951 by Alemán the Builder, the Pharaoh of Mexican presidents, stands nearby—a huge, Renoir-type woman in light stone, holding her hand to her mouth in a cry. A third Hidalgo monument, truly Mexican and very beautiful, is at the entrance to the town—four tall figures holding flags, or possibly axes, in one stylized lump of stone, at least twenty feet high, with steps around it and not a word of identification. From a distance, intentionally or otherwise, it looks like one of the

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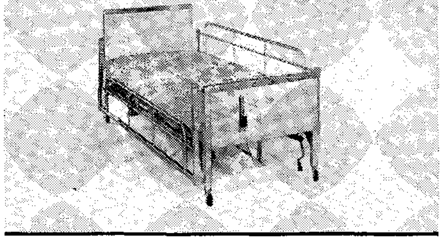

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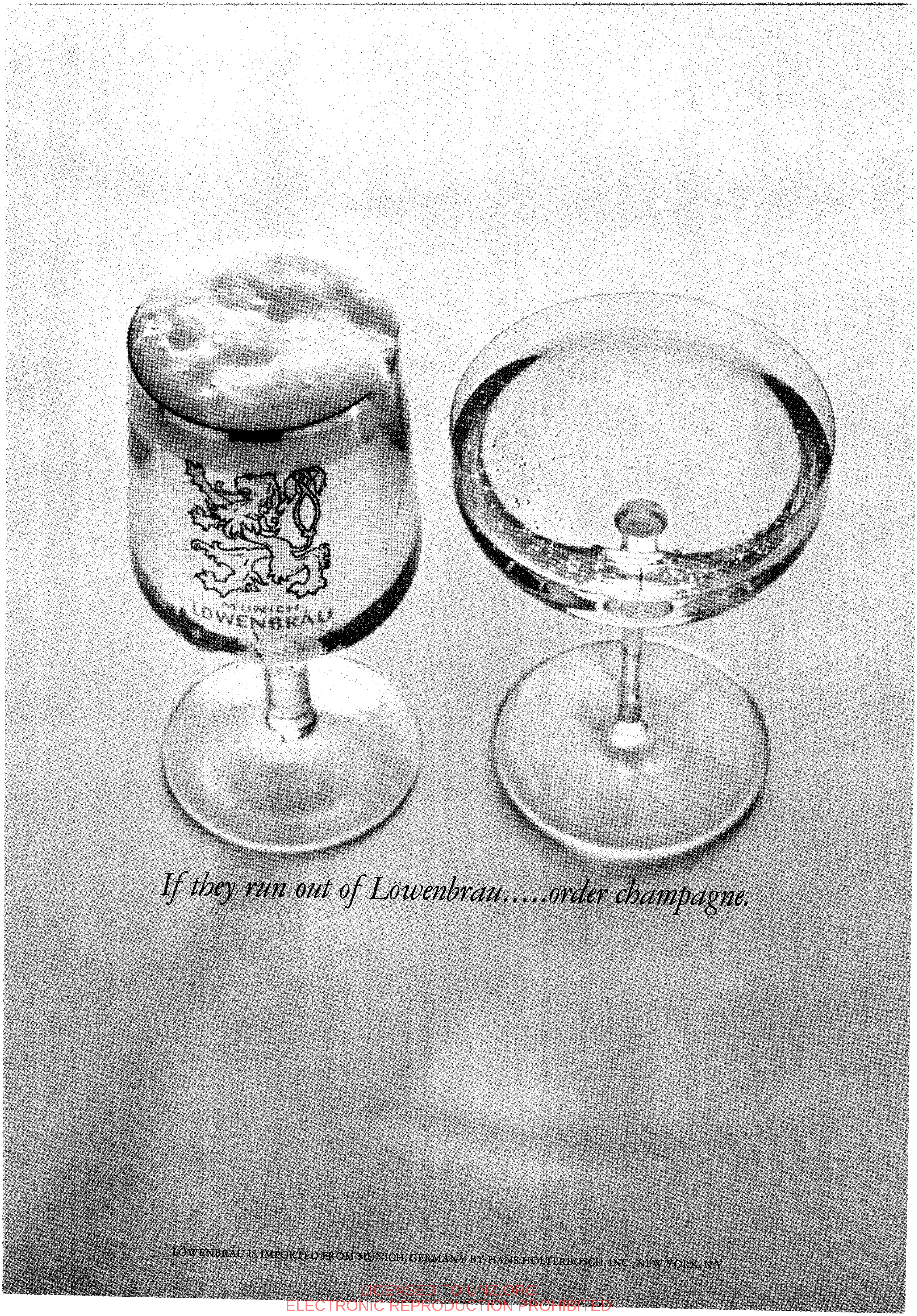
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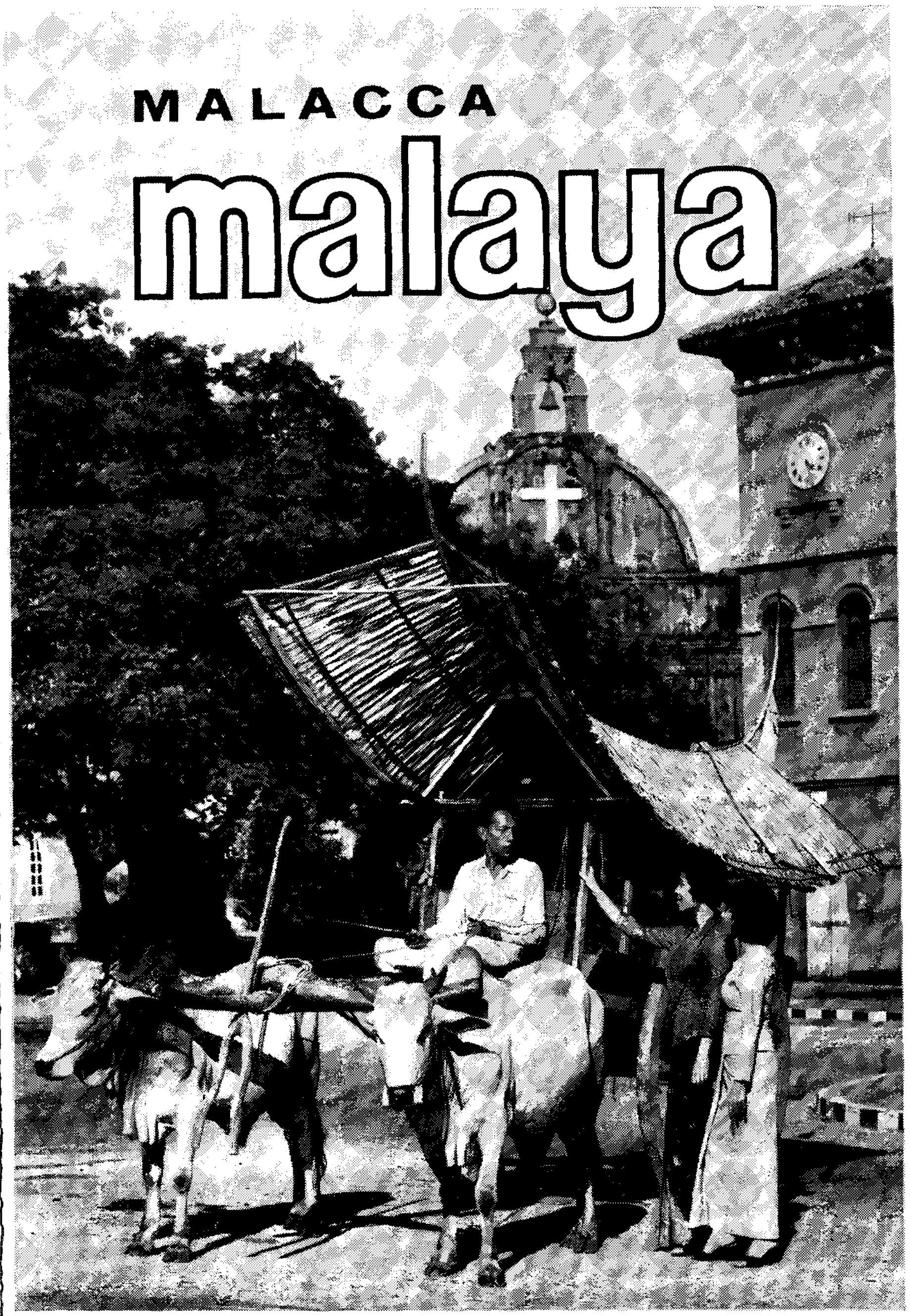
Aztecs' monuments, with their cruel carvings. The church bell rung by Hidalgo now hangs in the National Palace, and is rung by the President every year on September 16th, the biggest national holiday.

May 5th—the Cinco de Mayo—is another national holiday; on that day in 1862, Ignacio Zaragoza, a shy young man in rimless spectacles, defeated the troops of Louis Napoleon at Puebla, thus becoming the first Mexican—and one of the few ever—to get the better of a foreigner. On this past May 5th, during the early part of my stay here, I was in the President's party going to Puebla to commemorate the centenary—not as exclusive an honor as it might sound, for President Adolfo López Mateos always travels by bus on such occasions. "A.L.M.," as he is called here, had promised the people of Puebla a new road during his election campaign in 1958, and, thanks to his government's great flair for timing, he was able to go to Puebla both for the celebration of the battle and for the inauguration of a new four-lane toll highway that puts the town an hour and fifteen minutes from Mexico City. At Río Frío, on the border of the state of Puebla, we were met by the governor and a welcoming party. Río Frío is near the highest point of the road—over ten thousand feet above sea level. A hundred years ago, there was a French inn here, run by a couple from Bordeaux who served splendid dinners, and the area swarmed with highwaymen. Now, both murders and good food are things of the past. We drove on, and where the new road ended in a *glorieta* (which once meant "bower" and now means "traffic circle"), we stopped to inspect another monument, as surprising and brilliant as the one at the edge of Dolores Hidalgo. It was a flattened, asymmetrical cone without a point, about forty feet high—a stone tower in the shape of a lady's evening cape. The only exterior ornaments were the faces of Zaragoza, Hidalgo, and Juárez, in vague relief. With the President, we entered the base of the tower, which was dark. Above, the open top of the structure was almost closed off by a stone slab suspended from chains. On it burned a flame that illuminated a quotation from Juárez—"Peace is respect for the rights of others"—carved on one wall. Looking up, I was blinded by a ring of light—the daylight from the mountain sky coming in around the slab. As the Presidential party marched in and out, a small man in a red sweater was pointed out to me; he was Rodrigo Arenas Betancourt, the monument's



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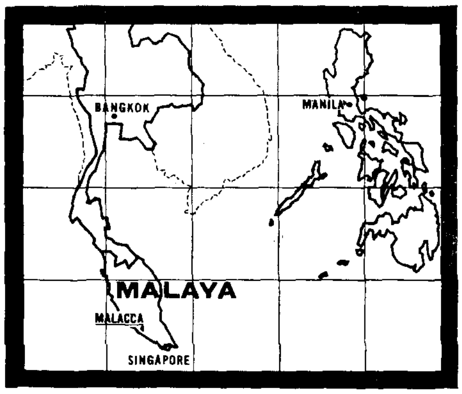

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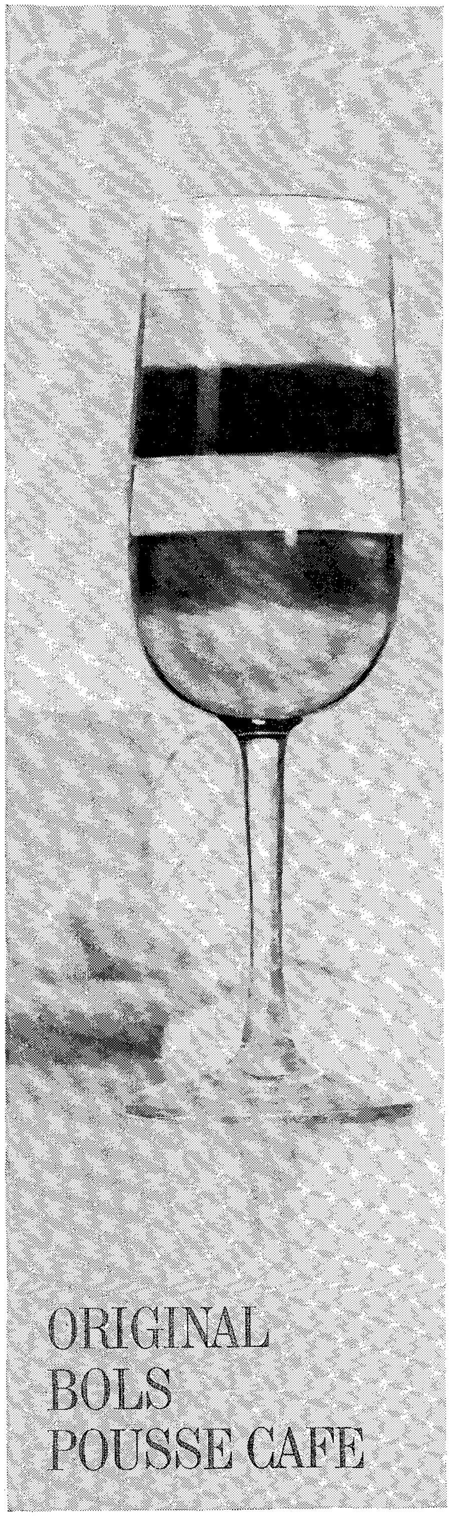

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The Mexican President is a politician who must devote every waking hour to staying above and beyond all day-to-day political conflict. Chosen by the only real party in the country, the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, rather than by the people, he must bid for general loyalty by surrounding everything he does with an aura of foreordination. ("The choice of the President is a mystical process," I was seriously told by a sociologist, and a university professor at that. "Somehow we know who is needed.") Thus, during that long Fifth of May, as A.L.M. went through a series of ceremonies and unveilings, he listened, shook hands, watched, and smiled, but never spoke more than about five words—and these when he administered the oath to a new class of conscripts at the Puebla airbase. The oath-taking was a spectacle of grand color. Facing the bandstand was a vast array of soldiers in various uniforms—khaki, blue, red, green—and in the middle stood a formation of Zacapoaxtla Indians (a tribe that fought at Puebla in 1862) in white, with machetes, sombreros, and brown serapes. Clouds of huge dragonflies hovered over us. In the background, children holding a wall of green, white, and red banners made up an enormous Mexican flag and, at one point, released green, white, and red balloons. Yellow smoke drifted from a line of batteries firing a salute. In the luminous air of the high plain, the combination of all these colors became utterly unreal, and the scene, with its frame of mountain peaks, looked like one of those huge eighteenth-century paintings of a battlefield. This is indeed the latitude and the altitude for mass scenes and mass excitement; it is not the sort of setting for democratic sobriety. Yet throughout the day there was no sign of Mussolini-style ostentation. Typical of the good taste evidenced was the display of the French flag beside the Mexican, above a stone wall bearing the text of a letter from Victor Hugo to Juárez: "I am with you. . . . It is not France, it is the Empire that makes war on you."

In the evening, some of us drove back to Mexico City with Justo Sierra, the President's first aide, who combines a gentle manner with the face of a ward boss. "The President is staying on for one more day of ceremonies," he told us. "He must be out of Puebla by the seventh, because that's the day the French troops got back into the town." Everyone laughed. In the end, of course, the French were defeated, and

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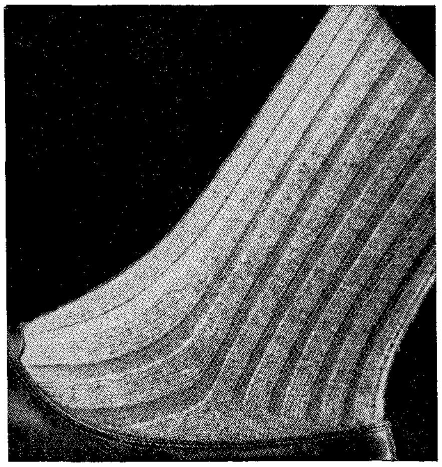

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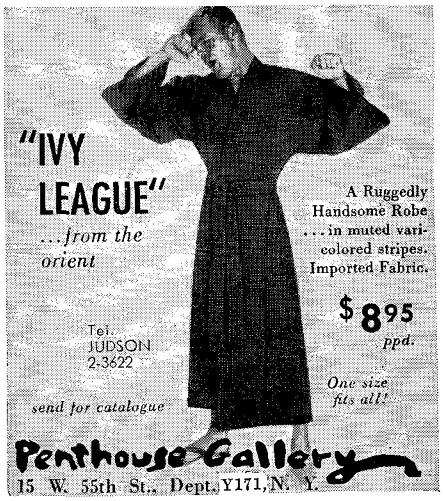

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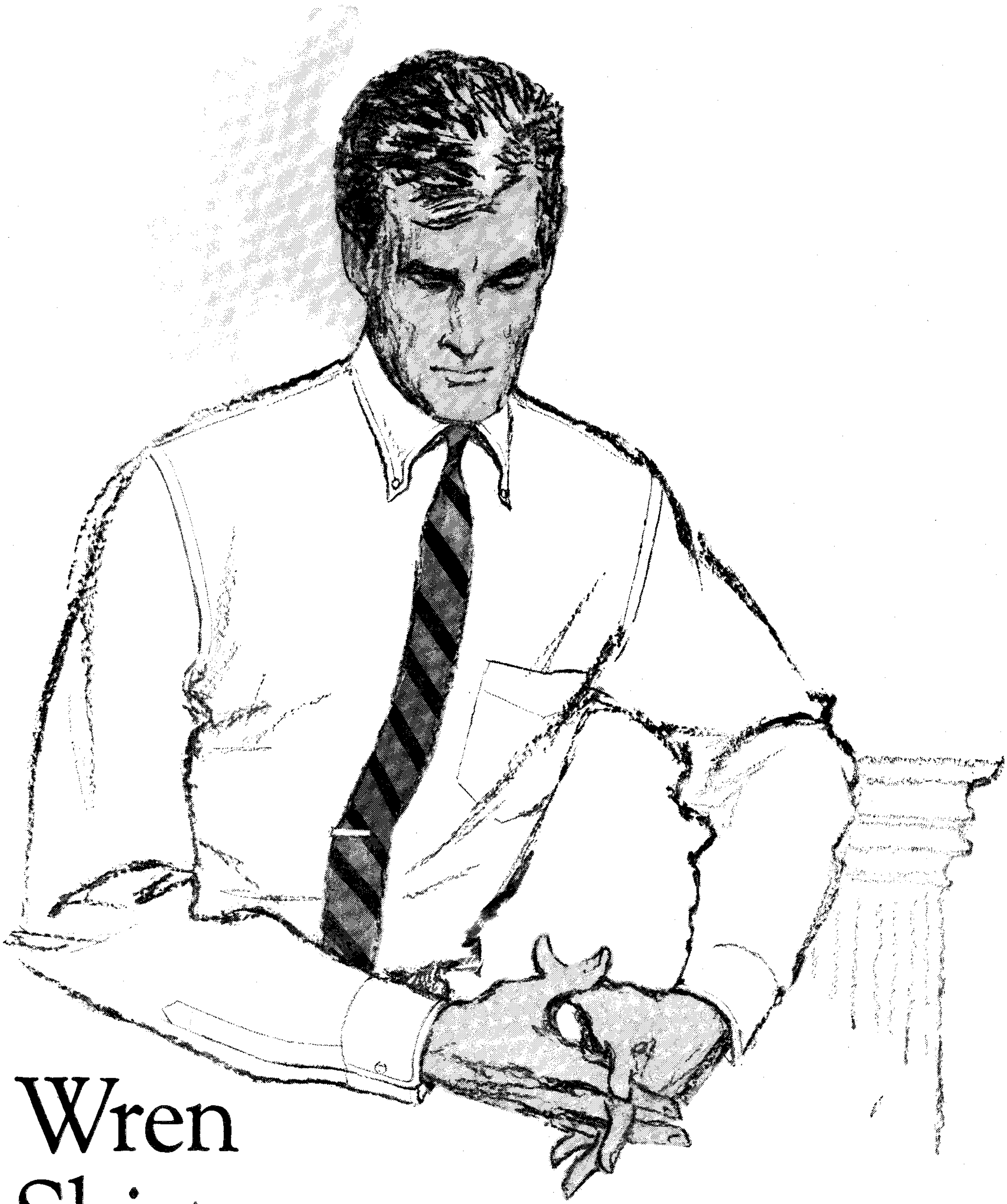

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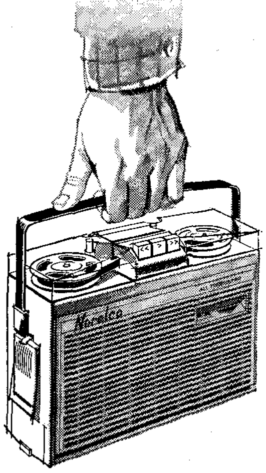

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their imported emperor, Maximilian, was shot. But since Ignacio Zaragoza had by then died of typhoid fever, leaving command of the Mexican troops to a young general named Porfirio Díaz, who lived to become the country's worst dictator, the final victory is ignored in the public life of the republic.

SUCH tortuous reversals are typical of the Mexican political scene—a bewildering seesawing of Good Guys and Bad Guys. Only at the end of the nineteen-twenties, with the creation of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, did the Mexican "strong men" fade out. The P.R.I. is really not so much a party as a *camera* in which the politicians and the bosses and the pressure groups from Sonora to Yucatán can decide, without shooting it out, who is to hold various public offices, and, most important, who is to be President. They have succeeded in deciding the latter question without gunfire seven times now since 1930—no minor achievement. This one-party machine does not resemble the Communist structure; the P.R.I. is undogmatic, ready and eager to absorb any political force that manifests itself, and guided only by a vague heritage of "traditions of the Revolution," which survive more tenaciously in the names of streets than anywhere else. One serious pressure group on the Left of the P.R.I. is the Movement of National Liberation, identified with ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas and his son Cuauhtémoc (named after the last Aztec emperor). Another, to the Right, is the Mexican Civic Front of Revolutionary Affirmation, led by ex-Presidents Miguel Alemán and Abelardo Rodríguez, and supported by the politically reëmergent Catholic Church. (Despite its name, Alemán's Front of Revolutionary Affirmation is ultra-conservative; it just happens that the word "Revolutionary" has a highly positive emotional value here, and everybody uses it constantly without any meaning whatever.) Last winter, the P.R.I. made a major absorptive effort by placing the seven living ex-Presidents in government posts. Cárdenas and Alemán, who have so little in common, now find themselves not only members of the P.R.I. but actually members of the same government. Such maneuvers may not change political realities in the long run, but I think the P.R.I., and Mexico, have learned to content themselves with the short run.

Not the least of the pressures on the P.R.I. comes from above the Rio Grande. Since 1960, when President López Mateos and others made some statements that sounded too radical and

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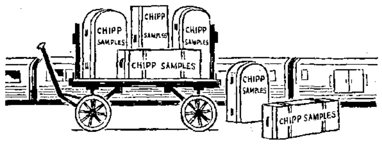

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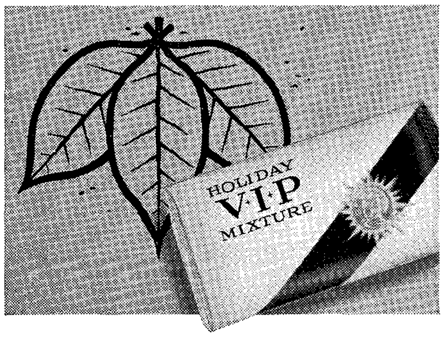

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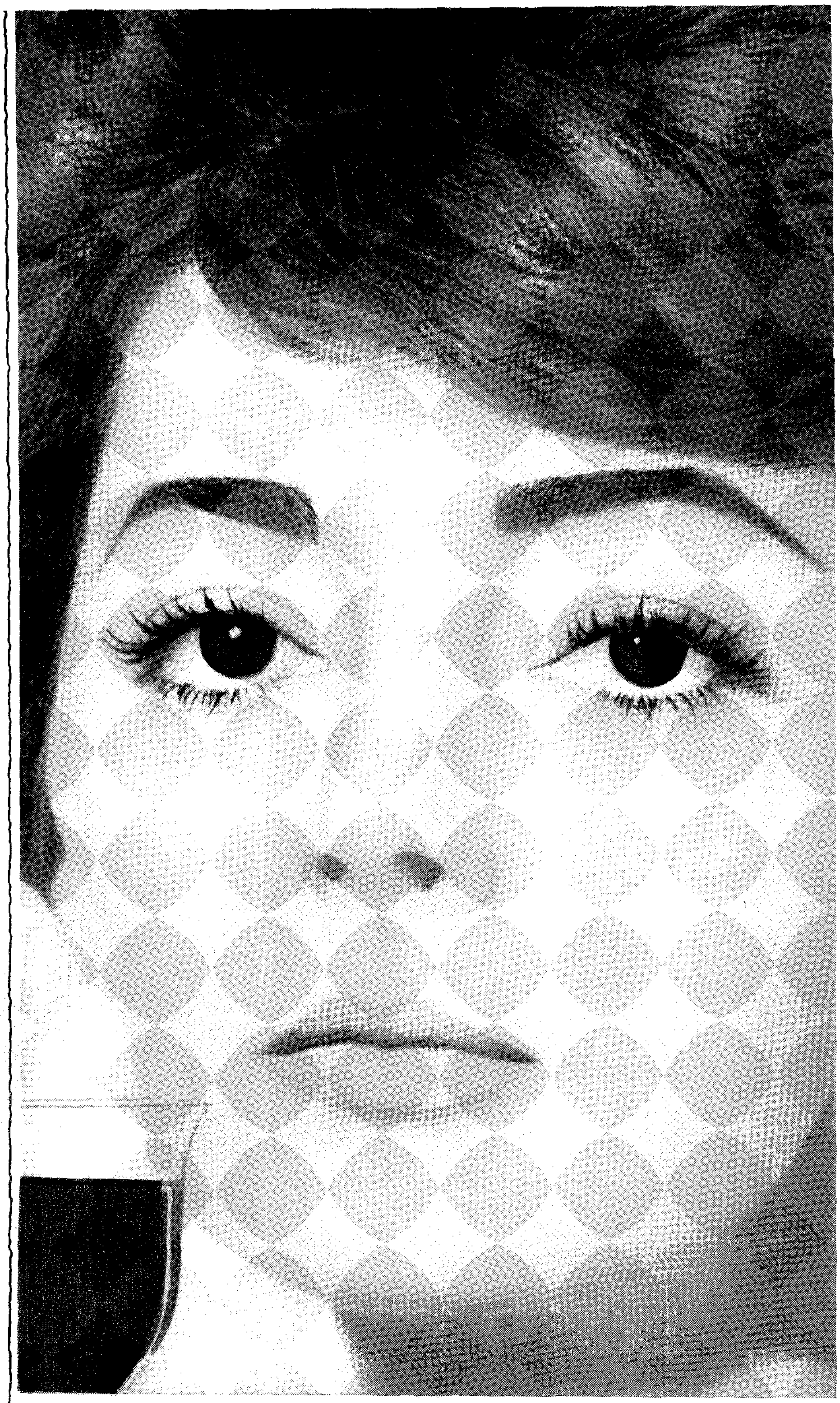
Castroish to United States bankers' ears, a billion dollars is reported to have fled north. Now, with the government forced back to the middle of the road by such pressures, American capital is coming in again. But the annual rate of increase of Mexican production, which averaged 6.5 per cent in the fifties, was given as 3.5 per cent for 1961. Moreover, Mexico's population, now thirty-five million, has more than doubled since 1930, and 3.5 per cent is exactly the present rate of increase. Therefore, 1961 was a year of stagnation, and stagnation is something this country cannot afford. Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas and other men of the Left are optimistic precisely because of this stagnation, or so they told me. The government, one of them maintained, is aware of the economic urgency, and realistic enough to tackle it in the only way that can avert violence—by narrowing the gap between the well-to-do and the poor. "A.L.M. is more active about land redistribution than any president since Cárdenas," a Socialist told me. "Of course, it is an industrially inspired reform. Our industrialists have finally realized that the peasants simply have to be brought into the commercial life of the country and become *customers*. There's no other road for Mexico, unless it wants to go the whole way, like Cuba. The money for this has to come from the rich. The Alemanistas are fighting it, but Alemán doesn't really want to win; he knows that if he did, there'd be another revolution."

If it is true that the Alemanistas do not really seek power, they keep this manfully hidden; those I have met have seemed fully confident that 1964 will bring a Right Wing President, who will create more favorable conditions for both foreign and Mexican investors. Mexican financiers seem to me a rather ruthless breed; their business spirit reminds me of the industrial barons who operated in the United States and Europe at the end of the last century. Indeed, the Mexican economy is in many ways in that particular phase of development. New tax laws, passed earlier this year, are resisted bitterly, although they set a moderate ceiling of thirty per cent. Mexican investors will not furnish capital for a project if the expected annual return is much below twenty per cent; an offering of shares in a firm that predicted an eleven-per-cent dividend was a failure. A foreign oil executive described to me with amusement a favorite local game: industrialists borrow, as a government-guaranteed loan, money from Switzerland that they have previously exported



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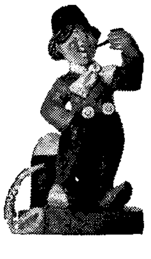

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there themselves. If their enterprise goes bankrupt, the government has to repay the principal. The oilman also explained that a good Mexican lawyer knows five ways to evade a "Mexicanization" law that demands that the money invested in certain industries be fifty-one per cent Mexican. "It's a Don Quixote law anyway," he said, "because when a foreign investor lends money to a bank here—at ten-per-cent tax-free interest—and the bank passes the money on, at seventeen per cent, to a new local industry, it has, by some magic, become Mexican money."

In this atmosphere, the only people who seem truly unhappy are the peons and the foreign liberals. "The countryside is so poor that I just don't know what's preventing a revolution tomorrow," a much travelled American correspondent told me, and a Western ambassador, after closing the door to his secretary's office, called Mexico City "a rotten apple . . . a gloss of affluence covering abject misery." Half the peasants are said to live below the subsistence level, their cash income staying about stationary while prices climb five per cent each year. Half the houses in Mexico City have no water; forty per cent of the city's children receive no education, and of each thousand pupils who do enter school, only twenty-two finish sixth grade. Mexico City may look booming, but along the boulevards there are ragged women with resigned-looking babies bobbing on their backs, hawking newspapers or pathetic homemade brooms, and there are *macheteros*—country boys still carrying their machetes—hanging around contractors' offices hoping to be hired as laborers, and looking blank rather than impatient. I once saw some of them start pelting a wall with stones when a foreman told them to go away—a rage quite ominous in its unexpectedness.

> We wander here and there
> In our desolate poverty;
> We are mortal men

wrote an Aztec poet in 1523, and not much has changed since.

MENTION of President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress draws no cheers here but, rather, makes most Mexicans look a bit disgusted, like teen-agers forced to listen to a fairy tale. The friendliest comment I have heard was that the Alliance provides an argument against the Alemanistas, who are always telling their own government that the United States will suspect Communist tendencies in any progressive social policies. Conversely, a Mexican executive told me that the Alliance was adminis-

the village store

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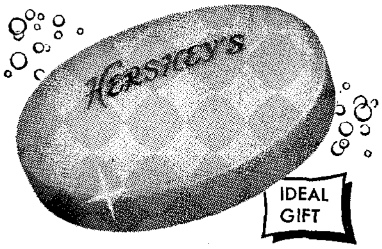

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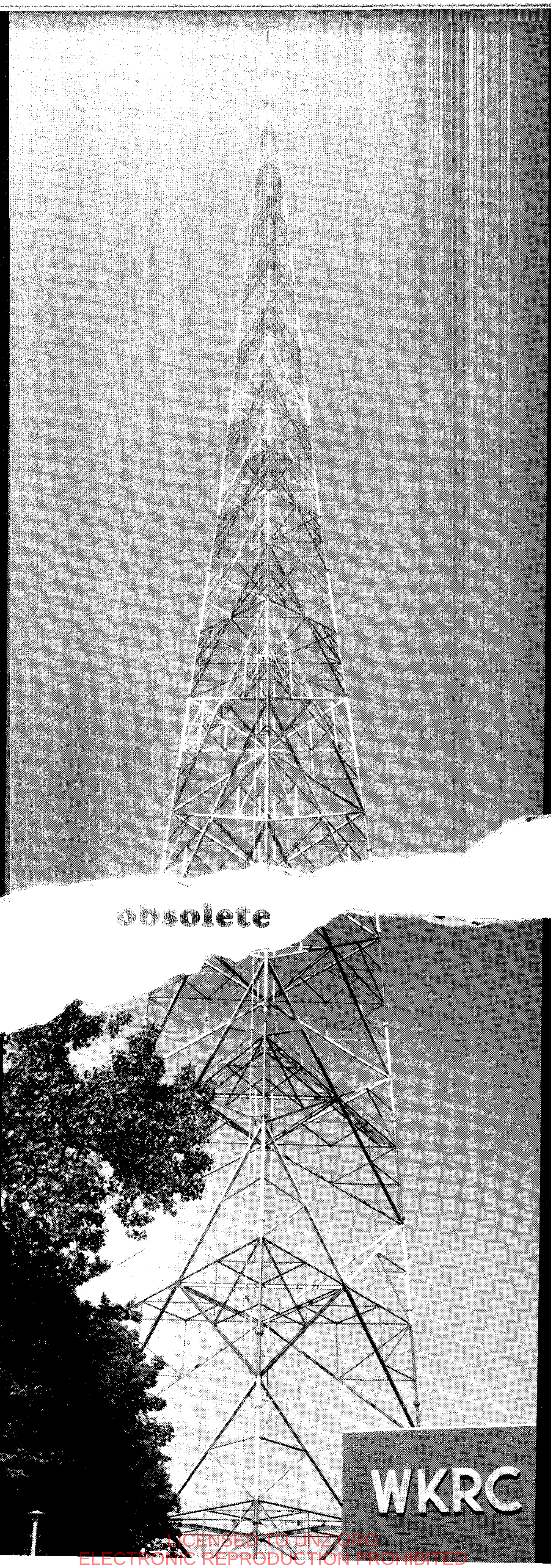

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tered by a Communist in the State Department. I had dinner with this man and his son in his cold, huge house, filled with atrocious, expensive Grand Rapids furniture; we drank velvety tequila bottled on his own estate exclusively for his own family. He had sent his son to the United States to be educated, and since both father and son held forth so bitterly against everything north of the border—going all the way back to the war of 1846 in the process—I suggested to the son that he must have had lots of arguments with his American schoolmates. "Oh, no," he answered. "We never fought about anything except baseball." Then, some time and some tequila later, he said, out of the blue, "If they called me a greaser, I called them gringos." He was a small, very dark boy, actually quite ugly, and it suddenly seemed obvious to me that his political hatreds had grown out of some racial insult—the one insult that no man, and surely no Mexican, will ever forgive. Racism may play a bigger role in U. S.-Mexican relationships than the politicians, the economists, and many Americans, especially from the border areas, would believe. I attended a United States Embassy reception for a group of Mexican schoolteachers who had toured the United States, and an Embassy official told me, "These people are now our friends, because they were treated as equals and seated at the tables of their American colleagues." He seemed to be unaware of the patronizing quality of his words. Similarly, a writer named Juan de la Cabada, who is blond because of his Mayan blood, told me how he had been repeatedly assured during a New England visit, "Oh, you can't be a real Mexican. You must be a Swede." His hosts had meant it as a compliment, but he came back with a burning hatred for the United States. He is a Communist now, possibly converted by an unsuspecting Boston matron.

How much democracy there is in Mexico right now, one fifty-two-year Aztec cycle after the beginning of the last great revolution, seems a matter of semantics. Opposition is tolerated, and even subsidized, which, of course, ends its genuineness. There is no doubt that the people—those who wear shoes—are heard. It is perfectly all right to hire a hall in Mexico City, or place a newspaper advertisement, to protest the corruption and starvation in Village X, as long as everyone is blamed but the President himself (for the President cannot be touched), but to actually go to Village X and rally the peasants there might be unhealthy. There has been a

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Glendale, Calif.	H. S. Webb & Co.
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Kansas City, Mo.	The Jones Store Co.
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Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass Co.
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffums', Inc.
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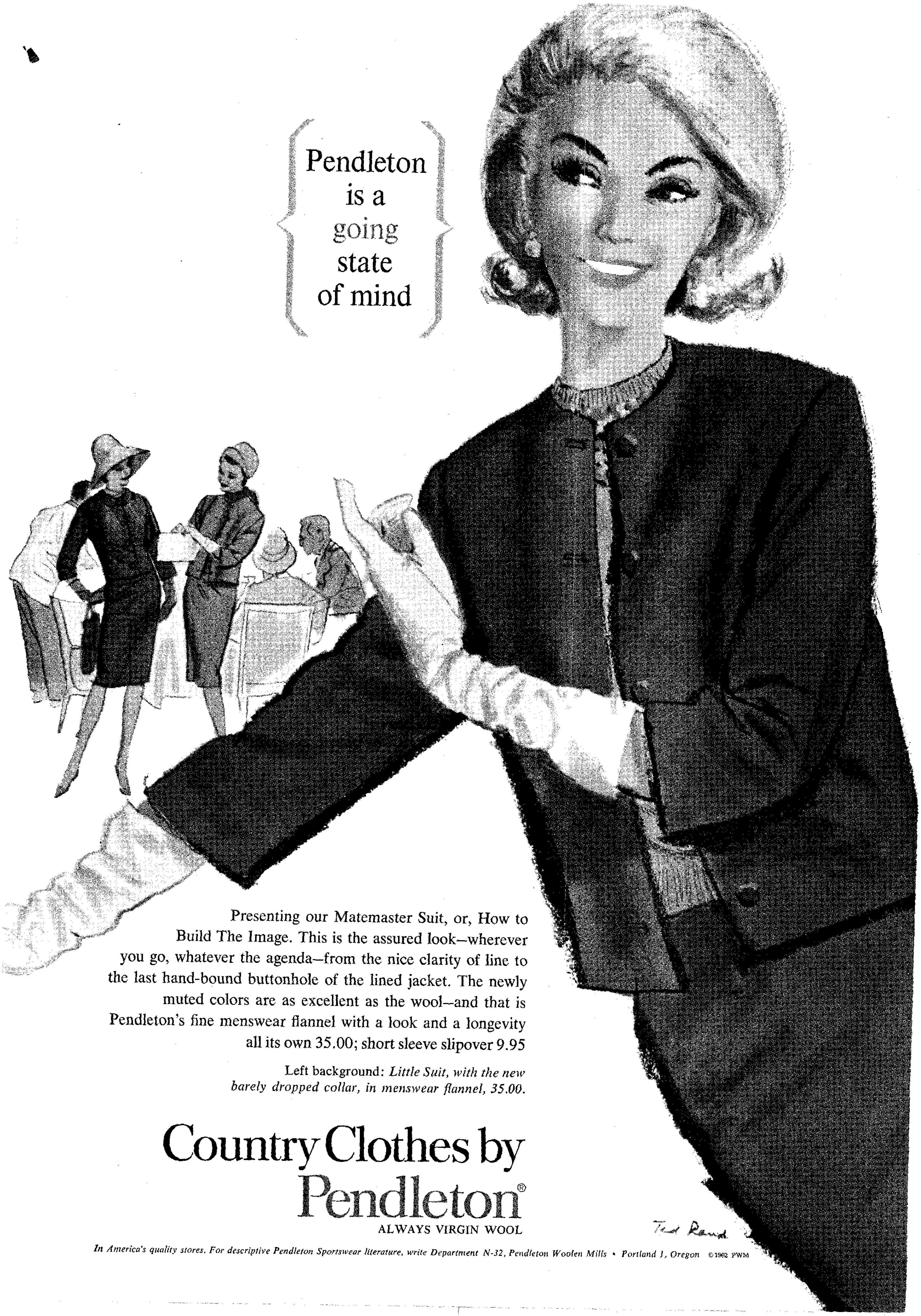

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One morning, I paid a visit to Don Rodrigo de Llano, a gray-haired, extremely distinguished-looking gentleman who is the editor of Mexico's largest paper, *Excelsiór*. When I asked him how things were in Mexico, he looked out of the window, burst into a roar of laughter, and finally said, "Well, they're quiet." It apparently amused him intensely that anyone should really want much more, and he possibly provided the simplest summing up of the P.R.I.'s record so far. *Excelsiór*, a morning paper, has a circulation of a hundred and twenty-five thousand, which, according to Rodrigo de Llano, is not bad when it is remembered how many of Mexico City's four and a half million people are outside the economic daily life of the community. The circulation of three other papers in the city hovers at around a hundred thousand each. Among them all there is little to choose; they are all bad papers, and all conservative in a moderate, Mexican way. Occasionally, some abuse or other is exposed, but there never seems to be a followup, and most news from the interior reads like (and is) a government handout. Magazines are a bit more nonconformist. *Politica*, way-out Leftist, is probably the only publication not somehow subsidized by the government (although some people insist that it is, too); *Siempre*, neutralist-Leftist, is the largest serious weekly (fifty thousand circulation), and is quite well done. In a recent issue, there were five pages of what looked like straight reporting but was actually paid government advertising. One of these ads was a rather sickening paean to Mexican mothers, while an editorial in the same issue attacked the commercialism of Mother's Day. *Siempre* has taken over, as a supplement, the country's best cultural magazine, *México en Cultura*, which used to be published by one of the big dailies but was dropped because its editor became too Leftist. Its survival was

Q What Are Dividends and What Does Ex Dividend Mean?

A People who invest their money in common stocks usually have one of two major objectives in mind. Either they are hoping for capital appreciation as a result of an increase in the price of their stock over the years, or they are looking for income in the form of dividends. Dividends are payments distributed by a company to its stockholders on a pro rata basis. If you own 5/10,000 of a company's common stock, you are entitled to 5/10,000 of the total dividends declared on the common stock.

The dividend on a share of preferred stock is usually a fixed amount, while the dividend on a share of common stock may vary with the fortunes of the company. The company's board of directors decides whether to pay a dividend. As a matter of general business practice, dividends are paid out of current earnings, usually quarterly, but if the company is not currently operating at a profit, the directors may decide to pay a dividend out of past retained earnings. Or they may decide to omit a dividend altogether if business is bad or if in their judgment the company's earnings should be used for expansion or improvement. If business is good, the company may pay an extra dividend.

Sometimes stockholders receive dividends in the form of securities instead of cash. The securities may be additional shares of the company's own shares or shares it owns in another company.

While many companies have paid dividends year in and year out, and some have even paid the same amount every year, they have no contractual obligation to pay a dividend on common stock at all. Nevertheless, of the 1145 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange at the end of 1961, 981 paid dividends totaling $10,430,012,000 during that year. Five of the companies on the Big Board have paid dividends yearly for more than 100 years: Pennsylvania Railroad, Washington Gas Light Company, Cincinnati Gas & Electric Company, Continental Insurance Company, and Scovill Manufacturing Company.

How much are dividends? In recent years, yields on dividend-paying common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have averaged around 5%, but the median yield on common stocks on which dividends were paid was 3.3% in 1961. That means that if our hypothetical company, Typical Manufacturing, sold at 50, it would have to have paid dividends totaling $1.65 to yield 3.3% to its stockholders. To determine the current yield of a stock, the percentage return on your money for a year, simply divide the amount of the dividends paid or estimated in the year by the current market price of the stock.

If you read the financial pages of your daily newspaper, from time to time you will encounter the term *ex dividend,* which is usually abbreviated *xd* in the stock tables. Ex dividend means without dividend. If you buy Typical Manufacturing Company common stock at a time when it is selling ex dividend, you will not receive that dividend; it will go to the previous owner. Here is the reason. When the directors of a company declare a dividend, they declare it payable to all stockholders of record on the company's books on a certain date preceding the actual payment date. Since four business days are allowed for delivery of a stock sold on the New York Stock Exchange in a regular-way transaction, Typical stock is declared ex dividend for three business days before the record date plus the record date itself. If you buy Typical during that four-day period, you are not entitled to the dividend because you can't become a stockholder of record on the company's books by the record date. And of course if you sell it during that time, you are entitled to the dividend.

For example, suppose the directors of Typical declared a dividend of 40¢ per share to stockholders on record as of August 24, 1962, payable on September 17, 1962. If you bought Typical any time from August 21 through 24, you would not be entitled to that dividend, because you would have bought the stock ex dividend.

NEXT WEEK: *What Is Margin?*

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BUSINESS WEEK

in doubt until its writers paid a call on President López Mateos not long ago and got the promise of a government subsidy of eighty thousand pesos a month for six months. There was nothing very unusual about this; the cultural life of Mexico is reminiscent, in its tightness, its highly personalized character, its jealousies and intrigues, and its dependence on the ruling prince, of that in a sixteenth-century Italian town.

CARLOS FUENTES is one of the writers who appear weekly in *Siempre*. He is a very happy-looking young man who made a name in 1958 with his novel "La Región Más Transparente," which became a best-seller (meaning, in Latin America, about twenty thousand copies). It was published in the United States as "Where the Air Is Clear." I think it is quite a striking book, at moments giving a look into the life of this city that is every bit as chilling as Oscar Lewis's lengthy taped conversations with the poor, but when I said as much to Fuentes, he dismissed it with a shrug as "something from a gloomy period." One evening, he took me to a private preview of "The Exterminating Angel," a new movie by the Mexican director Luis Buñuel, whose "Viridiana" is now being shown in the United States. At the preview, the men and the women—some of the latter quite beautiful and most of them possessing great chic—were identical, down to the very shade of the ladies' Max Factor eye makeup, with similar crowds in New York or Paris. Buñuel himself was not; he is almost deaf, wears a faded corduroy jacket, and looks like an Andalusian miner. "The Exterminating Angel," made in Mexico, has been seen only in Cannes so far, and there have been rumors of trouble with the Mexican censor. Weirdly non-realistic, it is a revolutionary movie. In a mansion, servants are making preparations for a dinner party, but they feel that there is something calamitous in the air, and by the time the guests arrive, in magnificent evening clothes, all the help except a butler have walked out. The dinner takes place anyway, but when the party is over, the guests discover, to their horror, that they cannot leave the room, though for no visible reason. For the next few days, they camp in the dining room under rather unpleasant circumstances; then, in the middle of the night, one of them suddenly discovers that they all happen to be in precisely the same places they had occupied on their arrival. With that, the spell is broken, and they are free to leave. At the height of their misery they had

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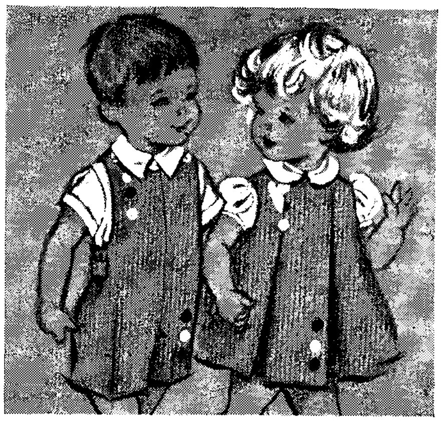

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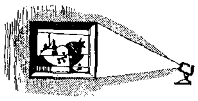

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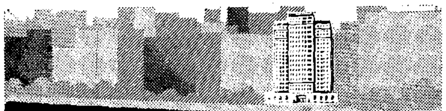

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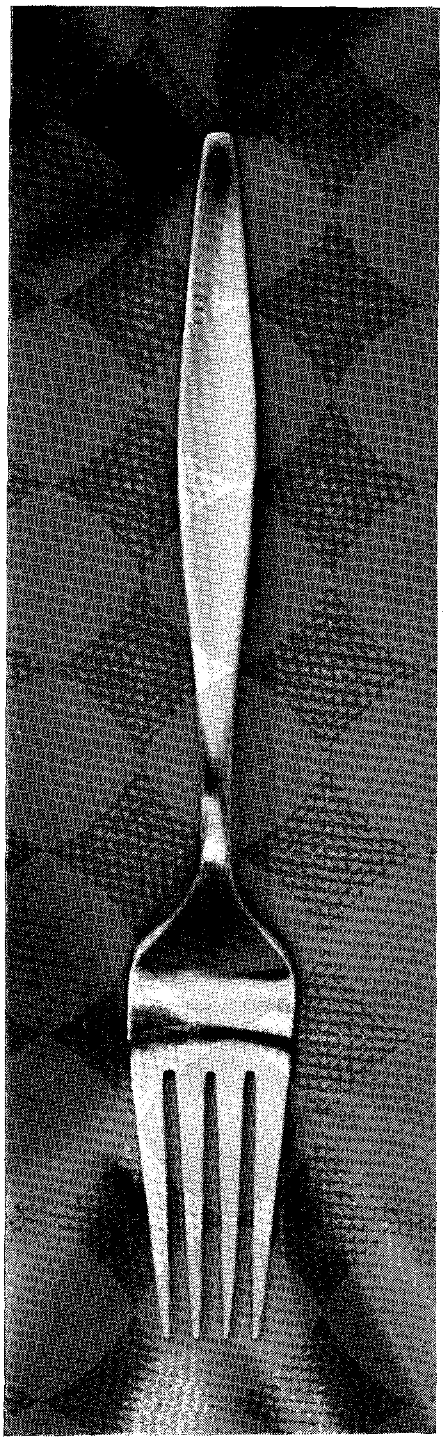

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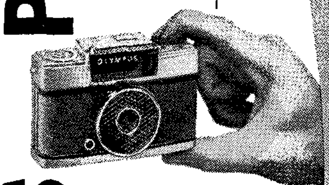
vowed to celebrate a *Te Deum* upon their deliverance, and they set out to do so. After the service, the church exits become jammed; soon it becomes clear that the party is now unable to leave the church. At the end of the movie, a quarantine flag is flying over the church and a flock of sheep is being driven in to feed the prisoners, while in the streets outside helmeted police are using machine guns to disperse a rioting mob. The film has a dreamlike mood, but the dream is a fearful one, and I have told its story here because it seems pertinent to Mexico's present frame of mind.

The Mexican movie industry itself has little to be happy about. The locally made quickies are getting quicker and worse, and more and more men in the industry say openly that nationalization might not be such a bad solution. The lines at the movie houses are impressive, but with a legally fixed four-peso (thirty-two-cent) entrance price—two pesos at rerun houses—this does not mean much. The legitimate theatres (except the National Theatre, in the *art-nouveau* Palace of Fine Arts) also have a single, fixed seat price—twelve pesos, or about a dollar, which is pathetically inadequate. These prices apply only in the Federal District, and were promulgated by Mexico City's mayor, Ernesto Uruchurtu. At a play rehearsal to which I was invited by a director friend, my host appeared less concerned with the play than with the Mayor, who, according to local theatre people, is a relentless enemy of the theatre for some personal reason going back to his youth. I was told that Uruchurtu has steadfastly rejected a proposed system of theatre-ticket prices ranging from two to twenty pesos, which would much more effectively enable poor students to go to a play occasionally. Twice in recent years, after theatrical companies had obtained special government permits enabling them to charge more than twelve pesos, Uruchurtu forced compliance with his policy by sending workmen to tear up the streets in front of the theatres concerned. (The same weapon was used against a pair of parking-lot operators who raised prices above the set municipal rate. Uruchurtu had their entrance cut off by a trench. When they finally telephoned him and gave in, the street was repaired that same night.) Uruchurtu fines theatres that do not raise their curtains within five minutes of the announced time; he has a censor read each play; he has banned cockfights; and he has closed the cheap brothels (but not the expensive ones), as well as the cafés where homosexuals used to gather. He is reported to hate



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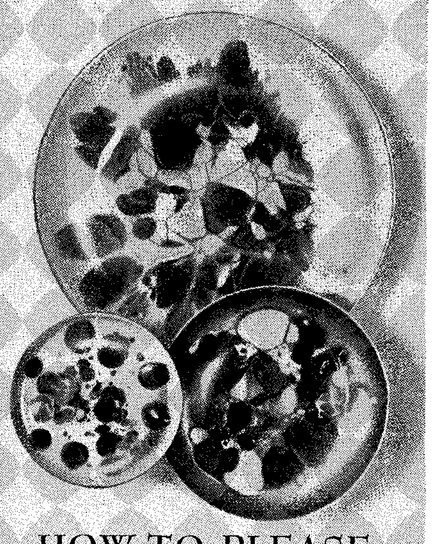
foreigners and to be interested in the Presidency (but to have too many enemies to have a chance), and, in general, he seems a cross between Mussolini and Mayor LaGuardia. The major public amusement he has not tampered with is bullfighting, but bullfighting is steadily declining here anyway, and I would not be surprised if television did away with it entirely before long. On the screen, it is a dreary and revolting spectacle, without any of the redeeming traditional atmosphere but *with* a breathy commentator who feels that he must keep talking. Between him and the commercials, any character of a sacred rite is destroyed, leaving just a group of men lengthily, and often clumsily, killing an animal. Anyone who has watched a Moctezuma Beer commercial blissfully take over just as the matador was making his third attempt to get the sword in must be forever ruined as an aficionado.

On these summer evenings the Alameda, the Central Park of Mexico City, is brightly lit, and couples stroll about to the sound of music from loudspeakers hanging in the trees. On one side, the park ends at an enormous bookstore—the Librería de Cristal—which features names of books and authors on a marquee, like a theatre; on the west and north are the rather dingy streets from which the Mayor removed the cheap brothels (but not the bad Spanish restaurants). The strolling couples don't seem much aware of it, but Alameda Park is the site of the first Bienal de Escultura—a "cultural manifestation" of modern Mexican sculpture. There are some good things (almost any nice piece of stone looks pleasant on grass and under trees anyway), but it is odd to see this 1962 Mexican art and realize that it could just as well be from France, Germany, or West Fifty-third Street. In these last few years, Mexico's tradition of revolutionary, nationalistic art has petered out, giving way to an uncommitted artistic generation, one of whose members, the painter Juan Soriano, has said, "It would not bother me at all if I happened to have another nationality." Such a sentiment would have been unthinkable twenty or thirty years ago. The Revolution of 1910, then the battle against the Church in the nineteen-twenties, and then the years under Cárdenas' kind of Socialism in the nineteen-thirties fostered a feverish creativity, mainly paid for by the government. Most of it was devoted to the production of government propaganda for illiterate and half-literate people, but nonetheless it was neither dreary nor



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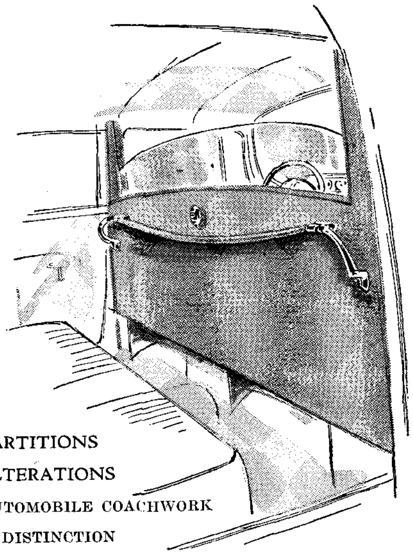

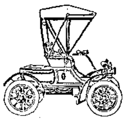

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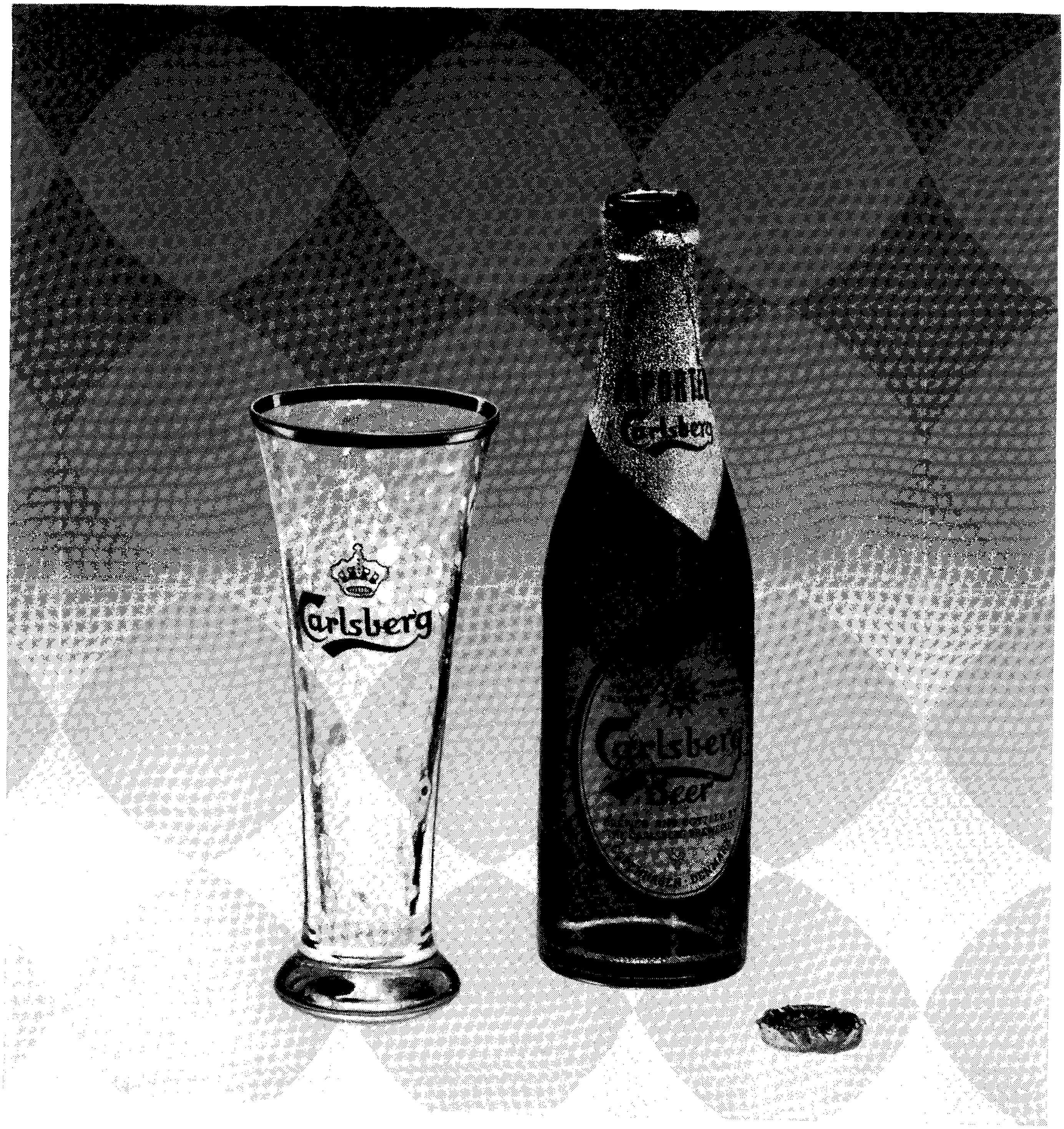

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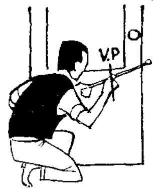
demagogic. Artists felt that they were discovering their country and, through it, themselves; the many scenes they depicted from the past of cruel and sickening killing must have served as a purification for a nation that had been gagged so long.

The culmination of all this excitement was the work of the muralists. The three great ones—Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros—painted Mexican history and Mexican politics on every wall in the country. Across the street from the Count of Santiago's house stands the oldest hospital in America—founded by Cortes in 1527—and attached to it is a small chapel. In the nineteen-twenties, when all religious edifices were secularized by the government, a magazine was turned out in this chapel, and José Clemente Orozco painted the curved back wall and one section of the ceiling. The church authorities, who regained use of the chapel in the late thirties, have asked the government for permission to whitewash his work, but so far this has been refused. And so services are now being conducted beneath Orozco's pictures of torture and greed, of gray, mutilated bodies, barbed wire, bayonets, and something that looks like a rack, or a printing press, or perhaps both—all dominated by a huge, fat prostitute in red, hung with diamonds and mounted on a swollen horse. The light comes in through two stained-glass windows, one depicting a Madonna and Child, one depicting St. Christopher. Orozco left the windows untouched, and perhaps one day the Church will decide that his work is not so far out of place in a Mexican chapel after all, and leave it in peace, too. I hope so, for it is a monument—a kind of summing up—that any artist would wish for. Diego Rivera also has a chapel that could serve as his biography, at the Agricultural College in Chapingo. This chapel is better known than Orozco's, and, in fact, some of Rivera's admirers compare it to the Sistine Chapel. Among the figures in his murals here, the one that impressed me most was that of a hacienda owner, because he was so definitely *not* a caricature, and the more cruel for that—a splendidly tailored gentleman in a bowler and a yellow hacking jacket, with a thin mustache and a whip. One thick wall of the chapel has three deep-set windows that look out into the fronds of palm trees, and the painting continues on the inner walls of these tunnels, making a striking lay version of stained-glass windows. The front wall is covered with very gay, unsuffering nudes; Rivera spent the years of the Revolution in Paris, not in Mexico.

The work of Orozco and Rivera has



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posthumously been declared part of the national patrimony; Siqueiros, whose fate it has been to outlive his era, has been in jail since 1960, and now, at the age of sixty-six, has six more years to serve for the crime of "social dissolution." He was arrested in the riotous month of August, 1960. At the time, he was a leader of the Mexican Communist Party and chairman of the Committee for the Liberation of Political Prisoners—these prisoners being the union leaders arrested for defying the P.R.I. His unforgivable crime, it is said, was criticizing President López Mateos not only in Mexico but also abroad—lèse-majesté that may be pardoned by A.L.M.'s successor in 1964 but will not be pardoned by A.L.M. himself. (Protests against Siqueiros' imprisonment have come from many, including Picasso and President Sukarno, and the prices of his works have gone up sharply. From the dealer's point of view, an artist's imprisonment may be the next-best thing to his death.) Siqueiros' name keeps cropping up in conversation; this city does not feel at ease about him. He is old and sick, and he has left an ambitious mural unfinished in the Hall of the Revolution, in Chapultepec Castle. And since he is not just a great painter but the last representative of an age, his arrest has assumed an additional meaning, becoming an official declaration, as it were, that Mexico's wild, idealistic years are over.

David Alfaro Siqueiros was born thirteen years after Orozco and ten years after Rivera, and he is much less patiently didactic than they were—more of a painter and less of a teacher. Some of his work around town was shown to me by his wife, Angélica, a small, elegant, quite loquacious lady with black-and-gray hair pulled tightly back. A French writer who lives in Mexico accompanied us on the tour, in the hope of taking some photographs; he had just brought Señora Siqueiros a telegram from a group of French artists protesting her husband's imprisonment. Señora Siqueiros drove us in her own car, a Mercedes, and grandly ignored the other traffic. As she dashed onto the Anillo—the circular route around the heart of the town—I asked the writer, just to say something, why he lived in Mexico. Because, he said, Mexico was a humble, tender, feminine country, *foutu*, messed up; it was the country where Christ would now live. Señora Siqueiros looked at him, quite astonished.

First we drove north, to the Villa Madero district, to look at a Siqueiros

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mural in Social Security Hospital No. 1 there. The painting, on a concave wall expressly designed for it, is an allegorical one on the theme of social security; it has a whole series of different perspectives, changing with every step the observer takes. It could never be reproduced in photographs, for it is a shell, binding the space it holds, and rather frightening. After that, Señora Siqueiros took us to Chapultepec Castle to look at the mural in the Hall of the Revolution that her husband was working on at the time of his arrest. The hall is not locked (as many protests have claimed), but the tourist guides ignore it, and part of it is used for storage. An old man came to greet Señora Siqueiros; he used to help the painter, and she has engaged him to sit in the hall all day, for she is afraid of vandalism. The painting is on four panels, at right angles to each other. One bears only the structural patterns that Siqueiros painted in to guide him in his composition. Another shows Revolutionary soldiers and peasants, one of them seeking to wrest the Mexican flag from a bald gentleman who is surrounded by officers. The next panel has a magnificent Porfirio Díaz, frowning, seated, surrounded by circles of top-hatted gentlemen gesticulating, asking, coaxing. Young ladies in flowery hats are in the foreground, looking pretty and obviously not worried about where the money for their hats came from. Señora Siqueiros calls this panel "the mural of the hats;" sombreros, top hats, military caps, and Paris chapeaux converge in a wonderful clash of shapes and colors. At the time of his arrest, Siqueiros was working on a panel bearing the faces of nineteenth-century Socialists, and beside it a bulletin board to which he had tacked portraits clipped from old books and papers is still in place. The cans of paint are there, too, and the brushes, with dried color; nothing has been touched.

Señora Siqueiros left us and stayed away quite some time; when she came back, she said that she had been trying to make someone put on more light in the hall, but without success. We stared at the walls in the dim light. "If they'd only let him work at it during the day, under guard!" Señora Siqueiros said to me. "Even the Spanish Inquisition allowed its prisoners that."

"How can I take pictures in this light?" the writer complained. "The Mexican government are Fascists!"

This seemed to rather embarrass Señora Siqueiros, and we drove back to town in silence.

—HANS KONINGSBERGER

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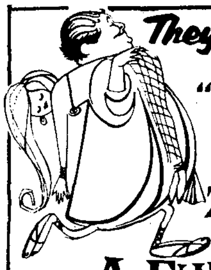

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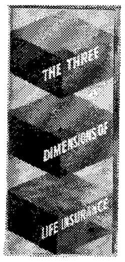

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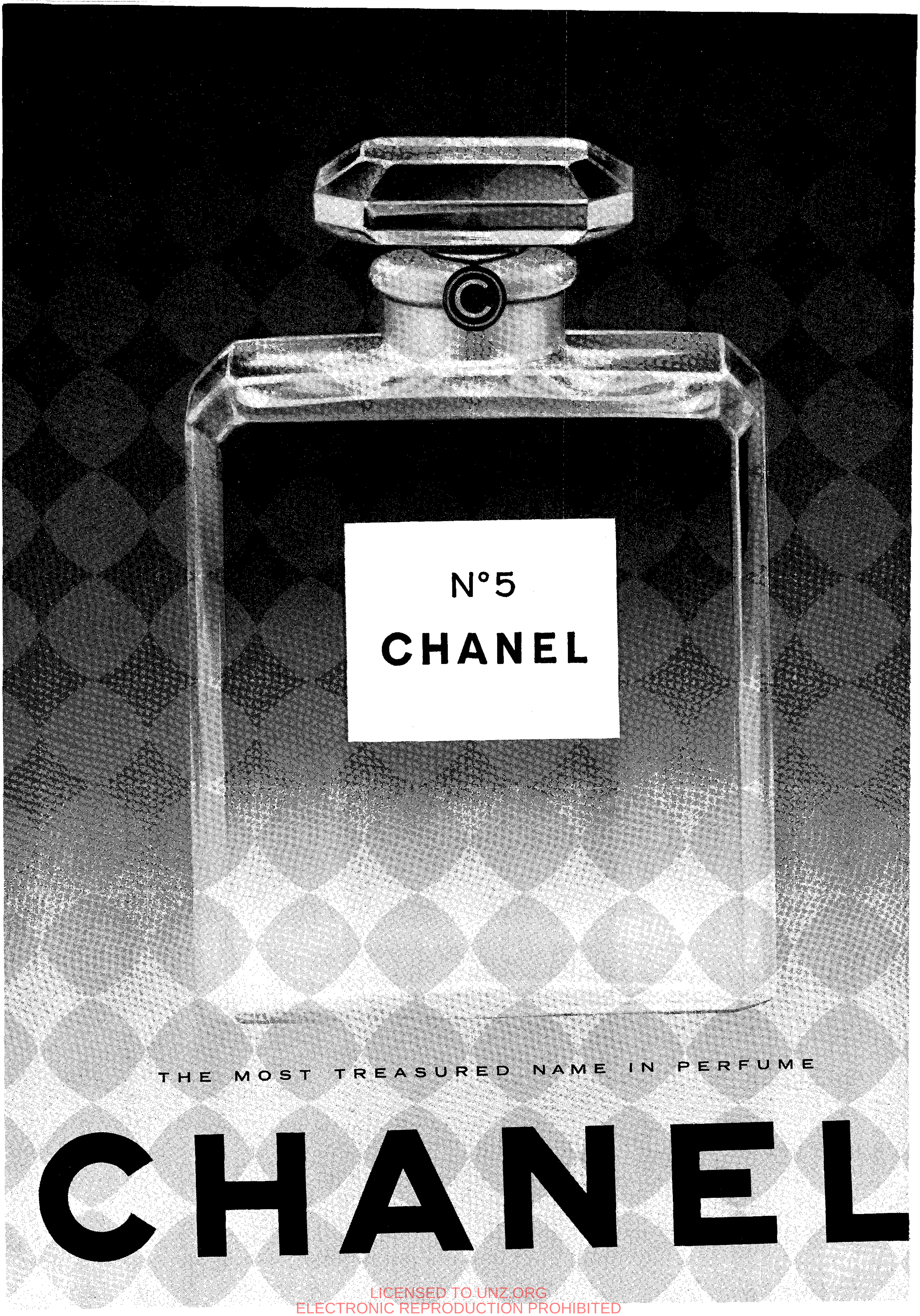
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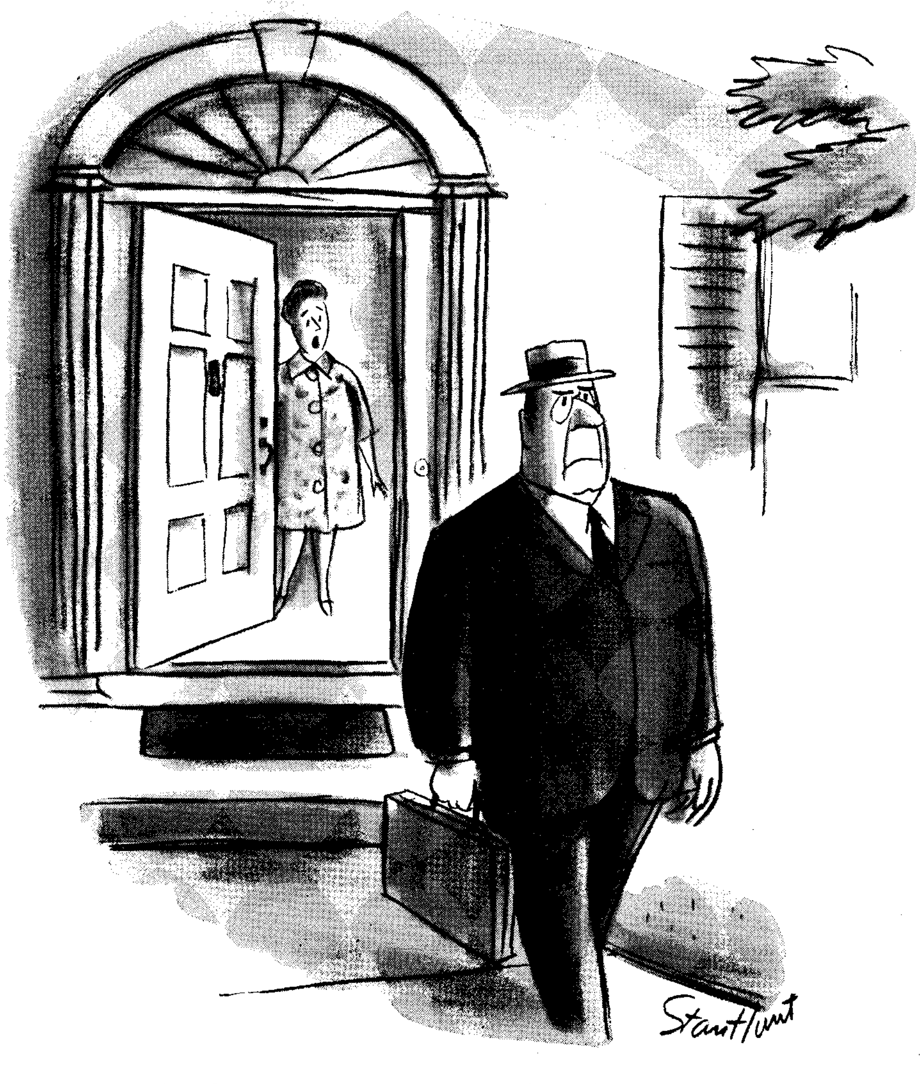
FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE is one thing certain about the autumn custom millinery, and that is that this winter no sheltered, fragile piece of delicious femininity need go around with her ears freezing, no matter how the temperature drops. Everywhere, though at prices that would astound the peasants who thought it up in the first place, there is the babushka. Halston, of Bergdorf Goodman, who has been experimenting with it for some time, is making new ones that look pampered to a degree. Take his small triangles, of thin leather in a wild bright yellow, with jersey backing, that *can* be tied under the chin but are much better tied in back of the neck, so that there's a pointed flare behind the ears. Or take his big triangles of black velvet, edged all the way by a thick fringe of white mink tails. These present endless possibilities for draping. A Lilly Daché babushka that can also double as a shrug is of black broadcloth with an unbroken edging of ranch mink. A part of one side is wired in a curve so that it (1) rises above the hairline in front when the babushka is worn as a head covering and (2) frames the neck when it is worn as a wrap. And there are lots of hats with scarf ends to drape around the neck. One by the pair of designers who operate as Vincent-Harmik has a square toque crown of pale-gray velours, and ginger suède is wrapped around to cover the ears and encircle the throat. Another substitute for lumberjack earmuffs is perfectly plain baby caps that come neatly down over the ears and tie with string ends under the chin. (Get busy on that jawline, I beg of you, if you intend to look beautiful in them.) Small hats can be superimposed upon them, if anyone feels like putting all her eggs on one basket. Sally Victor does the combination perfectly. A superlative pairing of hers results from her setting a cap of black matte jersey under a tiny bowler. I loved the bowler in orange suède. It dips in front, and the brim curls up at the sides, then really flattens upward in back. Emme makes a basic cap of the same sort in black suède and puts a deep, fat roller on top of it. I saw this in off-white felt with black suède binding. Among the other heart- (and in this case ear-) warming mercies are turbans. Some go way down to the lobes, no matter how their drapery topples and towers above; some are great round bulbs that cover not only all the hair but the ears as effectively as wigs, and coq feathers often spray forward onto the cheeks and the forehead. On a turban that Halston has done for Bergdorf (this shoots out into a big cone in back), the feathers tickle the client under the chin as well. Daché calls her firm, round turbans Onions, and she covers a number of them with slanting folds of satin that end in a tab sticking up at the top. Some wig types are frail—for instance, ostrich waving in the slightest breeze over caps of net. (Sally Victor is one believer in this scheme.) Other wig types around the town are all feather pads that make a bumpy surface; these usually wind up in a scalloped effect around the hairline. Sally Victor does this kind of thing in, say, brown-and-white speckled coq, with flashes of red and pure-white feathers strewn around; Bergdorf has given Halston the most incredible variety of French feather pads to play with; Vincent-Harmik is fond of putting together curly hunks of feathers in shades of green and yellow that look like salad, as well as in such color combinations as raspberry, raspberry ice, and purple. Real warmth and luxury are the benefits derived from enormous and very Russian fur berets that can be pulled around every which way. Nearly all of them are soft, pliable, lightweight, and too good for any czarina I ever heard of. Sally Victor does one of ranch mink with a black satin circle in back; Irene uses sable with a dab of brown net in back; Bergdorf favors chinchilla. The rage to live under big slouch Garbo hats that provide plenty of shelter from the elements has not abated, either. To mention just two proofs: Tatiana (Saks Fifth Avenue) makes one of leopard with a rip-



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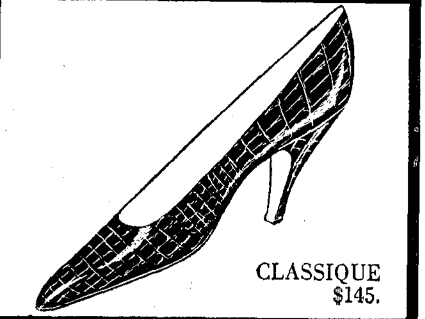

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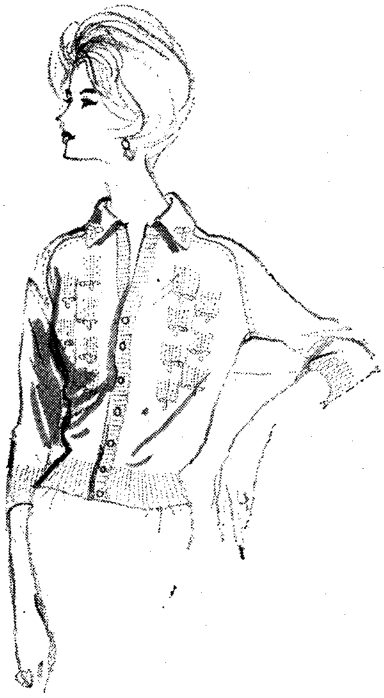
pled brim; Victor makes one of ranch mink with a punched-in, highish crown and a rippled brim that can be turned back.

When hats are not enveloping, they are likely to be very small and neat indeed. Because milliners are all schizophrenics, that's why. Some tailored examples of the genre have a little-boy air, but they can be so ruggedly male that a face as sassy as Adele Astaire's or Shirley MacLaine's should go with them, or real grimness will be the end product. And motorcycles, perhaps, should go with some that are made of black leather. Then we have—in many establishments—a second type of neatness in the feminine sidewise caps or turbans now called Marienbad, which proves that the movies still exert an influence. These things snuggle down on the right ear but show plenty of hair over the left one. That everlasting little-boy mood comes into the open again this season in the new visored caps, the visor to be worn straight and down on the brows or else tilted rakishly. Victor does well by this notion in leather; my favorite is of white capeskin, the crown rounded but not bloused or puffy (more like a soft pillbox), with a tiny visor. Another Victor, of red capeskin this time, has an English-bobby crown; a little brim is deep on the forehead but curled up at the sides, bowler style. Emme and her new designer, Anello, have issued a triumph in suède—bloused cap, sidewise stitched visor. I also viewed Vincent-Harmik's venture in velours, which has a circle four inches across on top and thick folds below. It bears the ominous name of Ice Bag, and it can be worn with the visor in back as well as forward. A miniature version, in American broadtail, carries a big flat button at the apex, and I consider *this* one a doll. And there are more bowlers. A charming and wee one by Chanda is of white capeskin. The crown is covered with gray-and-coffee veiling, which also makes the crushed band and the bow in front. Vincent-Harmik's pet bowler, of Peruvian Indian ancestry, is majestic by comparison—a fat, high crown and a thick, sharply upturned brim. This is shown in red velvet with V.-H.'s favorite bands of black soutache as decoration. Just as frankly tailored is a smashing sailor at Irene, of black leather, with a medium-sized straight, stiff brim, a sharp and minuscule upturned cuff at the edge, and self drapery that goes around the crown and winds up in a knot at the back.

And all the custom milliners have



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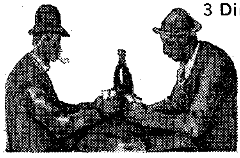

been very good to the little tilted hats. Chanda, a specialist in small, snug shapes, does any number of caps in speckled feathers, such as gray-and-coffee guinea hen with brown feathers down on one ear, or red and green and gold feather pads with plain red feathers—things like that; Vincent-Harmik has done a little love of a turban of wrapped red velvet that is pulled well down to one side.

For evening, your lobes may be stretched all out of place by immense earrings, and they'll remain exposed to the breezes, for then the head is to be covered only by the topknots, which Daché has designed to cup over—or else to simulate, sometimes with real hair mounted on net—the fat bunch of curls or the smack-on-top-of-the-head chignon twists that Alexandre of Paris, that great hairdresser, delights in producing after he has pulled the rest of one's hair smoothly up the sides of the head. Daché has made quantities of bumptious little numbers to cover them, whether they're actual or artificial, and has added minute satin bows and spikes of slim feathers sprinkled with jet, paillettes, and other nonsense to create shimmering mobiles high above them. Circus-pony stuff, this. And while I'm on the subject of the most fetching evening doodads in years, I must not forget Vincent-Harmik's rounded jet-and-rhinestone pillbox, which is also to be worn smack on top of the head, with a coq-feather ponytail arching out in back. And there's nothing the matter, either, with Emme's snug toque of white paillettes, around which white satin is wrapped on the slant.

There are all kinds of extremes this season—the slick look of leather and of smooth felts like soleil, and the extravagant use of feathers and furs and beadings and velvets and satins. And I want to record that, in general, I hate the fake-fur look that many felts now assume. They're all around, and I will *not* tell you anything about them. Come to think of it, I hate fake fur anyway, except on knockabout country clothes.

BUT let us onward into our autumnal point-to-point, item-by-item excursion through the hat shops:

Victor's skill at beguiling women with romance in their souls is without flaw. She has a special way with leather, such as kid and capeskin. For one, she makes a slanting cap of kid. (*Her* caps are apt to be rounded pillboxes on the up side, with a giant cocarde of pleated grosgrain flat over

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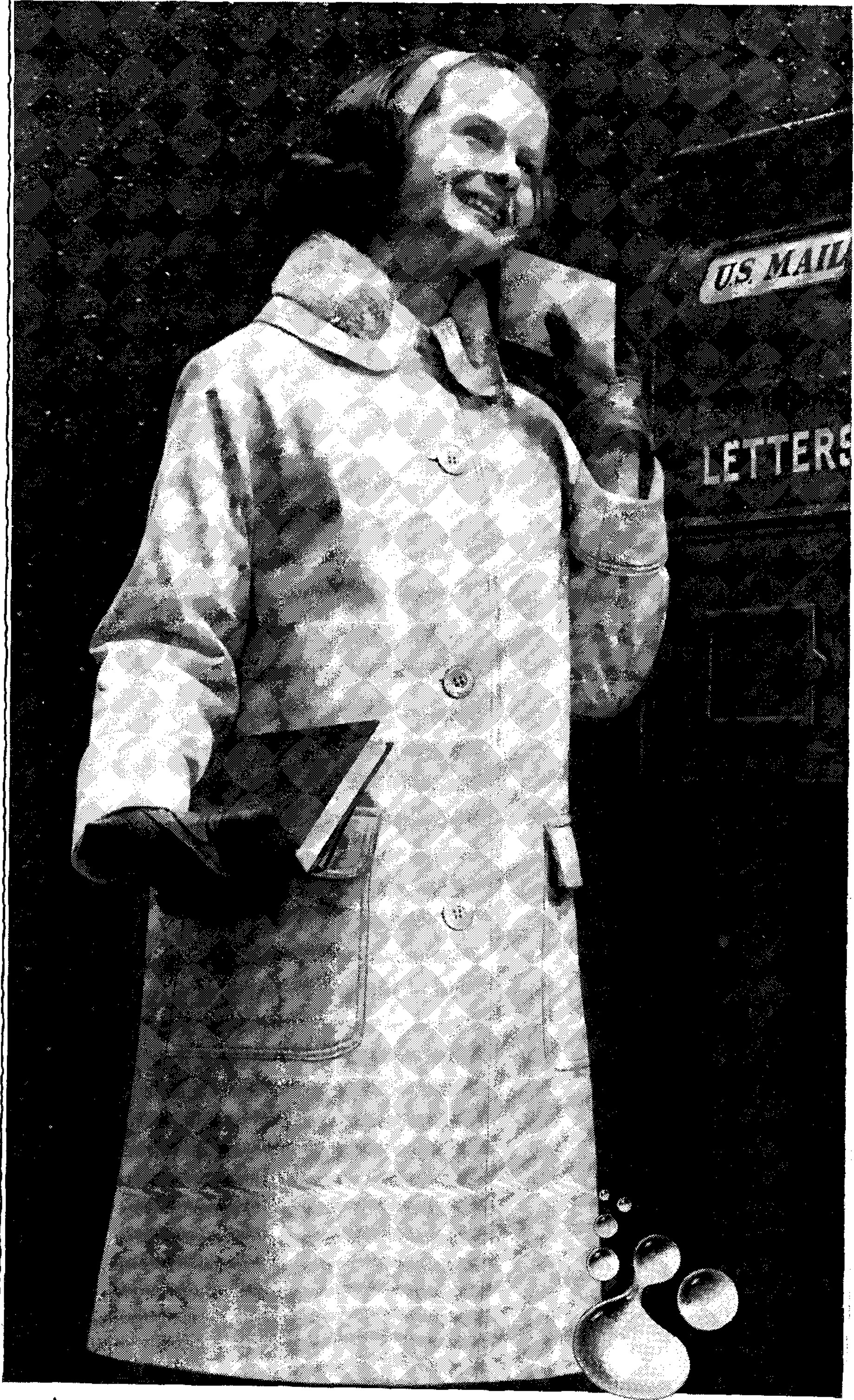

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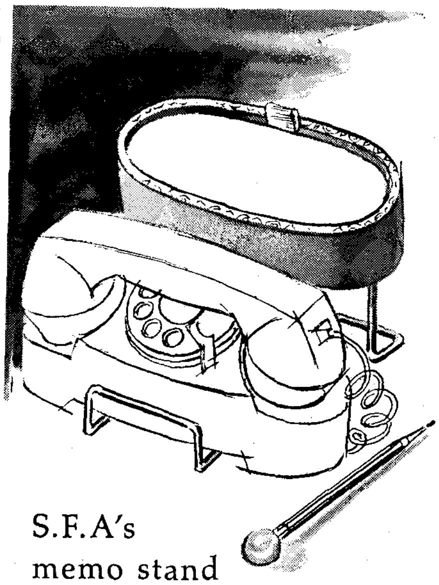
the ear.) A different mood is represented by her pirate hat with a crown of white cape and a wide, turned-back, irregular brim faced with black capeskin, and still another mood by swirled turban shapes. One of these, high and wide and very Eastern-potentate in front, is of crisscrossed folds of red capeskin; it drapes into a cone that slants toward the back. This is a pet trick of Victor's—plenty of turban in profile, but no undue height. Another is of pale green-gold kid, wrapped up from the ears into a sidewise peak. Then, beautiful turbans in velvet are prolific here. One is of taupe, wrapped in folds from the ear lobes across the front of the head and then falling over into a beret back. Braque may have had a hand in many of the simple yet merry hats with vari-colored appliqués; newspaper clippings (but printed in white silk that is appliquéd on brown felt) make one with a deep Bobby Peel crown and cuff base, as well as tilted caps covered with appliqués of pink, gray, pink-red, and black felt. *And* there are furs, such as a sable cloche with a mobcap crown and a bulky narrow brim, the crown pulled in at the base by a valiant little piece of brown grosgrain ribbon, and a slouch hat of leopard whose big brim is faced with black leather.

DACHÉ's talent with furs is to wonder, too. Not for the timid is her tall toque of white mink with a black mink beret perched across the top, all of which produces the silhouette of a pepper mill. Or, for that matter, a bizarre tube of horizontal bands of black-and-white mink three inches wide that rises thirteen inches above your courageous puss. A beige-and-brown thick fur that looks like fox is diagonally striped, and it is employed to make a super-busby. Mme. D. is a milliners' milliner when she does turbans, and her new ones are all glories, in both design and color combinations. (She'll gaily mingle royal, forest green, orange, and pale mustard in turbans that are piled way up in back.) This year, she is using plenty of big swirls (they look like mammoth roses) down on the forehead. A deep draped cap of honey tulle has an enormous *chou* of this kind, and purple satin rises high in arched folds up the back of the head, then ducks forward into a petalled circle with a jewel in the center. Apart from the shivering, towering evening gewgaws I have already discussed, there are Daché's wide headbands (three inches) of multicolored sequins and jewels and crystal, mounted on chiffon with long, trailing ends that



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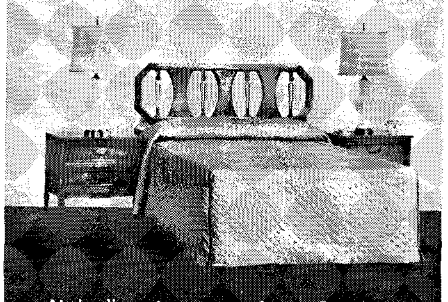

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are to be twisted upward into a turban, or wrapped to throttle the throat, or whatever. Among the other evening pleasures are thimble toques, one of them all blue and chartreuse sequins with big cranberry-colored stones cropping up here and there and a burst of feathers at the top, and little helmets or caps that are composed of iridescent shells, quivering leaves, sequins, and the like. They make me want to do my sleeping in the daytime.

EMME and Anello have pranced forth with some unusual and entertaining shapes. (Becoming, too, if that's still a desideratum.) One, a cloche that could be a fisherman's hat, is of black velours with black grosgrain binding. Its arched brim is much briefer in front than it is in back, though it doesn't drag down on the nape. Another is their Paper Bag, shown in brown suède. It is flat across the top of the head, just clearing the hairline, and goes into flaring, square points high at each side; the top of the bag is folded down flat against the back of the head. (A touch of Camelot?) They love monkey fur around here, to make raggedy edges on brims. A cloche of black satin has a mushroom brim that is rimmed with this fur; a picture hat of black velvet also has a brim more than covered by it. A cloche of brown malines is for that mink or sable coat; coffee and beige curly ostrich makes the brim very fluffy indeed. A favored fur here is guanaco, which turns up in an Eskimo sort of halo hat; jaguar is the fur of a fedora with a small crown and a big, floppy brim. And here, too, is one of the most appealing small ranch-mink berets in town—just a beret with a mink button on top.

THE beadsmanship at Irene is as notable as ever. One bit of ingenious trickery involves printed Persian lamés, the design picked out by all manner of massed, infinitesimal bead loops—red, yellow, turquoise, and sapphire on a silver ground, or coral and bronze and bright yellow on a gold ground. They make deep pillboxes, small fezzes, and so on, simultaneously quiet and opulent. A more dashing stunt is using bronze and white and black sequins to simulate the pattern of barunduki fur (that's chipmunk, children) or the spots of those unalterable leopards. Infinite are the uses thereof—berets and triangular scarfs to match, for one. Real fur enters into the maddest invention in years—mountain lamb from Afghanistan (they *think* it's from there, or else

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Ruritania); the fur, three inches deep, is a deep brown close to the hide but all gray curlicues at the ends. This fur makes a big dome and a narrow oblong scarf to match. Fitch is also around, in wide and fuzzy tan-to-brown stripes. This goes into the creation of a hat with an oversized crown and an off-the-face cloche brim. White fox that is dyed to resemble pale lynx as it ascends is sort of an inverted pan that shadows the face. Irene is another skilled practitioner of turbans. I particularly love the one she's done in Kelly satin that shows the hair all around under its high and square drape, and the one of brown satin in a wide Danish-pastry whirl.

WHAT Chanda calls "walking-suit" hats sometimes appear in finely stitched panne velvet. A cloche with a very deep broad crown and a small brim carries us back to the twenties; another is shown with a black crown, a jet-ornamented tan band, and a diminished navy brim. Also for suits, but more sweeping, is a gaucho arrangement of fluffy brown soleil—a real wide, low crown (thirteen inches across) and a curled-up brim of black jersey. It's tied under the chin by two strips of the jersey, and the effect is complete Valentino. But no one can keep Chanda away from his beloved veiling for very long, or from his obsession with pressing feathers tight until they practically squirm. A shallow Breton, worn back on the head, is a combination of emerald and sapphire feathers made meek by taupe tulle; a turban is swathed in brown malines to squelch the audacity of the pads of vivid pheasant feathers beneath; a cloche of black felt, its deep crown casually punched in, is covered with black and white ostrich feathers that are subdued by more veiling, though the band of black ostrich is allowed to go its way unmolested.

TATIANA, at Saks Fifth Avenue, wasn't behind the door when the latest supply of furs was being passed out. One thing she has managed is a little and very young sailor of black seal—a small brim, a square crown, and a rope band of white kid. She gets an Eskimo look out of a cloche of white felt or kid by giving it a looping parka brim of white fox. One of her favorite shapes—for fur, tweed, velvet, or anything else—is her Double Brioche, which is a topknot with a deep cuff brim. I saw it in white mink, a fur that's good enough for me. For a tailored look by day there's an enchanting profile tur-

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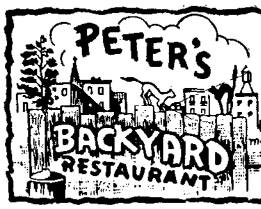

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ban-cap of angora jersey—all interlaced and crushed bands of the stuff. For women to whom brims are requisite, Tatiana has invented one of those hats that make use of both the fuzzy and the smooth side of red velours. The fuzzy side is the crown, the small, straight overbrim, and the facing of the larger underbrim. For live-it-up evenings, she, too, approves of big topknots worn right at the summit, whether the summit is a pile of curls or a chignon. Some of these topknots are of white marabou with black flecks, and wiry black feathers shoot above them; on a cap of black crocheted passementerie, to be worn high or pulled down to cover all the hair, more black ostrich feathers spill out of the top, Zulu style. And I greatly admired a bit of avant-garde nonsense—a beanie of black velvet with two inch-wide bands of the velvet zigzagging up one side and down the other. Bogus aigrettes sprout at the ends of each band. As simple as it is demented.

VINCENT-HARMIK (it's at 72 East 56th Street) loves openwork black soutache enough to put three bands of it around a very deep cap of velours and to use another band of it to separate the rounded, tilted tower of a toque done in black velours from the band of brandy velvet at the base. More Vincent-Harmik highboys—white feathers pressed under malines, plus black coq feathers bursting out of the top. True fluffiness is contributed by French eiderdown. Dyed in blond-to-caramel shades, it makes a munificent busby.

THE long fight between milliners and wigmakers for the hand (and especially head) of American womanhood may end in a decision, by the milliners; i.e., if you can't lick them, join them. There should be some well-considered commentary very soon in these pages on the growing interrelationship between hair pieces and millinery.

—LOIS LONG

◆

ENROLLS

Bruce C. Montgomery, 5845 S. Grant st., Hinsdale, will attend Monmouth college next fall, entering as a freshman with the class of 1966. Montgomery, a June graduate of Hinsdale high school, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. old male beagle, found on N. Lincoln st. last week and not Joseph Montgomery.—*Hinsdale (Ill.) Doings.*

Anyway, he graduated.

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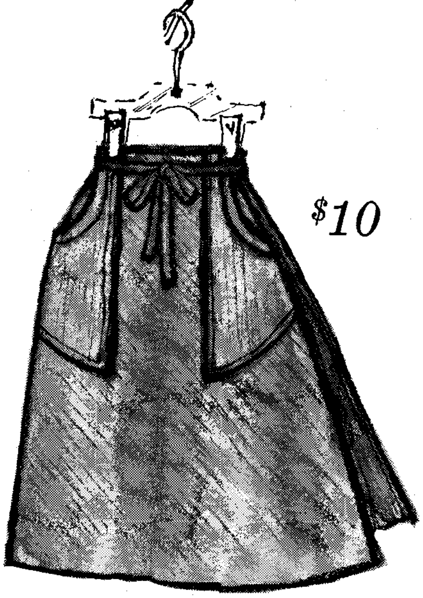
THE RACE TRACK

Mud in Your Eye

ONE of the mysteries of racing is what makes one horse a mudder and another a non-mudder. Some horses run well on anything from a track that has a watery surface but is firm underneath, and is called sloppy, to one that is deep, sticky, and holding. Others favor a particular kind of soft footing, and still others can't, as the saying goes, untrack themselves in the mud. One school of horsemen holds that mud-running ability, or the lack of it, is an inherited characteristic. Then there are those who put it down to the animal's conformation or gait, maintaining that compactly built, short-striding racers are better on slippery ground than rangy, long-striding ones. Nobody really knows.

Be that as it may, at Aqueduct last week Carry Back proved the truth of the old maxim that a good horse wins on any sort of track. The occasion was the Wilderness Handicap, at a mile, in which he gave Beau Purple six pounds and beat him by nearly twenty lengths. On paper, it looked as if it would be as interesting a race as any coming up this autumn, since Beau Purple had won the Suburban and the Brooklyn at the Big A in July and was in the pink after a long rest at Saratoga, and Carry Back had never been in better form. It might have *been* an interesting race, too, if a deluge overnight hadn't turned the track into a quagmire. Beau Purple was first out of the gate, as usual, but Carry Back, who had never been so quick off the mark before, was right behind him, and they went head and head for the first half mile. As they galloped on, lengths ahead of the other two starters, I wondered how long they could keep it up. Then Carry Back began to draw away, and went on to win by eight lengths from Nickel Boy, whose stablemate Djezzar, a racer from South America making his first appearance in this country, was third. Beau Purple floundered in ten lengths farther back. Later, Boland, who rode him, said that after the first couple of furlongs the colt began to slip and slide. Which brings up the obvious speculation about what might have happened if the track had been fast. Well, my opinion is that Carry Back would have won just the same. It's no secret that if anybody really runs with Beau Purple, Beau Purple doesn't win. No doubt Jack Price, who trains

helen caro



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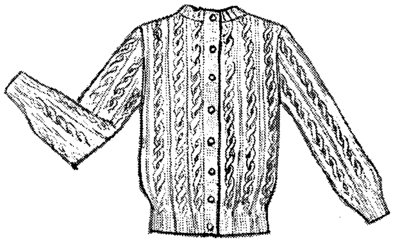

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Carry Back, had that in mind when he said the day before the race (the track was dry then) that Carry Back was going to go to the front from the start. It worked.

THE Fall Highweight Handicap, the traditional opening-day event of the autumn season on Long Island, brought out ten sprinters and went to Be On Time, who led throughout the six furlongs and paid $22.90 in the mutuels. I suppose it was because he is a three-year-old and was meeting older runners that he was lightly regarded in the betting. He won't be the next time out. Later in the week, Sellers, who used to ride Carry Back, had one of those days jockeys long for; he rode the first two and the last three winners. In between, he had one other mount, who came in seventh. Oh, well, you can't win them all.

COLONEL MARTINGALE would be ducking his duty if he failed to report that the horses at Aqueduct now have music to start by—except in the jumping races. Some time ago, George Cassidy, the official starter, noticed that radio music (there's at least one set going all the time in every barn) had a soothing effect on the thoroughbreds in the stable area. So one day he rigged up a tape recorder with amplifiers attached to the starting gate. When the runners come up to the post, he turns the contraption on and the music plays until they're on their way. Even the jockeys agree that this eases the tension and restiveness that build up during the minutes before the starter presses the button, the bell rings, and the stall gates open. The music is mostly semi-classical or old-time popular tunes—very little new stuff. "No Twist," says Cassidy. "That stirs them up, especially the two-year-olds."

Which reminds me that the Matron Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, will be run this weekend. I fancy that Affectionately will win it. —AUDAX MINOR

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The streets of central Moscow are, as the guidebooks say, clean and neat; so is the famed subway. They are so because of an army of women with brooms, pans and carts who thus earn their 35 rubles a month in lieu of "relief;" in all Moscow we never saw a mechanical street-sweeper. —*The Wall Street Journal, July 31, 1962.*

Four years ago [in Moscow] *women by the hundreds swept big city streets.* Now you rarely see more than a dozen. The streets are kept clean, with giant brushing and sprinkling machines.—*The World-Telegram & Sun, same day.*

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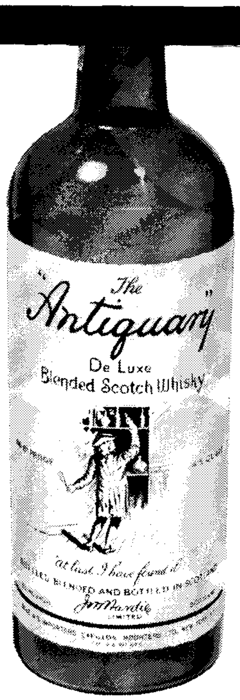

The women of Rome are glad she's gone

. . . but ah, the men. Her name? Katyna Ranieri. Profession: Singer. Last year at The Persian Room she captivated all who saw and heard her. This year she returns to the scene. The new songs of Rome are hers. And she is yours. Opening Night, Wednesday, September 12. Performances at 9:00 and 12:15. For delightful dancing, Emil Coleman and his orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals. For reservations, PLaza 9-3000. For lovely evenings, The Persian Room at The Plaza. HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA.

LETTER FROM MILAN

THE oddest thing to me about Milan is that although it has changed more drastically over the past few years than any other large Italian city—and is, in fact, constantly changing at a feverish pace—it always gives me the same comfortable, unchanged impression when I return after an absence. I find it is still predominantly a city of grays and browns; of large, elegant-looking *palazzi* with broad French windows; of narrow avenues paved with maroon stone blocks, along which green trolleys rumble; of fogs and rain and sudden extremes of humid cold and heat. If I stroll down the Via Manzoni past La Scala, stop for coffee at one of the cafés in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, or wander out into the vast Piazza del Duomo for a look at the familiar Gothic spires of the cathedral, all seems exactly as I remembered it, and the reason for this was explained to me by an Italian architect I met here. "The city is a huge cobweb," he said. "At its center, in medieval Milan, crouches the Duomo, and everything moves centripetally toward it. If, like most casual visitors, you stay within the circle of the old city moat, then the place *is* much the same. It's outside the moat that things are happening."

My failure to admire everything that is new and different about the city annoys my Milanese friends, who are always eager to point out all the improvements that have been made since my last visit. Most Milanese are intensely chauvinistic, and naïvely proud of their city's modern achievements, and nothing delights them so much as the sight of a new building or the sound of a new statistic. Soon after my arrival on this trip, I was being whisked about in a car by three Milanese businessmen whose sole purpose, apparently, was to impress me, and they succeeded. Milan, which was badly damaged by bombs during the war, has been rebuilding ever since—chaotically, tirelessly, and seemingly without the slightest thought for aesthetic considerations, or even for basic urban needs. Around the perimeter of the cobweb, entire countrysides have been swallowed up by blocks of apartment houses, unrelieved by parks or open spaces. There seem to be no zoning codes or rules of any kind. An office building rises amid slums, a new apartment building contains suites of offices, a night club flourishes in the basement of a bombed-out ruin. Last year, buildings containing about a hundred and sixty thousand new rooms of one sort or another were thrown up in this helter-skelter fashion, which the Milanese defend by saying that it is simply part of "*il boom*." Immediately after the war, a local newspaper took a poll of its readers, asking what they most wanted to see in the Milan that was about to rise from the rubble. A good many of them rather surprisingly chose a skyscraper, and today Milan has several of them, despite the fact that the city is surrounded by the almost unlimited cheap real estate of the Po plain, and has no more pressing need for such edifices than do the American plains cities that also feel they must have them. Between the main railroad station and the Piazza della Repubblica, to the southwest, the Pirelli and the Galfa Buildings, both thirty-one stories and the city's tallest, soar above a forest of lesser glass-and-steel structures that might have been transplanted directly from Park Avenue. Between the Piazza della Repubblica and the Porta Garibaldi, about five blocks to the west, the city administration is building a so-called Centro Direzionale, a kind of city-within-a-city that will include more skyscrapers, more office buildings, and a few luxury apartment houses and hotels, along with parks, movie theatres, supermarkets, and shops. The Centro Direzionale, as its name implies, is intended to relieve the crushing congestion in the present center of town—though this concept is viewed skeptically by some of the more knowledgeable citizens. "It is one thing to build a new center," one of my businessmen guides explained, "but it is another to make a real Milanese go there. We all have this strange idea that every day, at least once, we must walk through the Victor Emmanuel Gallery or stand in front of the Duomo. Perhaps it is because we have so few other permanent things here. Anyway, every day at lunch-time I bet you will see people going right from the new *centro* to the old, and the old *centro* will be even more crowded than before."

Although the skyscrapers are the most striking symbols of *il boom*, right now the Milanese are even prouder of their new subway, which was first pro-

"Remember now, only one starfish per person."

Alan Paine

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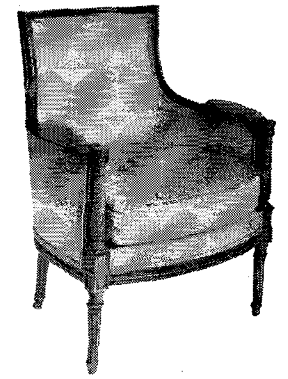
posed in 1905 and has been under construction since 1957. From one end of the city to the other, you repeatedly come across devastated piazzas and streets where furious digging is going on. All day long in front of the Duomo itself, knots of vociferous sidewalk superintendents peer down into the subway excavations, often exchanging banter with the workers below. Eventually, the subway will consist of four lines, totalling about twenty miles of track, and city officials hope that, like the new *centro*, it will ease pressure in the middle of town. The Milanese themselves don't seem to care so much about that as they do about the simple fact of the subway's existence. The visitor hears from all sides that it is to be the newest, the fastest, the cleanest, and the best—and, above all, that it is being built without any help from the government, and against appalling odds. "Milan rests on water, you know," one of my guides confided to me as we stood staring down at an uncompleted station platform. "All you have to do is go down five or six feet to find it. What a problem! But it just goes to show that here in Milan we can do what can't be done anywhere else in Italy."

This is a frequently recurring theme in Milan, where the home-town booster spirit often seems as impassioned as that of certain cities in Texas. Everything in and around the city is touted as superb, fabulous, colossal, incredible, miraculous, or (rarely) merely great. The enthusiasm is shared, in varying degrees, by non-Milanese. A well-known Florentine writer told me in Rome, "Milan is the only serious city in Italy," and a French visitor was quoted in a local magazine as having said that Milan "has a verve that London has lost, Paris is losing, and New York can never have." An American management consultant who has offices here and in several other large European cities maintains vehemently that the Milanese are by far the most dynamic people on the Continent to do business with. The Milanese themselves are able to muster a lot of statistical evidence in support of their superlatives, and it may well be true, as a local economist recently observed, that "if the Lombard industries should come to a halt, the entire economic life of the nation would be paralyzed."

Some seventy-five thousand firms, including a couple of dozen of the country's biggest, such as Montecatini Chemical and Pirelli Rubber, provide employment for nearly eight hundred thousand people in the city area. The Milan stock exchange handles five-

GRACIOUS COMFORT



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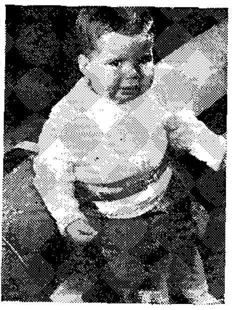

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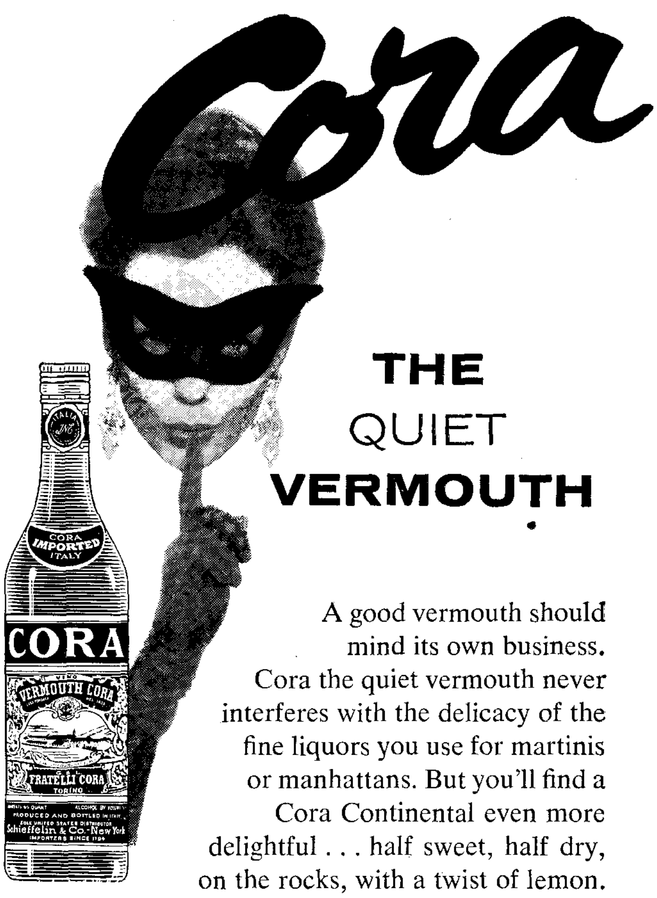
eighths of the country's securities transactions, and the Milanese control a quarter of Italy's active capital and pay a quarter of its taxes. The average income of the million and a half Milanese is the highest in Italy, there is a telephone for every three inhabitants, there are nearly three hundred thousand automobiles, and there is hardly any unemployment. The want-ad columns of the *Corriere della Sera* are full of requests for skilled workers and domestic servants. And according to a recently published article in a local weekly, *Epoca*, the Milanese are not only richer and happier than other Italians but also luckier; in the Totocalcio, the national lottery, with prizes awarded according to the results of weekend soccer games, the Milanese win more—a total of about a million dollars—than the citizens of any other place. (*Epoca* failed to specify whether they also bet more.)

Milan's astonishing concentration of wealth and industry is partly the result of the city's favored position in the middle of the lush Po valley, but it is also, to some extent, attributable to the Milanese character. In an essay published in the *Corriere della Sera*, Indro Montanelli, a well-known Italian writer and journalist, describes the Milanese businessman as "a courageous and tenacious fighter with an almost infallible nose and very quick reflexes, who at a certain point falls in love with what he is doing and does it more out of love than self-interest. Work drugs him. . . . He is terrified of Sunday, because then he doesn't know what to do with himself." Nor, Montanelli goes on to say, is it a question of family, since fewer than a hundred thousand local citizens can trace their Milanese ancestry back more than a couple of generations. Apparently, it's all due to the magic effect on character of the city itself, and it is often pointed out that most of Milan's great fortunes have been made by humble people who came here from other parts of the country and started from scratch.

During the past few years, *il boom* has created both a new middle class and a new stratum of the genuinely rich—people who have made their millions and are now chiefly preoccupied with spending them as ostentatiously as possible. It has, for instance, become important to entertain lavishly, though the Milanese is traditionally an early-to-bed, early-to-rise sobersides. Débutante parties, which have recently become de rigueur among this group, have been known to require the services of two orchestras, one white and one black. (Parties can be given for a variety of reasons. Not long ago, a



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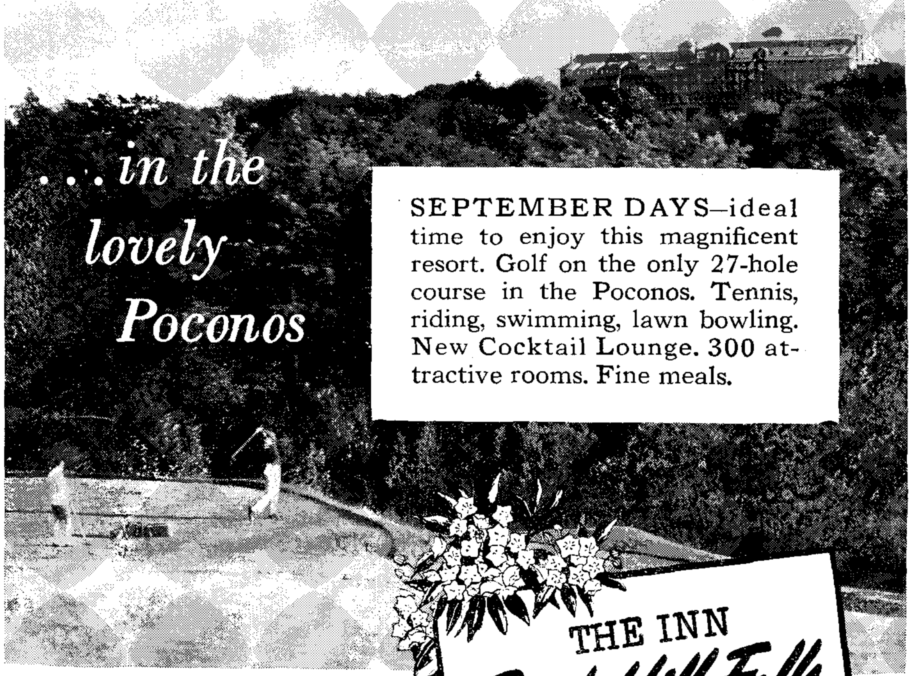

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well-known opera singer threw one to celebrate making his first billion lire.) Regulation possessions include a Mercedes-Benz or a Cadillac, a motorboat, a box at La Scala, a collection of abstract paintings, appropriate furs and jewels for one's wife, and at least one very valuable antique or objet d'art. Stories about the *gaffes* perpetrated by the new rich are as common as those about our own oil tycoons. A typical report going the rounds concerns a young matron who set out to acquire her first modern canvas. She was shown a Picasso, and asked its price. When she was informed that it cost eight million lire, she said, "Too bad, I wanted something for ten," and walked out of the gallery. Another tale concerns a cheese king who ordered a cabin cruiser he had seen in a magazine advertisement. When the boat arrived, he had it trucked to Santa Margherita, on the Gulf of Genoa, and launched. At once, the owner decided that the locale was wrong; the yacht didn't look right in so large a body of water. So he had it carted to Lake Garda and refloated, but again the effect was discouraging; the boat looked insignificant against the backdrop of the Alps. Consequently, he had a special pool dug for it in the garden of his country villa, just north of Milan, and he now happily entertains his friends aboard it on weekends. Great wealth also produces more profound problems, of course. Though the local businessmen work all day long, their wives, surrounded by domestics, do not, and the varieties of malaise nurtured by too much leisure have been a boon to the local medical profession; Milan, in fact, is now the only city in Italy with a thriving psychiatric practice.

A most serious concomitant of Milan's prosperity is the rush of people from other parts of Italy to find work here. Last year alone, some eighty thousand immigrants swelled the city's population, and every day more of them can be seen pouring bewilderedly out of the long trains of second-class coaches that arrive hourly at the central railroad station. Contrary to the popular impression, most of these new citizens come not from Sicily, or from the equally arid southern tip of the Italian boot, but from the impoverished agricultural areas and stagnant villages of the nearby Veneto, to the east. Still, it seems as if every other voice one hears in the streets and restaurants has the broad, slow inflections of the south. The more established Milanese refer to southerners as "*terroni*," meaning people who are overly attached to outmoded peasant

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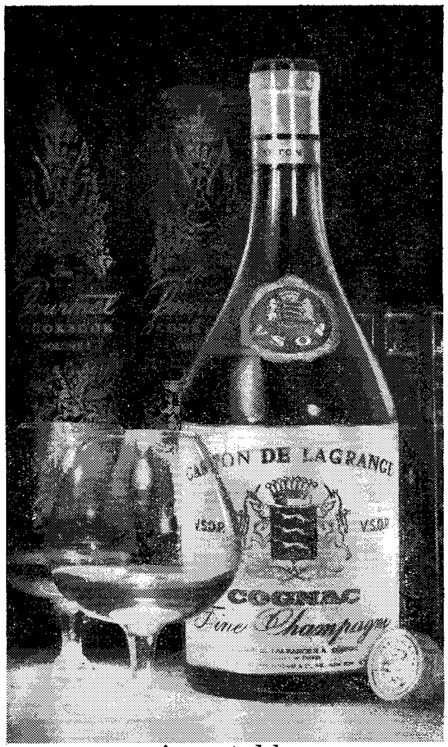

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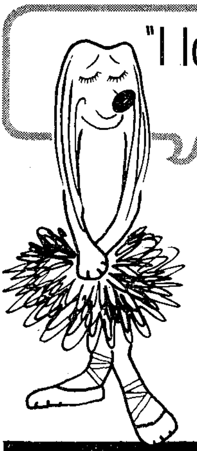

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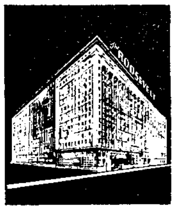

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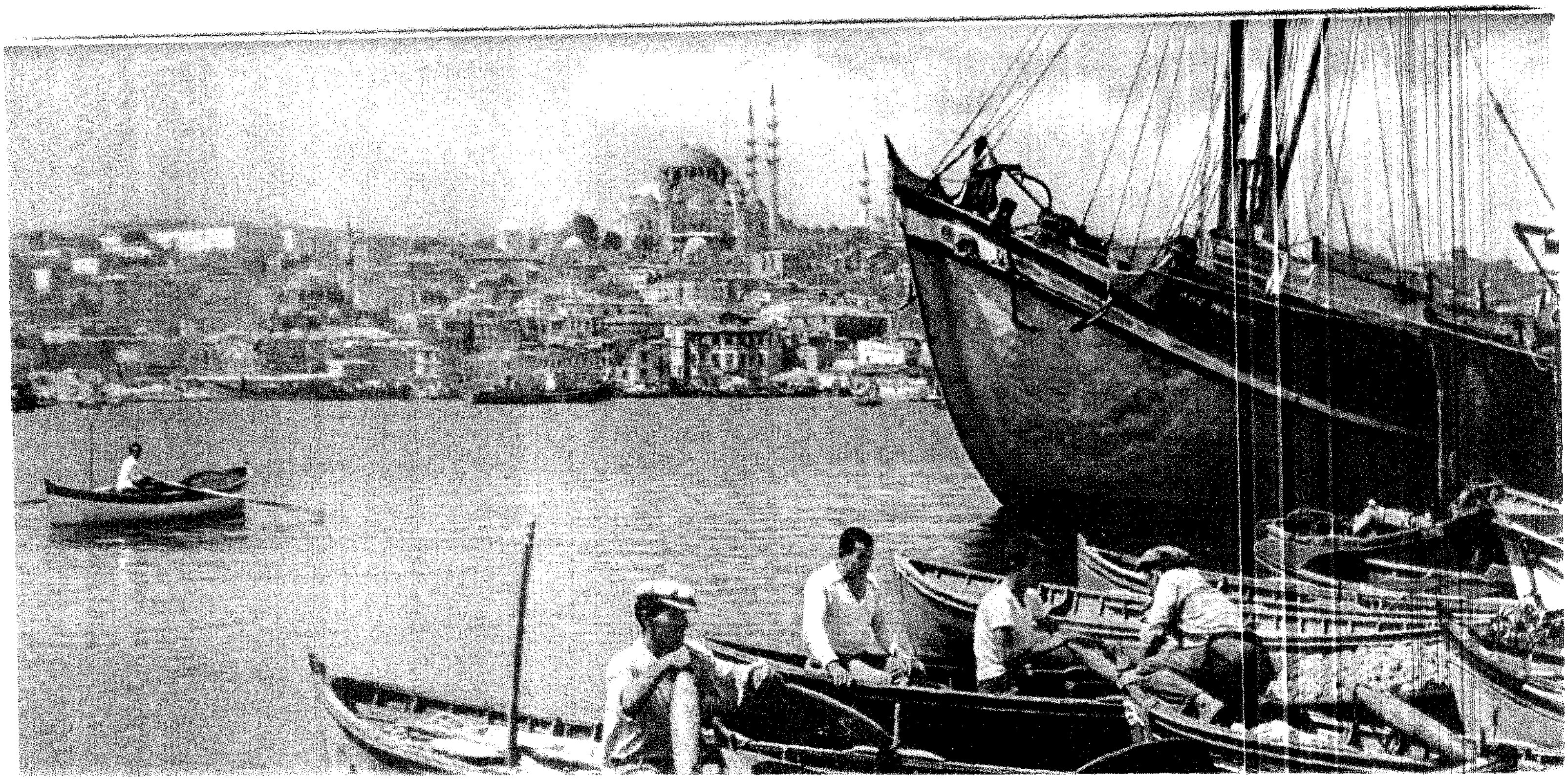

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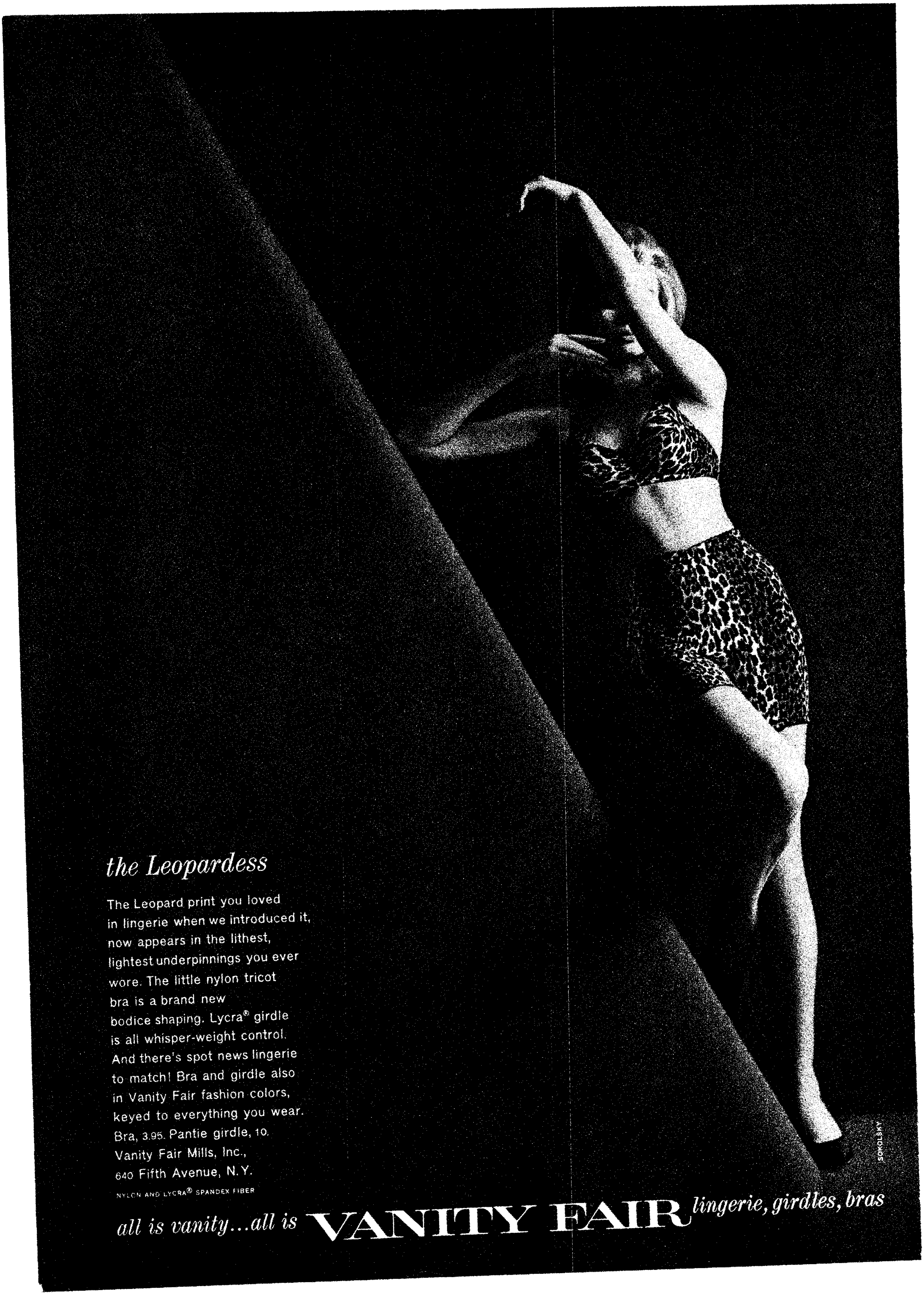

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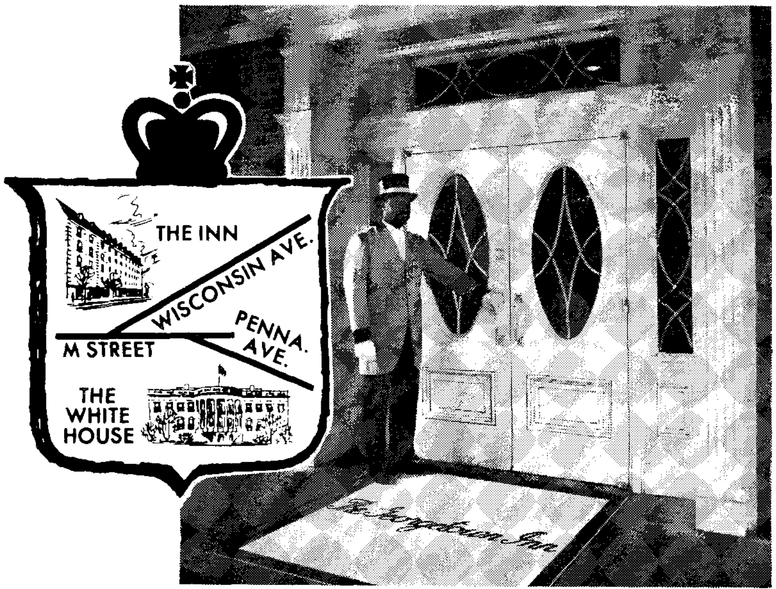
all is vanity...all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras* customs, but the use of the term is ordinarily more affectionate than opprobrious. In any case, according to the Milanese, the *terroni* are soon as happily engaged in the pursuit of profit as everyone else. The process of adjustment, however, can be painful and ugly. For one thing, despite all the building that is going on, the city can't begin to provide accommodations for all these new people. Many must settle somewhere outside of town, and every day a quarter of a million workers have to spend several hours getting to and from their jobs. Some of them, in order to be at work by seven or eight o'clock, have to rise at four, and do not get home until late at night. Home itself can be a horror. Though Milan's slums are far less noisome than those of Naples, Palermo, or Rome, they exist, and as many as thirty people have been known to share a small, bare apartment or a couple of rooms in the so-called "ant-heap *pensioni*" that flourish on the outskirts. The immigrants do their best to cope patiently with these conditions. The usual procedure is for the man of the house to come first, look for work, and get settled; then he sends for his family. Sometimes, however, he must bring his family with him, and then he must find immediate shelter. Ingenious methods have been devised to meet this demand. In the woods and fields of Brianza, a once exclusive residential area north of the city, the landscape teems with one-room shacks and bungalows, most of them built by unemployed carpenters and stonemasons from the Veneto. Because these structures have been put up illegally, and are periodically condemned by the police, they are designed so that they can be dismantled and reassembled in a matter of hours. The authorities find themselves nearly helpless to eliminate the Brianza community, because it is capable of reëstablishing it-



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"MILAN, which has always been the economic capital of Italy, has now replaced Florence as the cultural one, as well," Paolo Grassi, a co-director of the city's small new Piccolo Teatro, said not long ago. "We have more art galleries, more publishing houses, more universities, and better newspapers than the rest of Italy. Look around and you will find that everything is here." Grassi's own Piccolo is an outstanding example of the sort of vitality he is talking about. During the recent season, it presented plays by Miller, Brecht, Pirandello, and Manzoni, as well as a classic of the Milanese dialect repertory, Carlo Bertolazzi's "El Nost Milan," a late-nineteenth-century comedy full of mordant local wit. In addition, the Piccolo sponsored productions, in another theatre, of three plays by young and hitherto unproduced Italian playwrights. Most of the Piccolo's public consists of people under forty, and every play runs a minimum of fifty or sixty performances. Though the theatre receives some assistance from public funds, its main support comes from fourteen thousand private subscribers, and they are reportedly a hard audience to please. Grassi is unperturbed by this. "A theatre should be a means of maintaining a dialectical relationship with just such a public," he says.

The great jewel in Milan's cultural crown is still, of course, La Scala, one of the handful of truly great opera houses left in the world. Although this past season's repertory was not received with particular enthusiasm by the acerbic local critics, a few of whom were notably cool to such novelties as the revival of Ferruccio Busoni's "Turandot" and the première of Guido Turchi's "Il Buon Soldato Svejk," it as usual represented a skillful balancing of the old and the new, the merely popular and the purely cultural. Of the twenty-one operas performed, only five or six could be considered chestnuts. "The Scala does not think of itself as an organization for giving people only what they want," Antonio Ghiringhelli, the theatre's managing director, has said. "We are a responsible institution." Among the more esoteric of the year's productions were revivals of Luigi Dallapiccola's austere and ferociously dissonant "Il Prigioniero," Vivaldi's "La Fida Ninfa," and Handel's orotund but static "Xerxes." These and several of the other lesser known items were put on in the Piccola Scala—a much

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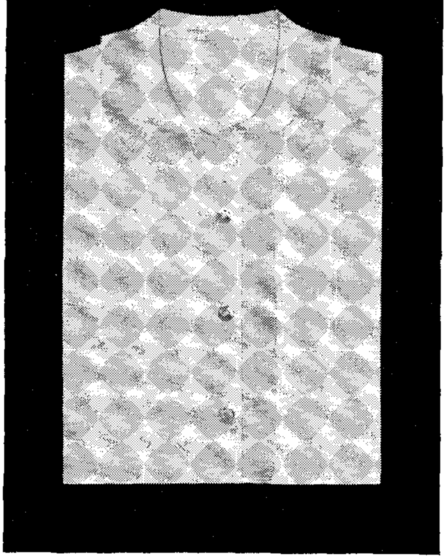

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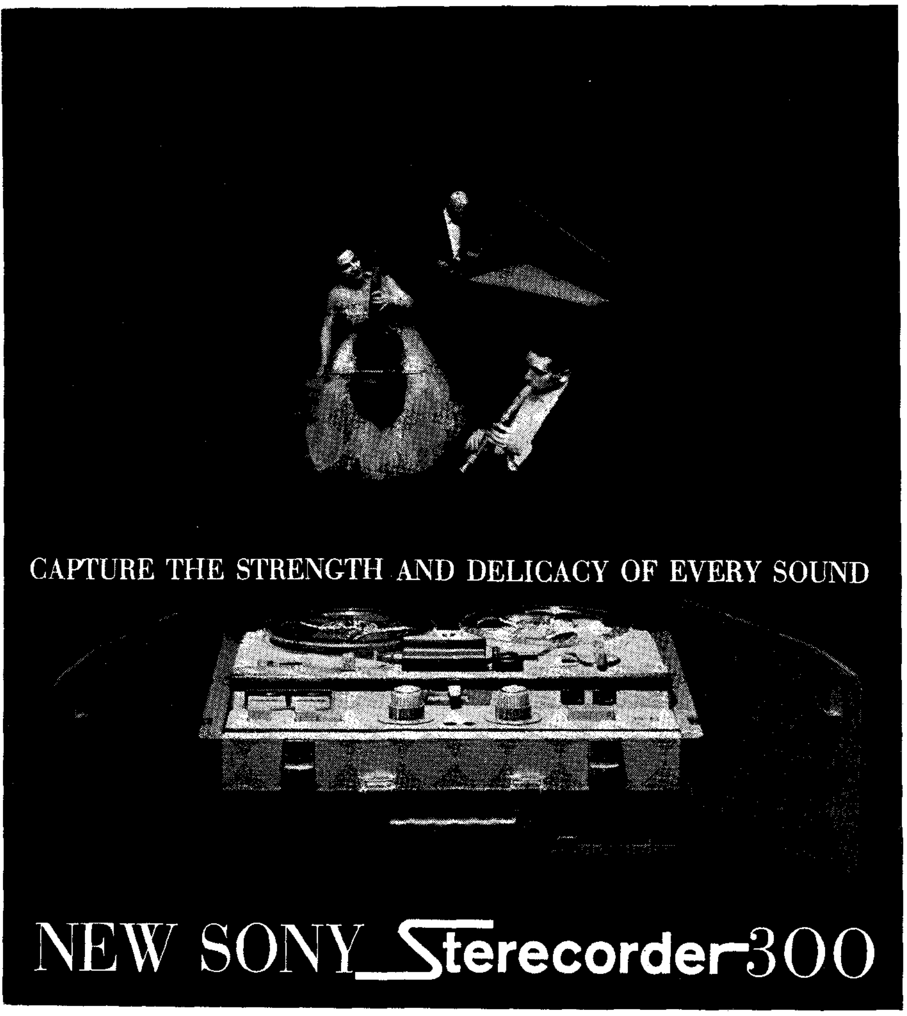
smaller theatre, all cream and gold, that was built a few years ago as an addition to the Scala itself, primarily in order to accommodate the more intimate works of the classical repertory. Such uncompromising artistic attitudes on the part of the management don't seem to have in the least dampened the enthusiasm of the Milanese for their opera house, and tickets to most performances are difficult, if not impossible, to get, even from scalpers. One reason for this, of course, is the production standards, which are always impressively high. In addition to a roster of singers and conductors that includes a good many of the world's best, the operagoer at La Scala can always count on a first-rate orchestra, a fine corps de ballet, and sparkling sets and costumes. The Milanese are more than normally intolerant of slipshod work in any form, and even established stars are never immune from fierce whistles of disapprobation and shouted insults from the gallery. Not long ago, a celebrated baritone made the mistake of trying to sing "Rigoletto" with a bad cold, and the storm of abuse that overwhelmed him at the end of the first act drove him from the premises.

A DOMINANT theme in Milan's attitude toward the rest of the world is resentment of Rome. There is nothing new about this—the Milanese have never forgiven Cavour for his insistence on making Rome the capital of his united Italy, and they still revere Napoleon for having established *his* Italian capital here—but as Milan's postwar power and influence have grown, so has its traditional umbrage. The local feeling about Rome is a compound of distrust, envy, and contempt, comparable to the reactions of Chicagoans vis-à-vis New York. Whenever anything goes wrong, the Milanese are likely to blame Rome, and "S.P.Q.R." has been translated here as "*Sono Porci Questi Romani*" ("They are pigs, these Romans"). Since Rome is, after all, the seat of government, the Milanese are inclined to believe that all governmental regulation of commerce is a heinous conspiracy to defraud them of the fruits of their genius. "Politics is a Roman industry, and the only one they have," a friend of mine said to me one day. "We make the money, and they steal it." The Milanese have long been indifferent to politics, and, consequently, are almost unrepresented in the government Ministries, where, they feel, most of the damage is done. They are likely to point with pride to all that their city is accomplishing without gov-



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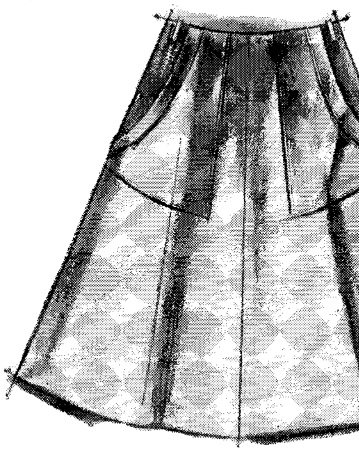

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ernment help or interference—the subway, two new airports, public housing, and so on—and they invariably claim that they could do much more if Rome would just leave them alone. There is a hopeful feeling here that the Common Market and the political unification of Europe, which most Milanese industrialists consider inevitable and desirable, may finally shift the political center of gravity. A slick, handsomely illustrated brochure recently published in four languages by the city administration is entitled "Milan, the Seat of European Institutions," and one of its leading articles proclaims boldly that Milan is "a capital in search of a country."

Quite apart from all the rational explanations for the Milanese grudge against Rome may lie a deeper cause. This is the gulf that separates the two distinct mentalities—both Italian, but worlds apart. I once overheard a discussion between two elderly, distinguished women, one from Rome, one from Milan, on the relative merits of their home towns. The Roman lady had been maintaining loudly that Milan was not an Italian city at all, really, but the moral capital of Switzerland. The Milanese matriarch's firm, final word was "I never go to Rome. Everything is so old there."—WILLIAM MURRAY

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Named as a recipient of a sculpture prize was 20-year-old Richard Fishman of Boston, a B.U. student, who will continue his studies at the Rhode Island School of Design this Fall. He won the first prize for his small, quiet abstract of standing forms, carved in ebony, entitled "Untitled."—*Boston Globe.*

Fishman's real name is Anon.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

POINTING TO PINEHURST

YOU don't have to be an elder of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews or one of those retired Army officers who read a couple of action-packed chapters of the United States Golf Association rulebook every morning before breakfast to know that there are two basic kinds of competitive golf—stroke play and match play. In match play, of course, the scoring is by holes; the golfer with the lower score wins the hole, and when he leads his opponent by more holes than there are holes left to be played, he wins the match. In stroke play, the golfer who takes the fewest strokes to complete a round of eighteen holes—or, in tournament play, two rounds, four rounds, or whatever the stipulated length may be—is the winner. There is no question which of the two types the average golfer prefers—it is match play. There is far less cumulative strain. For example, if in match play he hits a couple of shots out of bounds and takes a 10 on a long par-5 hole, his entire round and his entire day aren't ruined. He has lost only one hole to his opponent, not five strokes to par, and anyway, he might have lost the hole even if he had taken a respectable 6 on it. In fact, it is not uncommon in match play for a man to card a higher score for the round than his opponent and still come out on top. In stroke play, on the other hand, there is no discharge in the war. Every shot counts. One or two bad holes, and the player's chance for a good score is just about gone. He is stuck with that 10 on the long par 5 no matter how splendidly he plays from then on. In stroke play, most golfers, in their efforts to avoid a killing score on any one hole, resort to a far more timorous and defensive game than they play in a hole-by-hole match. This is never more true than it is on a day when a golfer has managed to build up an excellent round over the first fourteen or fifteen holes and as he enters the stretch begins to "get frightened of his score." If you want to see someone whose skin is ashen and whose speech has become a quaking treble, go out to the sixteenth tee on any course and pick up a friend who rarely shoots under 80 but needs only three 5s for a 77—or, better still, walk the last three holes with somebody who seldom breaks 100 and is on the verge of one of the most spectacular rounds of his career. In their trepidation, these players can do little more than hope that a benign Providence will take into account how decently they have treated the caddie all day, or how understanding they were when the locker-room man lost their shoes, and, as a reward, will guide their nervously topped 7-iron shot so that it stops in the rough off the green and doesn't trickle down into that abyss of a trap, which never has enough sand in it anyhow.

Since stroke play is so full of pressure and so rough on a man's ego, club golfers throughout the world hardly ever touch it except under duress. However, in the game's celebrated "show window"—the American professional tournament circuit—stroke play is all there is nowadays. Week after week, with no variation whatever, the touring pros participate in one seventy-two-hole stroke-play tournament after another. There are several reasons for this, but the main one is that the sponsors of a match-play event run a far greater financial risk than the sponsors of a stroke-play event. Although in stroke play the field is cut to the sixty or so low scorers at the end of the first thirty-six holes, most of the "name players"—the ones the public wants to see—generally survive this pruning without much trouble, and their presence is thus more or less assured for the final rounds on Saturday and Sunday, when the biggest crowds can be lured onto the course. In a match-play tournament, by the time Saturday arrives the field has been whittled down to the four semifinalists, and furthermore, since match play is a precarious business, it may be that none of the more glamorous golfers are among them. When that happens, the galleries and the take, of course, are small. It was chiefly this consideration that prompted the Professional Golfers' Association, in 1958, to convert its classic annual match-play championship into yet another seventy-two-hole stroke-play affair. There were quite a few people in and around golf who felt that what really killed the match-play event was not so much a faulty format as faulty tournament administration, yet the fact remains that since the switch to cooler, smoother stroke play, which gentles the stars and travels them farther, the P.G.A. Championship has been a much solider commercial success than it was before. However, it might be pointed out that, with purses now so high that last year no less than thirty-three touring pros earned at least twenty thousand dollars apiece, it would seem that what professional golf needs today is not richer tournaments but more interesting ones.

The P.G.A. is currently completing two excellent new courses of its own at Palm Beach Gardens, in Florida, and there is some talk to the effect that when they are ready for play, the organization will use them for, among other things, a revival of its annual match-play championship, to supplement the stroke-play championship held every summer at one course or another around the country. Many golf people believe that it would be a splendid thing if this came to pass, because there will always be something lacking as long as the world's best golfers have no opportunity to face each other in match play. To have some match play on the calendar is important not only because it is, as experts have called it, "the true primary form of the game" but also because it requires a somewhat separate set of skills from those required in stroke play and for that reason often evokes

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beautiful and exciting golf. In the conventional four-day stroke-play event, nearly all the consequential action is reserved for the final round. During the first three days, the players hew to conservative tactics, repeatedly avoiding the bold shot in favor of the percentage shot, since their main concern is to play themselves into a contending position when the critical fourth round begins. In match play, on the other hand, every day has the drama of finality: a match is lost, a match is won. Indeed, the entire nature of match play is different. The two adversaries face each other in the flesh. Each shot that one golfer hits has some effect, however subtle, on the other's answering shot. It is a game of situations all the way, and reasonably steady golf may do a player no good at all unless he is also able to execute the required shot at the moment it is needed. All in all, it takes nerve and a resilient spirit to be an accomplished match player, since the action on each hole is to some extent decisive in itself. What a blow it can be to be standing at the edge of a green, say, leaning regally on your putter as your opponent prepares to try to get down in two from sixty feet in order to halve the hole, and then to watch his sinuous putt come sliding toward the cup and fall in the side door!

Some golfers develop the proper temperament for match play; others never do. A few are born with it. Certainly Walter Hagen and Lawson Little were. In the nineteen-twenties, against strong competition, Hagen won the old P.G.A. match-play championship four years in a row and five times in all. What bothered his opponents most was their failure to make a dent in his arrant composure, no matter what they threw at him, and ultimately their own frustration as much as Hagen's resourceful play brought about their defeat. Like Hagen, Lawson Little could stalk an opponent endlessly, but Little's forte was his ability to jump into a quick lead and then to keep pouring the pressure on, never giving in for a moment to the natural inclination to take things a bit easier when one is well out in front. This attribute was especially valuable to Little because he was playing as an amateur in his top years, and in both the United States and British Amateur Championships most of the matches are at eighteen holes. Over that short route, anything can happen, and upsets are frequent. However, in the 1934 British Amateur, Little got through seven eighteen-hole matches safely and in the thirty-six-hole final crushed his opponent 14 and 13—that

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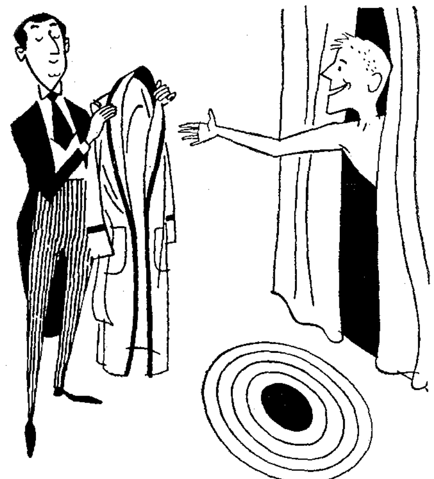

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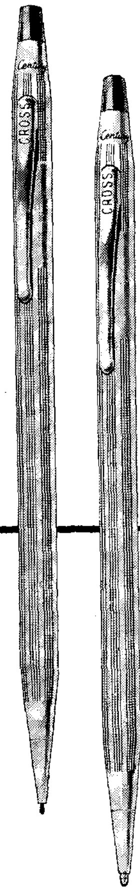
is, he was fourteen holes up with only thirteen left to play. In our Amateur, later that year, he swept through six rounds of eighteen-hole matches and then through the thirty-six-hole semi-final and final rounds. The following spring, this remarkable competitor successfully defended his British title, even though he was discernibly off his top form, and then completed a stunning, unprecedented "double double" by winning our Amateur again. Over this stretch, Little won thirty-one consecutive matches (he had a bye in one round), twenty-five of them over the dangerous eighteen-hole route. This is one of the few records that will probably stand as long as golf is played.

Horace Hutchinson, the game's first notable writer, had in mind precisely Little's kind of player when he gave the following advice to golfers back in 1890: "It is an un-Christian counsel, but the mood for success in golf matches is silent hatred—temporary only, be it observed—of your opponent. . . . Do not, of course, be aggressively rude to an opponent, but do not bother your 'dour' mood to make yourself agreeable. All your powers of charming will be needed for the ball."

SINCE the passing of the old P.G.A. Championship, our most important match-play tournament has been the United States Amateur, which regularly takes place in September, and which will be played this year, beginning a week from Monday, at Pinehurst, the august North Carolina golf resort. In a country where the attention of the sports public has been increasingly focussed on professional golf, the Amateur rarely causes much of a stir. In fact, perhaps the only year when everyone leaned forward anxiously to follow its round-by-round progress was 1930. Earlier that season, Bobby Jones had carried off the British Amateur, the British Open, and the United States Open, and if he could add the Amateur, it would complete his grand slam. (He made it, of course, without being in serious jeopardy at any time.) As a rule, it is only when the field includes players who, like Jones, have demonstrated their ability to hold their own in open competition against the pros that the Amateur commands more than mild interest. This happened to some degree in 1960 and 1961, for example, because Jack Nicklaus, the herculean young man from Ohio State who narrowly missed winning the Open both those years, was competing in it, and the public had come to know him as an authentic prodigy. Now that Nicklaus has turned professional, the Ama-



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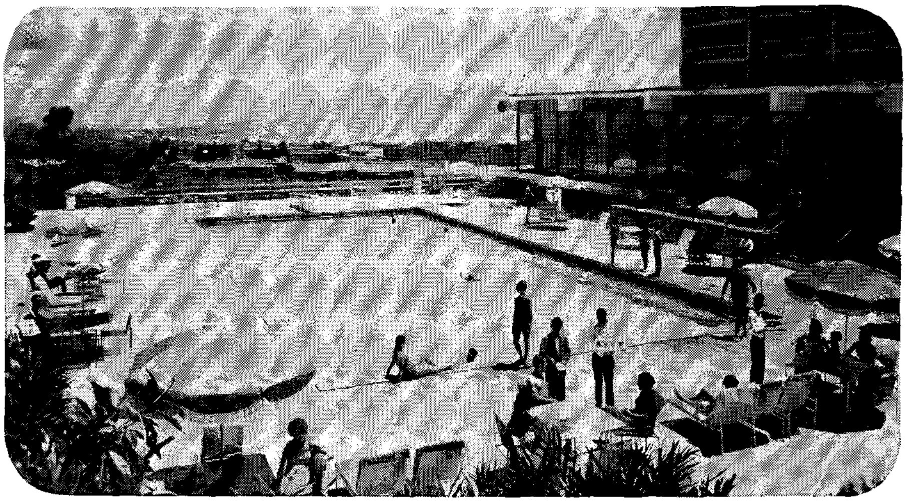

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teur, as far as the headlines are concerned, will be resuming its old quiet ways. This is not to say that there will be anything like a shortage of vitality at Pinehurst. For one thing, about half the field of the two hundred qualifiers will be made up, as it always is, of crew-cut kids in their teens or early twenties, an amazingly homogeneous lot not only in appearance but in attitude. Long off the tees and too young to be frightened on the greens, precociously assured and gravely ambitious, they are burning for a chance to make a name for themselves by knocking off, say, Charley Coe, Billy Joe Patton, Deane Beman, or one of the other established players. After the first three or four rounds, a hectic formlessness generally prevails. A good many of the stars have indeed been eliminated by these unawed neophytes, who, more often than not, have been eliminated in turn by their own cool contemporaries. By the quarter-final round, fortunately, the tournament always manages to take shape again. A few veterans and a few genuinely superior youngsters have somehow survived the maelstrom, and their climactic matches frequently yield some dynamic golf.

Despite the absence of Nicklaus, this year's Amateur, the sixty-second, will have a good deal more distinction than it ordinarily might, since it will be played for the first time over the famous No. 2 course at Pinehurst. Just as almost every vacation spot with a few handy hills likes to bill itself as the Switzerland of America, so nearly every golfing area with two or more courses claims to be the Nation's Golf Capital, but I should say that this designation really does belong to Pinehurst. Curiously, no provision was made for golf when Pinehurst was founded, in 1895, by James W. Tufts, of Medford, Massachusetts, who was president of the American Soda Fountain Company. Tufts suffered from occasional stretches of poor health, and he had in mind an orthodox spa, where people like himself, as well as people in more modest income brackets, who couldn't afford the long haul to Florida, might escape the stern Northern winters. He decided on the Sandhills section of North Carolina, because the air remained dry and mild there throughout the winter, and also because the fragrant aroma of the longleaf pine seemed to do wonders for a tired man. He bought five thousand acres of cut-over timberland and, a good New Englander, created first a village green and then a little settlement around it. During its first two seasons, Pinehurst offered its patrons the standard relaxa-

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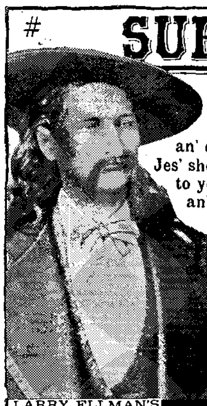

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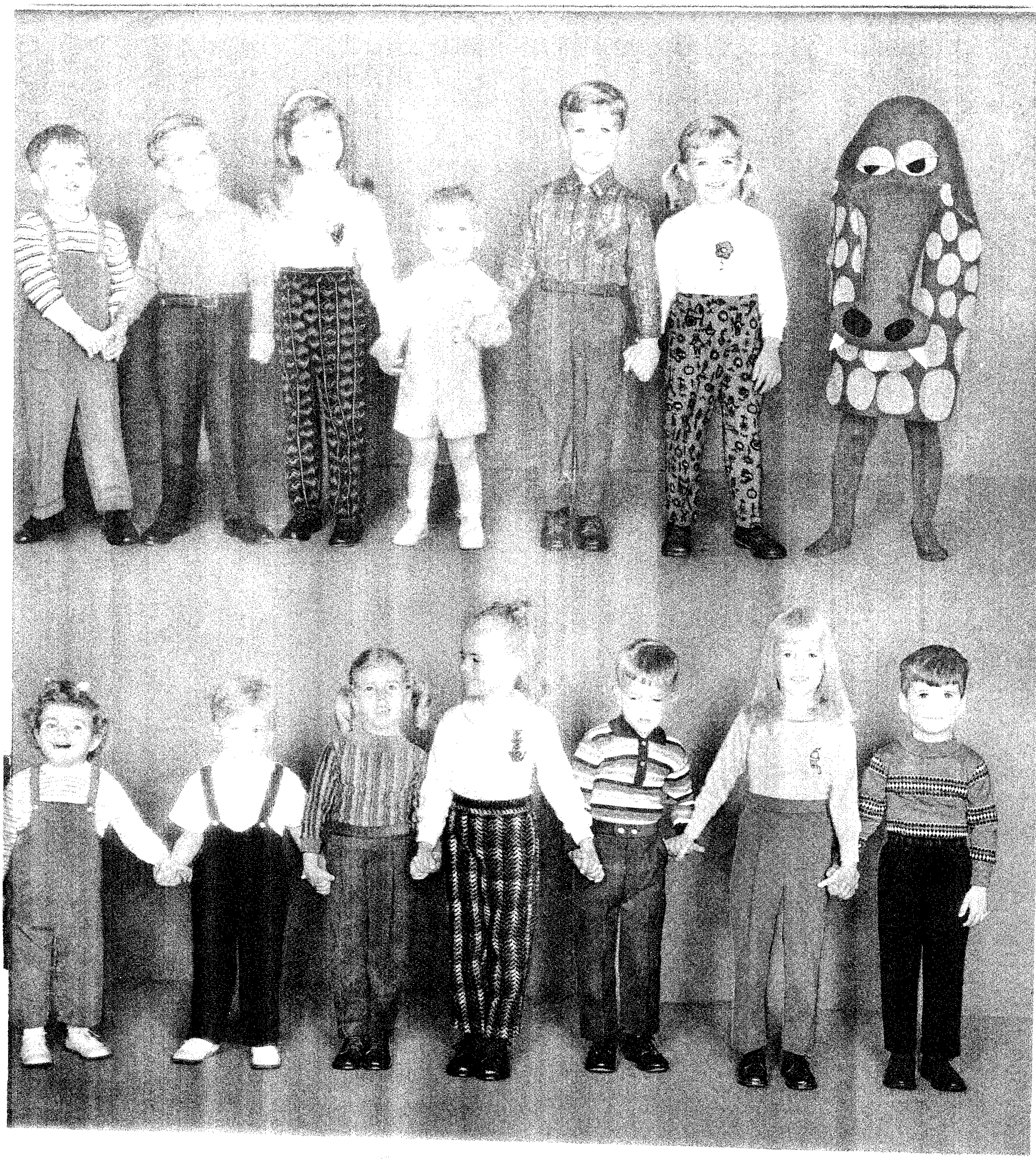

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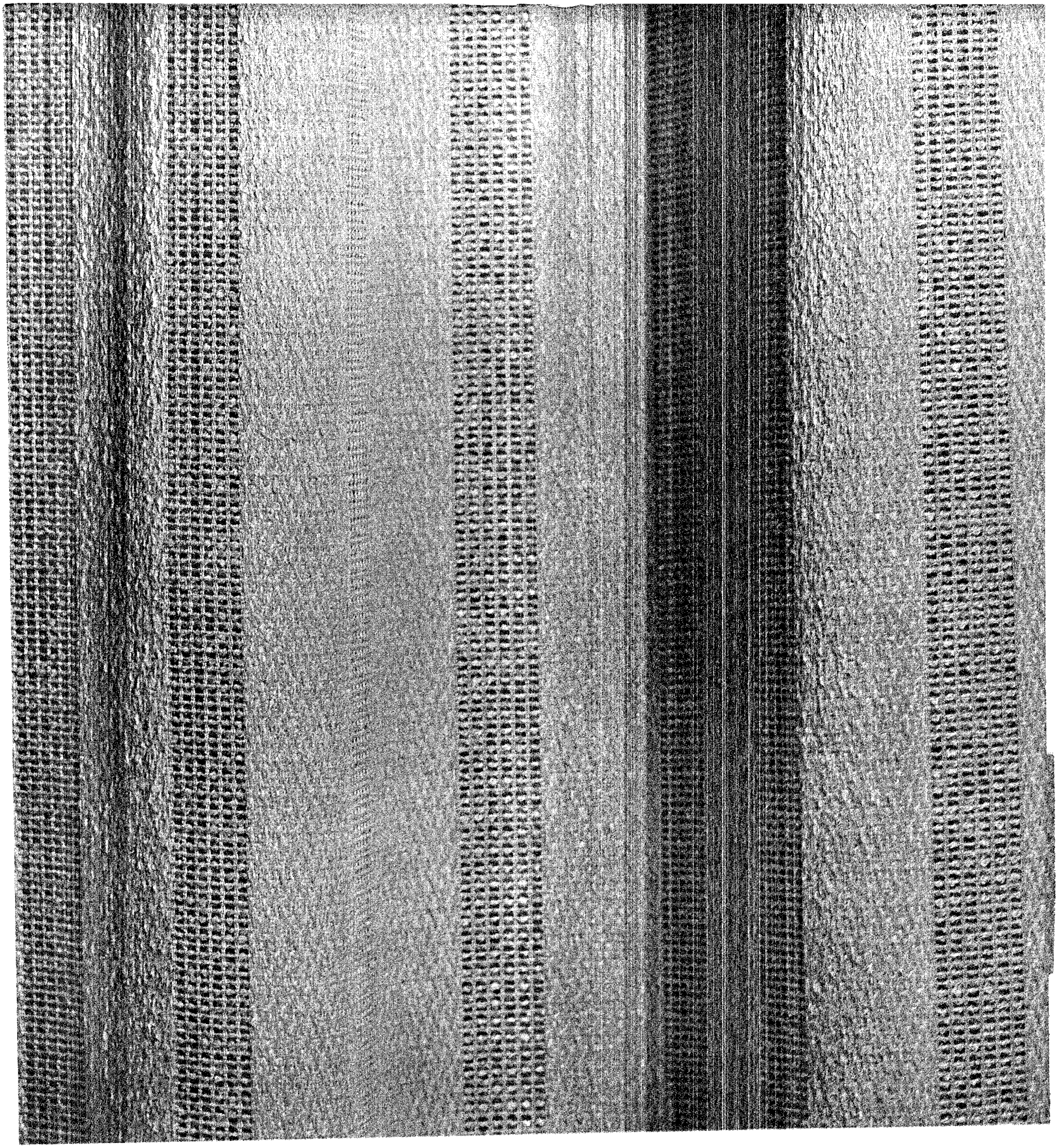

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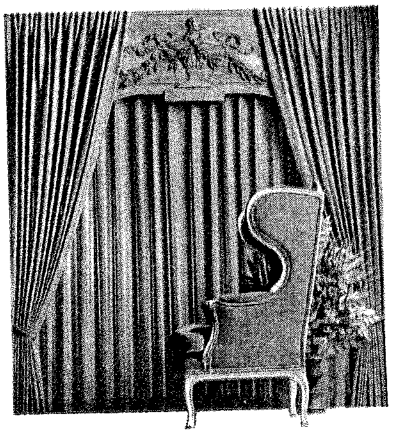

tions of the William Dean Howells era—croquet, bird walks, carriage rides, and whist—to supplement the staple pastime of earnest conversation. In the winter of 1898, a fateful decision was taken. A number of the guests wanted to play golf, which had been introduced to America ten years before, and nine rudimentary holes were laid out. A year later, a second nine was completed, and over this course Harry Vardon, the peerless British champion, scored a very fine 71 when he toured America in 1900. By this time, golf had already become *the* thing at Pinehurst, and that summer Tufts perspicaciously hired a professional who had lately arrived in this country—Donald Ross, a broad-faced, soft-mannered Scot from Dornoch. Ross, an able player and teacher, had no reputation as a golf architect, but that proved to be the field in which he made his greatest contribution to the growing resort. By 1901, the one course at Pinehurst was already overcrowded, so Ross built the first nine holes of a second course. In 1907, he completed the No. 2 course, bringing its total length to 5,860 yards—a fairly long layout for those days. Three years later, all eighteen holes of a No. 3 course were ready for play, and shortly after the conclusion of the First World War, Ross finished a No. 4 course, making Pinehurst the first golf center in this hemisphere to offer its patrons seventy-two holes. During the twenties and thirties, more than a thousand rounds a day were played over the four courses at the height of the season—from the middle of March to the middle of April—for Pinehurst's fame had spread not only because of its unparalleled facilities but also because of the large number of tournaments that were staged there annually. The two biggest ones were the North and South Amateur, inaugurated in 1901, and the North and South Open, inaugurated two years later, which for a long time were outranked in national importance only by the United States and Western Championships.

Donald Ross remained at Pinehurst until his death, in 1948, watching over his courses and lengthening and revamping certain holes to suit the changing shot values that the introduction of livelier golf balls and improved clubs brought about. Visitors to Pinehurst had early recognized Ross's gifts as an architect, and down through the years they were forever asking him to build courses back in their home towns. During the summers, when Pinehurst was shut down, Ross found time to supervise the actual construction of a

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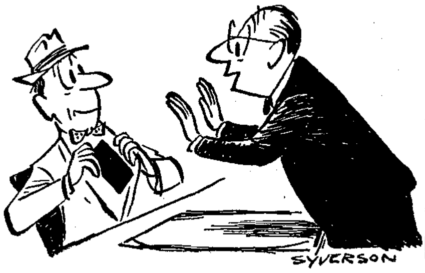

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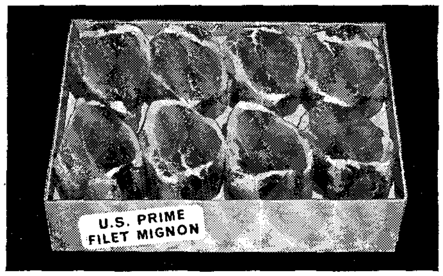

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few outside courses, but for the most part he limited himself to drawing up plans and leaving it to the local personnel to carry them out. The hallmark of a Ross course is a sparingly bunkered green perched on the crown of a slope, but the qualities that made his courses so popular were the variety of the holes, the exceptional number of interesting shots they set up for the fairly good and the accomplished player, the leeway they gave the average player, and their extraordinarily pleasing aspect. It is estimated that, all told, this Johnny Appleseed of the raised tee and the crown green had a hand in the design of over six hundred courses, scattered around the country from Palm Beach (the Seminole course) to Duluth (Northlands). Most people consider Ross's chef-d'œuvre to be Pinehurst No. 2, and this is as it should be. In the middle nineteen-thirties, when all the greens at Pinehurst were being changed over from sand to Bermuda grass, Ross took advantage of the occasion to remodel the No. 2 course quite drastically, extending its length to more than seven thousand yards and devising lovely, subtle contours around the new greens that made it the best chipping course in the country and one of the finest tests of all-round skill. It is appropriate, too, that Ross should have left behind him as a disciple, to carry on his work at Pinehurst, Richard S. Tufts, the grandson of the resort's founder. Since 1950, Tufts has rebuilt the old No. 4 course, has increased Pinehurst's total number of holes to ninety by building an imaginative No. 5 course, and, most recently, has remodelled six holes on the championship No. 2 course so that it will be absolutely up to date for the 1962 Amateur.

Designing first-rate golf courses is just one of the many talents of Richard Tufts, who, I should guess, has been more thoroughly steeped in golf than anyone else in our time. A clear-eyed, thoughtful, and unusually retiring man, Tufts, at sixty-six, has been a bulwark of the United States Golf Association for three decades (he served as its 1956-57 president), has been a key member of numerous committees working for an international golf code, and is the author of one of the game's few modern classics, "The Principles Behind the Rules of Golf"—perhaps the most lucid exploration ever made of that marshy subject. At Pinehurst, he has directed the golf for almost forty years, and has seen to it that life at the resort, both on and off the courses, remained almost as easygoing and uncomplicated as it was at the turn of the century. This has been no chore at all for him,

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for he is a person who lags handsomely behind the times. When he entertains friends at lunch at the Pinehurst Country Club, he takes pains to recommend, as he has for years, the tomato soup, the codfish cakes, and the canned Bartlett pears. Until this summer, when a remodelling job was done behind his back while he was away on vacation, his office, which faces the village green (it is still unspoiled), looked almost exactly as he found it when he moved in years ago: a dark-stained wood floor and varnished wood walls setting off two flat-topped oak desks, with wall calendars of fifty years ago and dark-green window shades supplying the only splashes of gaiety. One of Tufts' admirers remarked recently that as long as there is a Pinehurst there will always be a New England.

The most unpleasant episode in Tufts' life in golf occurred in November of 1951, when Pinehurst was host to the ninth biennial Ryder Cup match and, the following week, to the forty-ninth annual North and South Open. In the international match, the team of American pros conclusively defeated the British team—as has usually happened when the series has been held in this country. Then everybody turned his attention to the North and South—everybody, that is, except nine of the ten members of the American team. Feeling that the prize money of seventy-five hundred dollars was not worth playing for, they invented illnesses or found other excuses for withdrawing from the tournament. This walkout certainly did not constitute one of American professional golf's finest hours, but perhaps it should not have been wholly unexpected. Two years earlier, following the eighth Ryder Cup match, in England, the members of the American team were participating in the British Match-Play Championship when word came that the English pound, including the seven hundred and fifty pounds that the professionals were shooting for, had been devalued, whereupon a number of them withdrew and, in a haste close to panic, grabbed the next plane home. In any event, the flight of the American Ryder Cup players from the North and South Open left a deep mark on Tufts—the more so because, in 1901, Pinehurst had been the first resort to welcome professionals as its guests, putting them up free of charge, and Tufts liked to think that they had come to regard the place as something more than just another stop on the tournament circuit. The following spring, though it was a hard thing for him to do, he decided to cancel the historic North and South Open. This

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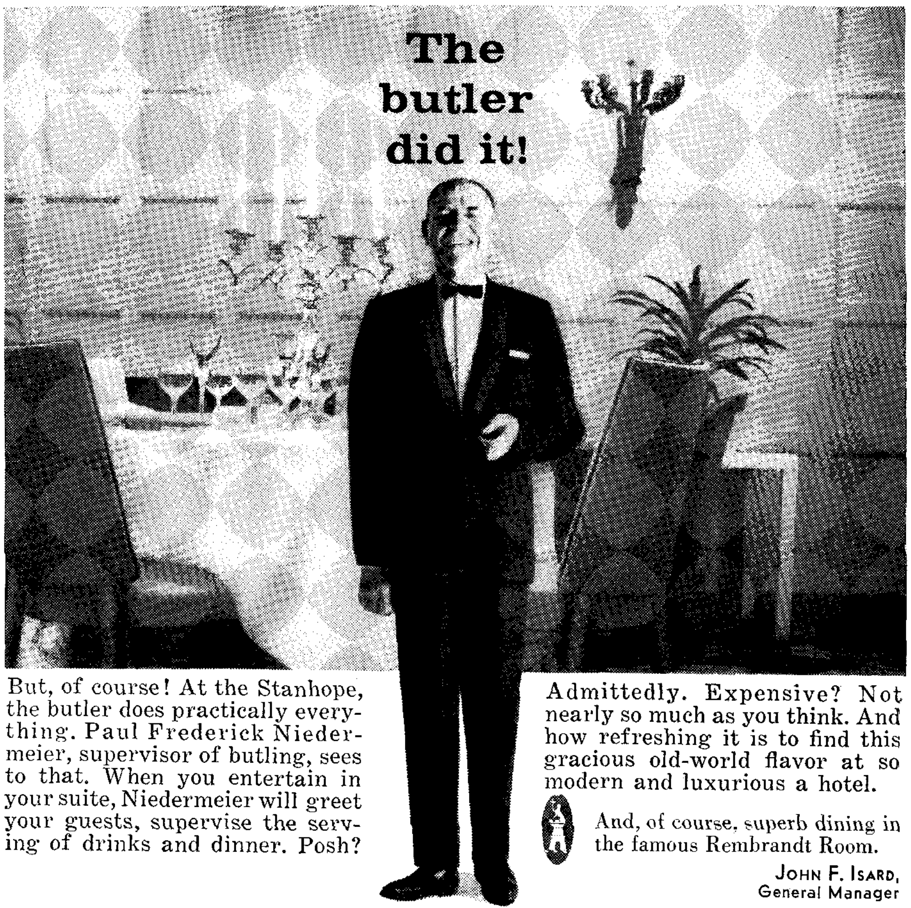
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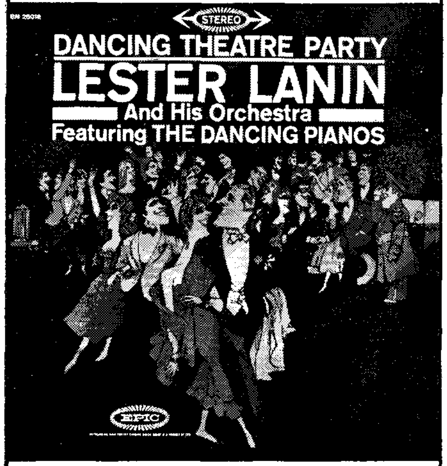

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left Pinehurst committed to amateur golf exclusively, a situation that led a number of Tufts' friends to mention to him that the No. 2 course would be the ideal spot to hold a United States Amateur Championship or a Walker Cup match. Tufts dismissed all such suggestions. He felt that because of his close connection with the U.S.G.A., which runs those events, the awarding of either of them to Pinehurst might all too readily be misconstrued. He maintained this stand until the summer of 1960, when, during that year's Amateur Championship, which was being played at the St. Louis Country Club, he was outmaneuvered by his old friend Billy Joe Patton, the amateur golf star from the mountain town of Morganton, North Carolina, which is only a few counties west of Pinehurst. Knowing his man, Patton bluntly told Tufts that a good many golfers wanted very much to have the Amateur at Pinehurst. How about it? Tufts characteristically played it by the book. If the golfers really felt that way, and the U.S.G.A. did, too, he replied, why, Pinehurst was certainly open to the idea. Five minutes later, a call from Patton summoned Tufts to the locker room, where a couple of dozen players quickly gathered around him. He had no sooner finished talking to them than he was accosted by a succession of U.S.G.A. officials, and the venue of the 1962 Amateur was settled then and there. The whole business had taken half an hour.

A VICTORY by Patton in this year's Amateur—assuming, of course, that he survives the qualifying rounds, being played as this is written—would supply the perfect sentimental ending to the story of the 1962 tournament. If Tufts is the complete old-time Yankee, Patton is the complete Carolinian. His office in Morganton, where he is a hardwood-lumber broker, looks out not on a New England green but on the old courthouse square. In the center of the square is a statue of a Confederate soldier, commemorating the local citizens who died in the cause, and among the names carved in the base are several Pattons and also several Davises—members of his mother's family. Quick-witted and hopelessly gregarious, Patton is perhaps the most popular amateur in American golf today, and nothing would please his colleagues more than to see him win at Pinehurst. There are reasons for thinking that he has a fairly good chance. He knows the No. 2 course as well as anyone in the field—indeed, he has twice won the North and South Ama-

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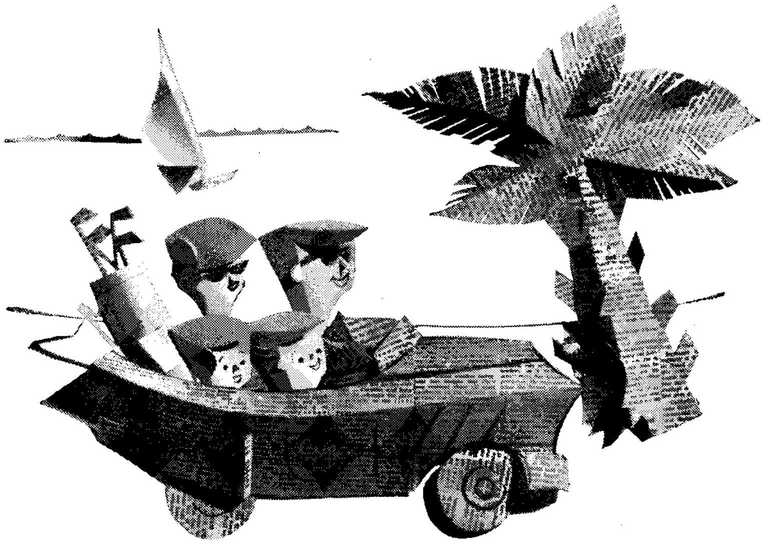
teur over it—and he is currently playing some of the best golf of his career. In the cold light of the percentages, however, he is not likely to win. The structure of the tournament militates against him—or, for that matter, against any favorite. Six rounds of eighteen-hole matches precede the thirty-six-hole semifinal and final rounds, and to go all the way takes almost as much good luck as good golf.

It is hard to think of a player whose experiences illustrate better than Patton's the extreme vagaries of match play. As you may remember, Patton, at the rather advanced age of thirty-two, was catapulted into the spotlight in the 1954 Masters, when he came within a shot of tying the two giants of the period, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. Up to that time, his outstanding achievements had been winning the 1950 Carolinas Open and tying Bobby Locke for first place in the same event the following year. He had played in three United States Amateurs and had never been able to advance beyond the fourth round. His invitation to the 1954 Masters had come on the shoestring qualification of his having been an alternate on the 1953 Walker Cup team, a position he had been awarded largely on the strength of having been a finalist in the North and South Amateur in 1951. That North and South Amateur final, which pitted Patton against his old golfing friend Hobart Manley, Jr., of Savannah, is worth examining in a little detail, by the way, because it is difficult to think of a match that swung more swiftly and unexpectedly. After the morning eighteen, Patton was 3 up, and in the afternoon he quickly moved further in front. He looked a certain winner even when Manley mounted a rally that cut his lead to 2 up with five holes to play. Those last five holes at Pinehurst are a difficult par 4; a moderately long par 3; a par 5 that is not too hard to birdie; a medium-length par 3; and a long, arduous par 4. Patton played that stretch in even par. He lost three of the holes—and the match, 1 down—because Manley put together an amazing streak of five successive 3s, which included two birdies and an eagle.

After his wonderful challenge in the 1954 Masters, Patton was a perceptibly more confident golfer. In the next three months, he won the North and South Amateur, tied for sixth place in the United States Open, and was thereupon made a top favorite in the United States Amateur, which was held that summer at the Country Club of Detroit. Well, he was lucky to escape being eliminated



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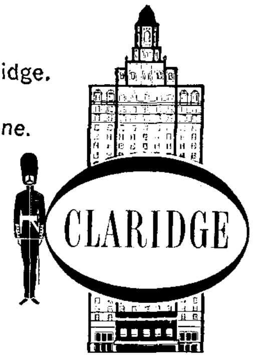

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in the first round, and in the third round he *was* eliminated, by a quite unimpressive Canadian golfer named Don Doe. As happens so often in match play, the shots that won for Doe came when they were least expected. With the match all even and three holes to go, Patton went 1 down on the sixteenth when Doe, whose putting touch had appeared to be deteriorating, holed a birdie putt the length of the green. On the seventeenth, a long par 4, it looked as if Patton would square things. He was on the green in two, after a fine drive and a 4-iron approach that put him forty feet from the cup. Doe, after bungling his drive and half topping his fairway wood, lay two some sixty yards short of the green. He then proceeded to look up on his third shot, a wedge pitch, and sent the ball screaming on a low line, which would have taken it far over the green if it had not hit the middle of the flag stick on its first fast bounce and plummeted into the cup below. What a jolt for Patton! Instead of having two comfortable putts to win the hole, he was suddenly faced with the necessity of holing his forty-footer in order to halve Doe's birdie and keep the match alive. Patton holed that putt with a memorable display of nerve. Then he threw away all he had gained, by trying so hard for a birdie on the eighteenth that he failed to get even his par; as things turned out, a par would have won the hole.

In the seven years since all this happened, Patton, whose slashing game the experts had adjudged too wild for stroke play but perfect for match play, has twice more finished among the first fifteen in the United States Open and has been either the leading or the second amateur in the Masters on four different occasions. In those seven years, however, he has still never managed to get past the fourth round of the Amateur. No one has been more aware of this disappointing record than Patton himself, and no golfer I know has ever spent as many hours trying to analyze where his approach to match play went wrong and to devise hopeful antidotes. For all that, he has remained a golfer of moods. Sometimes he hasn't been charged up enough, apparently, and sometimes he has been too charged up. The one time his degree of carbonation was just right came on the afternoon of the 1957 Walker Cup singles, at Minikahda, in Minneapolis. Playing the lead-off match against Reid Jack, then the British Amateur champion, Patton was 5 down after the first eighteen and was left for dead. He won the

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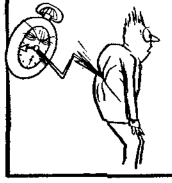

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nineteenth with a birdie, then won the twentieth and twenty-first, to be only 2 down. A resolute birdie on the twenty-fourth and still another on the twenty-seventh, and he had squared the match. Down the stretch, Patton went out in front on the thirty-first. Jack won the thirty-second. Patton went 1 up again on the thirty-third. Jack won the thirty-fourth, and the match was square once more. And then Patton finally pulled it out by winning the thirty-fifth and halving the thirty-sixth. His comeback, in truth, turned the tide of that Walker Cup meeting, for the news of what he was up to filtered back to his teammates and provided them with just the tonic they needed.

To cite one more instance of the unpredictability of match play, last year, when Patton had come to be considered too old for two rounds of competitive golf a day, he won the Southern Amateur. This past spring, he took the North and South Amateur again, scoring better in each ensuing round. In both of these tournaments, he did not recklessly try to force his openings, as he had done in the past, but instead played so pacifically—and ultimately so well—that the opportunities, as it were, came to him. Only once before in his career, his friends remembered, had he shown a similar mood of restraint—against Philip Scrutton at St. Andrews in the 1955 Walker Cup, a match for which, as it happened, Tufts was the official observer. Midway through the afternoon, Patton executed still another superbly controlled shot through the high wind, then crossed the fairway to where his fellow-Carolinian was standing. "Dick," he said, "I'll bet you really didn't think I could play this well."

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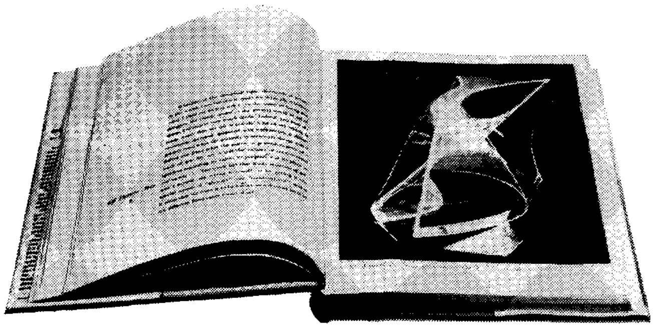

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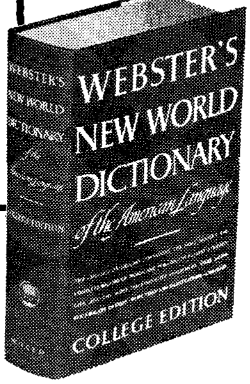

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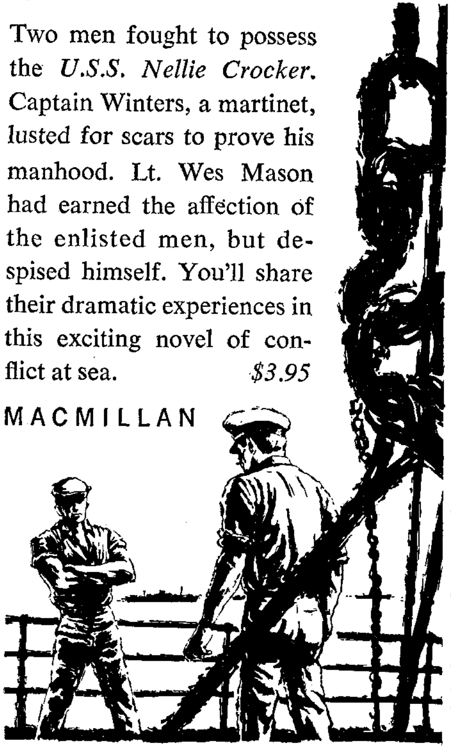

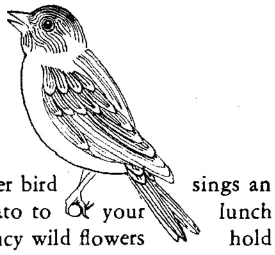

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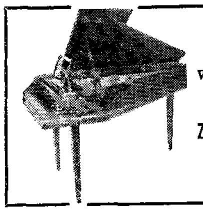

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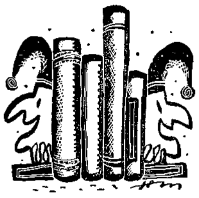

FICTION

GILLIGAN'S LAST ELEPHANT, by Gerald Hanley (World). This morose story of an African safari centers on the rivalry that exists between two men—Gilligan, a professional hunter, fifty-seven years old, and Muller, his rich American client, who is forty. Both these men enjoy killing, both are proud of their physical strength and physical courage, and both are in constant terror of showing fear. Muller wants to kill the biggest elephant in the world, and Gilligan, who knows where it is, is afraid of it, because years earlier it frightened him into running away—the only time in his life he ever ran away from anything, or so he believes. The two are strangers when they meet, at the start of the safari, and their instinctive dislike of each other turns quickly into hatred, but they go on, pursuing the elephant and teasing each other with tests of skill and strength, because each man is determined to prove himself the superior. Mr. Hanley, a highly gifted storyteller, describes the elephant hunt knowledgeably and with excitement, but his chief achievement is his ironic and tolerant examination of the kind of man who must kill in order to prove his manhood, and who cannot rest until he has been proclaimed top male by all around him.

KING RAT, by James Clavell (Little, Brown). This harrowing account of life in a Japanese prison camp tells of the suffering of the men in such detail that their individual characters and personalities remain in the shadow, and the few who survive are hardly better known to us at the end of the story than they were at the beginning. The year is 1945, and the camp, Changi, near Singapore, holds Americans, Englishmen, Australians, and New Zealanders. The action is concerned only with the daily struggle to go on living, and at its center is an American corporal who is nicknamed King because he manages to make himself comfortable and to remain well dressed through his activities in a mysterious black market. Peter Marlowe, a Royal Air Force officer, is attracted by King's independence but repelled by his endless capacity for compromise. Mr. Clavell writes plainly for the most part, but his book has a monotonous, repetitive air, and it is much too long.

GENERAL

TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY IN SEARCH OF AMERICA, by John Steinbeck (Viking). An account of a roughly circular motor tour (Sag Harbor to Maine, Maine to Seattle, Seattle to the Mojave Desert, on through Texas and Louisiana, and back to New York City) that the author took in the company of his attractive poodle. Mr. Steinbeck wanted to see the country and find out what its inhabitants are like, and he probably succeeded. He tells us more about himself than about what he learned; he is not a reporter but a man of letters meditating as he moves. He came to a few conclusions about the United States that are so familiar they must be true: Americans, though recently drawn from many lands, constitute a new nationality; the cities are a mess; the countryside is various and beautiful; the traffic is appalling; and the food at roadside stands is unspeakable. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE CAREER OF PHILOSOPHY: FROM THE MIDDLE AGES TO THE ENLIGHTENMENT, by John Herman Randall, Jr. (Columbia). A whopping history that covers five centuries, with long quotations and with constant references to earlier and later philosophers. Professor Randall sees philosophies as "primarily the response to challenging new scientific ideas," and in consequence he goes extensively into the work of scientists and philosophers of science. His style is racy—as the reader is fairly warned on the second page by an elaborate metaphor comparing philosophy to a reformed harlot—and, despite an addiction to clichés, very readable. Thirteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

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The Governor suffered an attack of influence while in St. Louis in August and was confined to his bed under a doctor's care.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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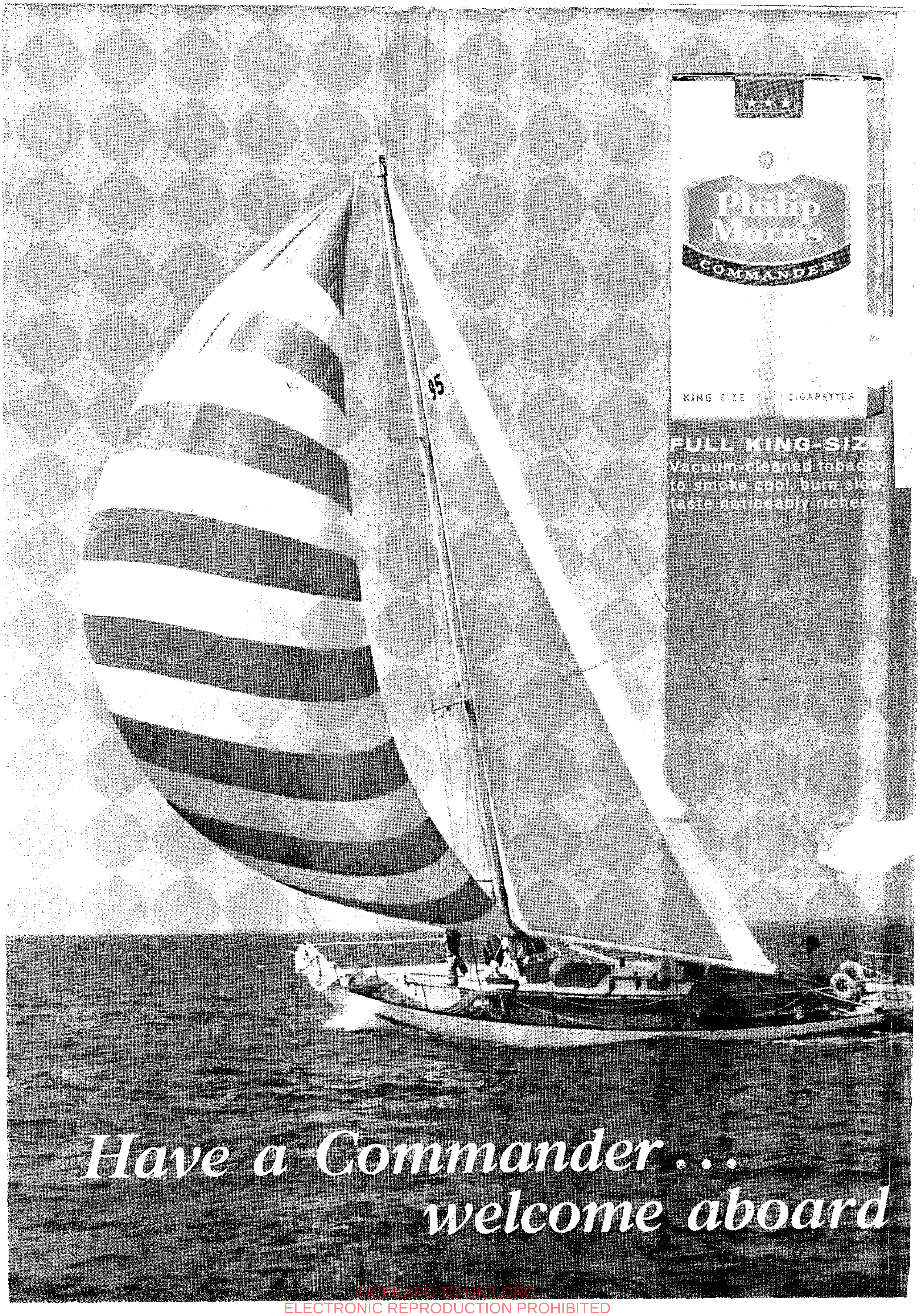
. . . still
going strong


Philip Morris
COMMANDER
KING SIZE CIGARETTES
95

FULL KING-SIZE
Vacuum-cleaned tobacco to smoke cool, burn slow, taste noticeably richer.

Have a Commander . . .
welcome aboard